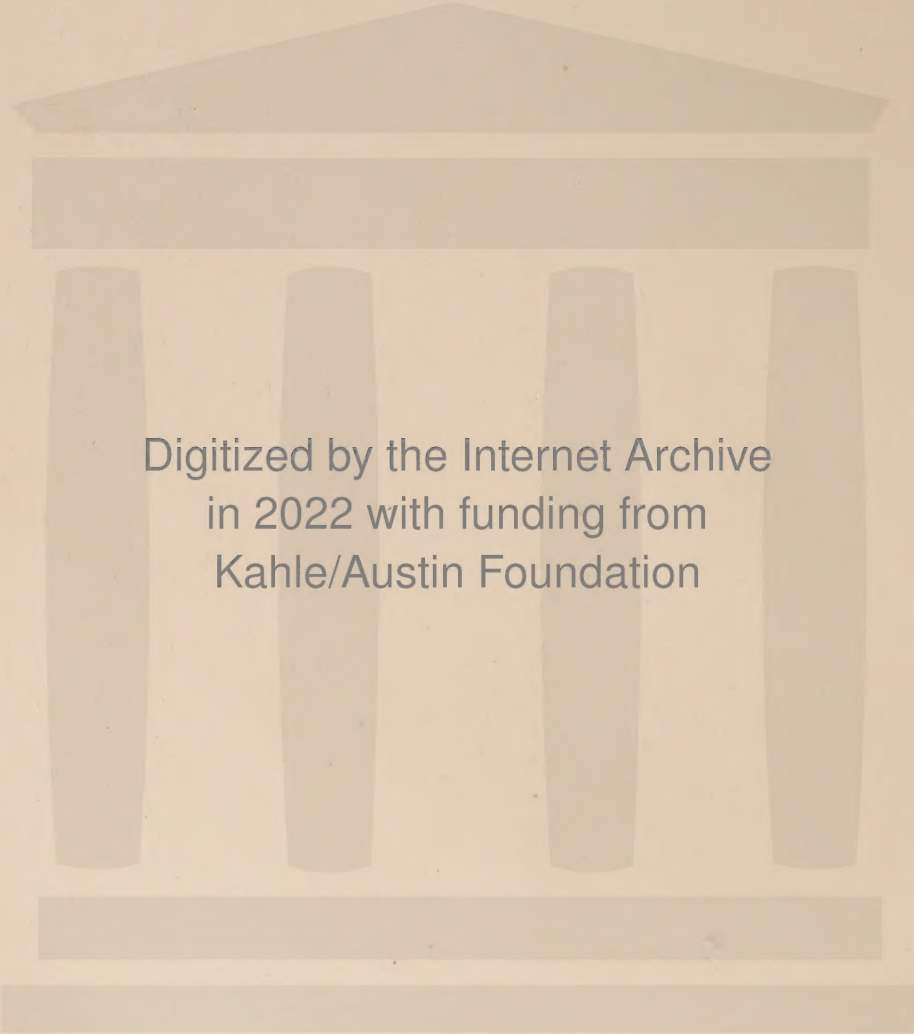


SONGS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

PATRIOTIC
LOVE HOME
SACRED

OPERATIC
NATIONAL
COLLEGE





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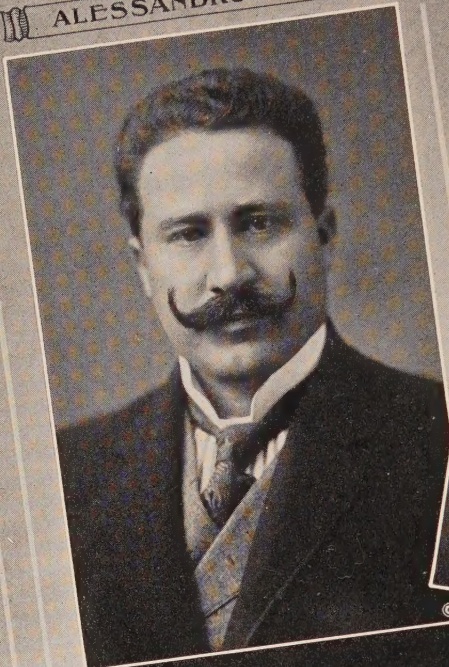


M^{me} MARGARETE MATZENAUER



M^{me} MARIE RAPPOLD

ALESSANDRO BONCI



LEO SLEZAK



MAURICE RENAUD



G. MARIO SAMMARCO



G



GERALDINE FARRAR



F





ANTONIO
SCOTTI



M^{me} ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK M^{me} MARCELLA SEMBRICH



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MARCEL JOURNET



POL PLANÇON



EDMOND CLEMENT



M^{RS} LILLIAN NORDICA



EMMY DESTINN



MARY GARDEN



M^{RS} LINA CAVALIERI

OTTO GORITZ



ANDREA DE SEGUROLA



ALBERT REISS



|| M^{RS} OLIVE FREMSTAD ||



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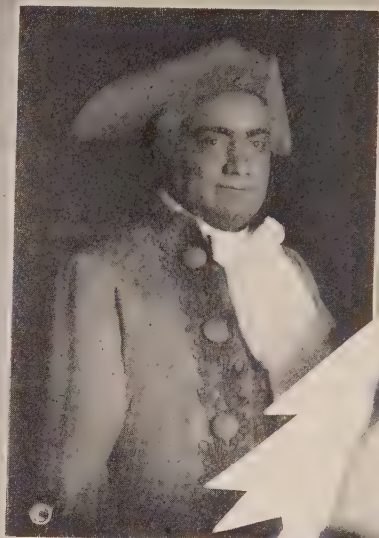
M^{ME} EMMA

CALVÉ



C





ENRICO



CARUSO





EMMA EAMES



CHARLES DALMORES



PASQUALE AMATO



TITTA RUFFO



HERBERT WITHERSPOON

RITA FORNIA



ADELINA PATTI



BESSIE ABBOTT



M^{ME} EMMA TRENTINI



M^{ME} NELLIE MELBA

M^{ME} CARMEN-MELIS

LUCREZIA BORI



MAGGIE TEYTE

ALMA GLUCK

Songs That Never Grow Old

A complete collection of all those standard
songs which are known and loved by English-
speaking people the world over

INCLUDING

<i>Home Songs</i>	<i>Patriotic Songs</i>
<i>Love Songs</i>	<i>Sacred Songs</i>
<i>College Songs</i>	<i>Operatic Songs</i>

As well as the national and home songs of all
the principal nations and peoples

*Selected with the greatest care
by the most competent authorities*

Published by
SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO.
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

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FOREWORD

“Songs That Never Grow Old” is exactly described by its title, being a collection of the old-time songs that have long been tried and forever loved, in contrast with the trashy and short-lived ragtime songs of the present day. The songs in this book are for all time.

This collection is the most complete ever offered in one volume, comprising all the old favorites—the songs for mother, father, sister and brother. No other collection approaches it in careful selection or in completeness of range. It is, in fact, seven books in one, containing Home Songs, Love Songs, College Songs, Patriotic Songs, Sacred Songs, Operatic Songs and National Songs of the principal nations and peoples. A brief glance at the index, arranged both in alphabetical and in classified form, readily discloses its comprehensive character.

In addition to the songs themselves, the music for which has been carefully arranged to meet the needs of the average home singer, there is included in the book a gallery of the most renowned vocal artists, comprising 69 portraits in all, such as has never before been found in a collection of this sort. This feature alone is of untold value, and is for the first time included in a folio of this character, usually being printed in the high priced De Luxe editions only.

The engraving of the plates is particularly clear, the words are printed in excellent type, and the binding is such that it allows the book to remain open flat on the piano, a much desired feature, but which so seldom appears in other publications.

THE PUBLISHERS

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DREAM FACES.

Wm. M. Hutchinson.

Andante.

1. The shad - ows lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - light glows and fades in - to the
 2. Once more I see, a - cross the dis - tant years, A face long gone with all its smiles and

gloom, While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore, And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.
 tears; Once more I press a ten - der, lov - ing hand, And with my dar - ling 'neath the old oak stand.

:8: *p* REFRAIN. *Allegro.*

Sweet dream - land fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro, Bring back to mem'ry days of long a -

go, Mur - mur - ing gent - ly through a mist of pain, "Hope on, dear loved one,

⊕ After 3d verse go to Coda.

Andante.

we shall meet a - gain." 3. But all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in

DREAM FACES.—Concluded.

7

life, To wait, and wait, and wait,.... Till death shall end the strife; Un - til once more I

- - cen - - - do.

join the hearts that loved me best, Where the wick - ed ceased from troubling And the wea - ry are at

D.S. refrain. \oplus Coda. *ad lib.*

rest!.... we shall meet a - gain, we shall meet, shall meet a - gain!.....

AH, 'TIS A DREAM.

(ES WAR EIN TRAUM.)

E. Lassen.

p Andante con espressione.

1. My na - tive land a - gain it greets mine eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
 2. I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear, The words "I love!" fall on mine
 3. And now when far in dis - tant lands I roam, My heart will wan - der to my

1. Ich hat - te einst ein schö - nes Va - ter - land, Der Ei - chen - baum wuchs dort so
 2. Und als ich nun ins fer - ne Aus - land kam, Da war ein Mäd - chen zau - ber -
 3. Das küsst - te mich auf deutsch und sprach auf deutsch, Man glaubt es kaum, wie gut es

high, The vi - o - lets greet - ing seem,..... Ah! 'tis a dream.
 ear, I see..... thine eyes soft beam,..... Ah! 'tis a dream.
 home, But while..... these fan - cies teem,..... Ah! 'tis a dream.
 hoch, Die Veil - chen nick - ten sanft,..... Es war ein Traum.
 schön, Und blond..... von Haar zu sehn,..... Es war ein Traum.
 klang, Das Wort..... "Ich lie - be dich,"..... Es war ein Traum.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

I. B. Woodbury.

Andante.

1. Be kind to thy fa - ther— for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so
 2. Be kind to thy moth - er— for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of
 3. Be kind to thy broth - er— his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy
 4. Be kind to thy sis - ter— not ma - ny may know The depth of true

fond - ly as he? He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue,
 sor - row be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cher - ish and com - fort her now,
 joy be with - drawn; The flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth,
 sis - ter - ly love; The wealth of the o - cean lies fa - thoms be - low

And joined in thine in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther for
 For lov - ing and kind has she been. Re - mem - ber thy moth - er, for
 If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth - er, wher -
 The sur - face that spar - kles a - bove. Be kind to thy fa - ther, once

now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His foot - steps are
 thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With ac - cents of
 ev - er thou art, The love of a broth - er shall be An or - na - ment
 fear - less and bold, Be kind to thy moth - er so near; Be kind to thy

ad lib.

fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.
 kind - ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
 pur - er and rich - er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
 broth - er, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.

HOURS THERE WERE.

Thos. Moore.

J. Wade.

1. Hours there were to mem-'ry dear-er Than the sun-bright scenes of day;
 2. Oft when ev-'ning fad-ed mild-ly, O'er the wave our bark would rove,
 3. But in dreams let love be near me, With the joys that bloom'd be-fore,

Friends were fond-er, joys were near-er, But a-las! they've fled a-way!
 Then we've heard the night-bird wild-ly Breathe his ves-per tale of love.
 Slum-b'ring then 'twill sweet-ly cheer me, Calm to live my pleas-ures o'er.

Oh, 'twas when the moon-light play-ing On the val-ley's si-lent grove,
 Songs like these my love would sing me, Songs that war-ble round me yet;
 Then, per-haps, some hopes may wak-en In this heart de-press'd with care,

Told the bliss-ful hour for stray-ing With my fond, my faith-ful love.
 Ah! but where does mem-'ry lead me? Scenes like these I must for-get.
 And like flow'rs, in vale for-sak-en, Live in lone-ly beau-ty there.

THE BRIDGE.

Words by H. W. Longfellow.

Music by M. Lindsay.

p With expression.

1. I... stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were strik-ing the hour,
2. For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of... care,

And the moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be - hind... the dark church tow'r,
And the bur - den laid up - on me Seemed great-er than I could bear.

And like... the wa - ters rush - ing A - mong the wood - en piers,...
But now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the sea,....

A flood of... thoughts came o'er.. me, That filled my eyes with tears...
And on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers Throws its shad-ow o - ver me; Yet

Softly.

How oft - en,... oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by,
when - ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers,

I had stood on that bridge at midnight, And... gazed on that wave and sky!
Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the thought of... oth - er years,

mf *cres.*

How... oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days.. that had gone by,
And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er, As... long as the riv - er flows,

I had stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky!
As... long as the heart has pas - sions, As long... as life has woes,

p

How oft - en,.... oh!.... how oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide
The moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its shad - ows. . shall ap - pear.

dimin. *poco rit.*

Would bear me a - way on its bosom, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!
As the sym - bol of love.. in heaven, And its wav - er - ing im - age here.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

J. E. Carpenter.

Chas. W. Glover.

Andante con espress.

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
 2. Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
 3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
 harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind for - giv - ing
 think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his

strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to know— Do they
 word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they
 side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they

think of me at home? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home?
 think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
 think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

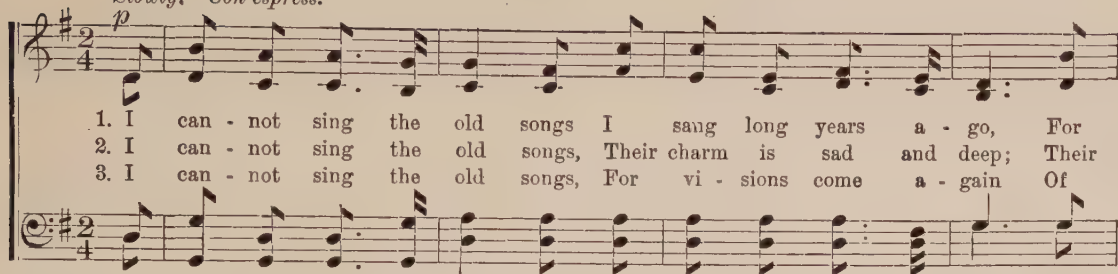
I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

13

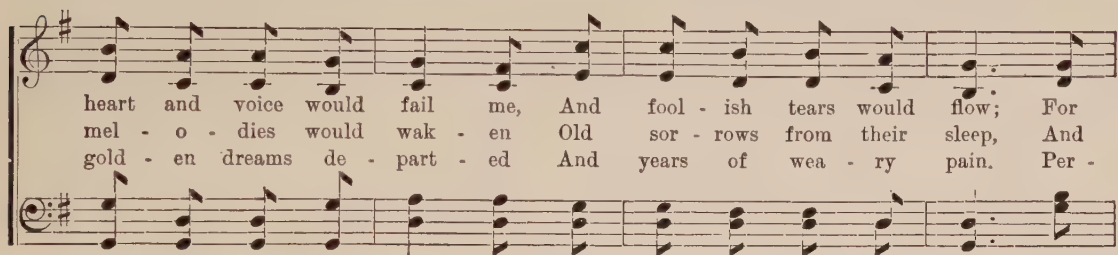
Slowly, Con espress.

Claribel.

p



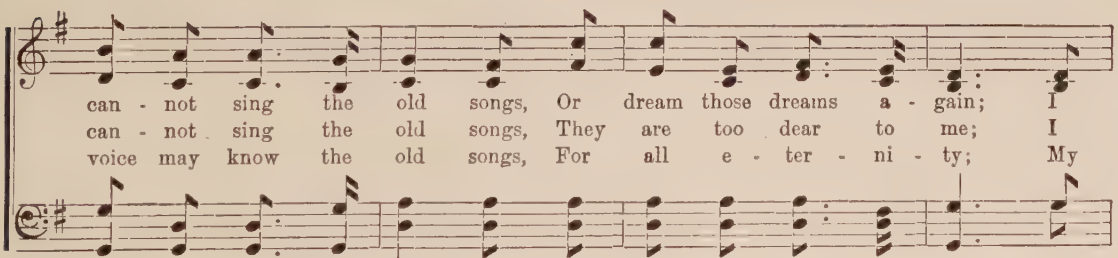
1. I can - not sing the old songs I sang long years a - go, For
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vi - sions come a - gain Of



heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For
 mel - o - dies would wak - en Old sor - rows from their sleep, And
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain. Per -

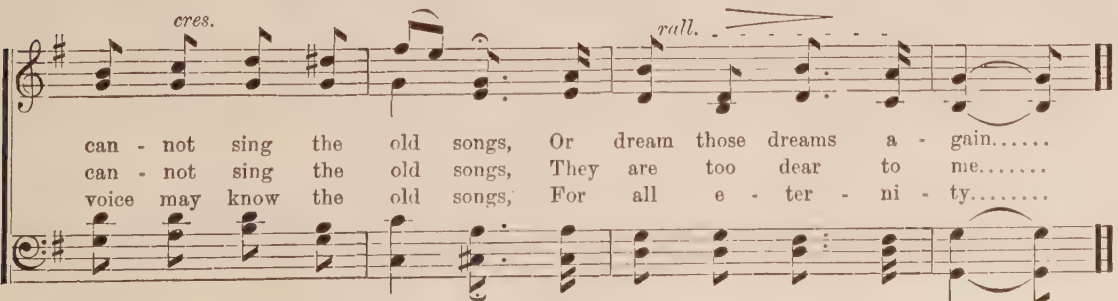


by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain, I
 tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, I
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, My



can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain; I
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me; I
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty; My

cres. *rall.*



can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.....
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.....
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.....

GOOD-BYE.

J. C. Engelbrecht.

1. Fare - well, fare - well is a lone - ly sound And al - ways brings a sigh,
 2. Fare - well, fare - well may do for the gay, When pleas - ure's throng is nigh,

But give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old word "good - bye,"
 But give to me that bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "good - bye."

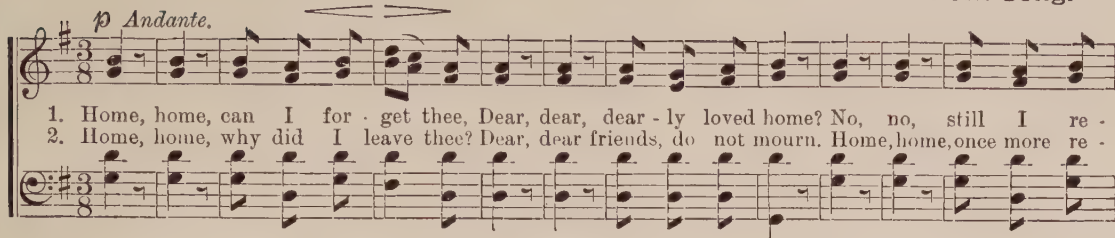
That sweet old word... "good - bye," That sweet old word... "good - bye,"
 That comes from the heart, "good - bye," That comes from the heart, "good - bye,"

But give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old word... "good - bye."
 But give to me that bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "good - bye."

HOME, HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE.

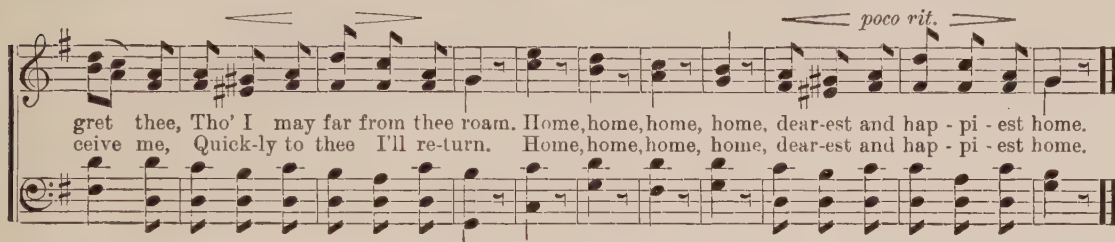
German Folk Song.

p Andante.



1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re -
 2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more re -

poco rit.



gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam. Home, home, home, home, dear - est and hap - pi - est home.
 ceive me, Quick - ly to thee I'll re - turn. Home, home, home, home, dear - est and hap - pi - est home.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Robert Burns.

Air—"The Miller's Daughter."

Lively.



1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' thro' the rye, — If a bod - y
 2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' frae the town, — If a bod - y
 3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

CHORUS.



kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? } Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
 greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown? }
 where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.




None, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.



1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark-ies love him, Cayse he was so kind; Now dey




mocking-bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
 hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore to -



creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
 bloom - ing On de sand - y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com - ing,
 mor - row, Cayse de tear drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS.



Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. }
 Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more. } Down in de corn - field Hear dat mournful
 Pick - in' on de old ban - jo. }



sound; All de dark-ies am a - weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Moore's Melodies.

Stevenson.

p Tenderly. *cres.*

1. Oft in the still-y night, ere slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Fond mem-'ry
2. When I re-mem-ber all the friends so link'd to- geth-er I've seen a-

dim.

brings the light of oth-er days a-round me,— The smiles, the tears of
round me fall, like leaves in win-t'ry wea-ther, I feel like one who

child-hood's years, the words of love then spok-en, The eyes that shone, now
treads a-lone some ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose lights are fled, whose

p

dimmd and gone, the cheer-ful hearts now bro-ken: Thus, in the still-y night, ere
gar-lands dead, and all but him de-part-ed. Thus, in the still-y night, ere

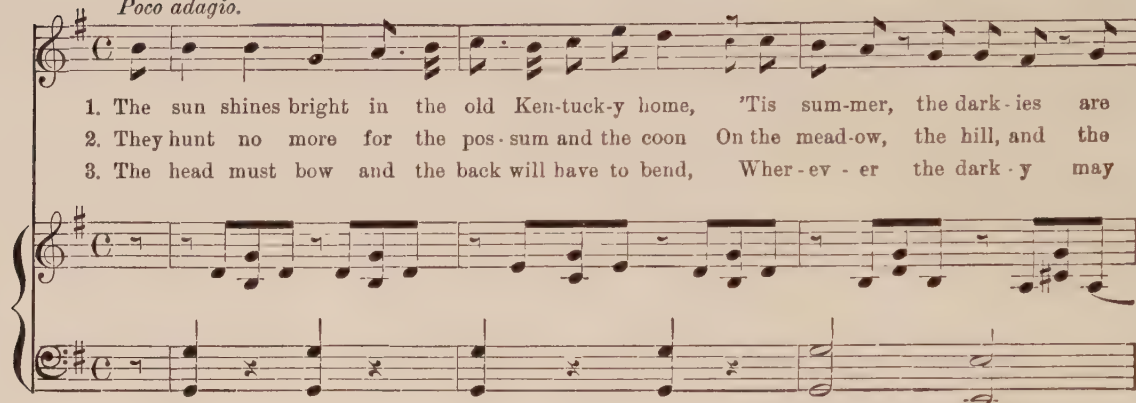
cres. *dim.*

slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem-'ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me.
slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem-'ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

Stephen C. Foster.

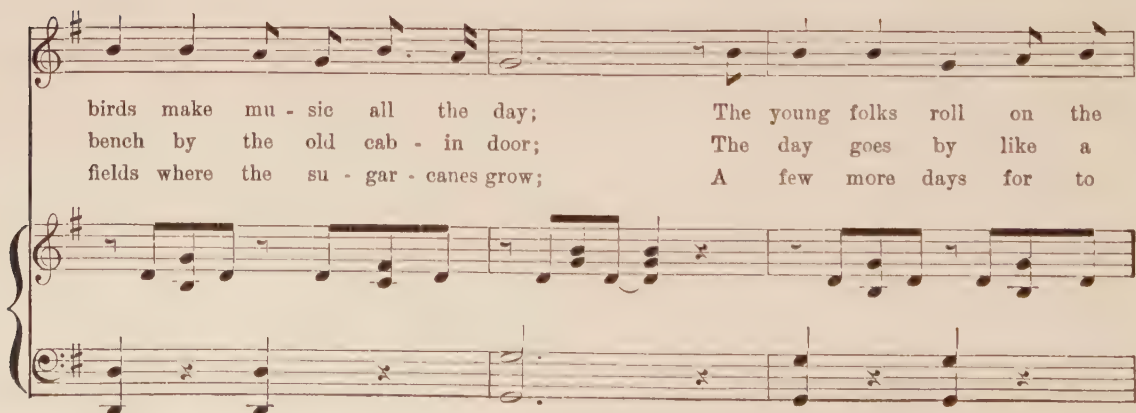
Poco adagio.




1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev - er the dark-y may



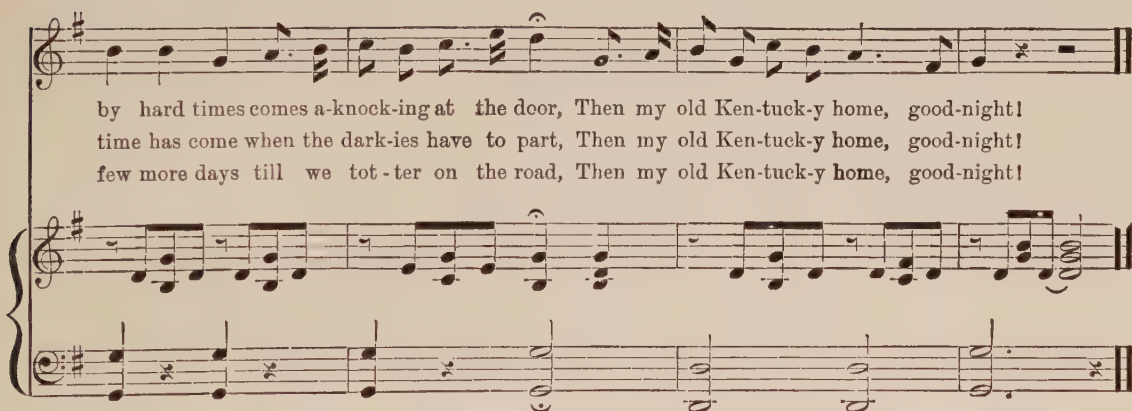
gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the



birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
 bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to

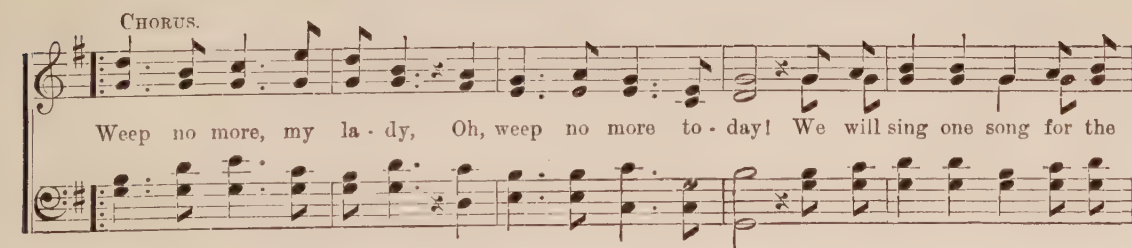


lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py, and bright, By'n -
 shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light; The
 tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A




by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
 few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

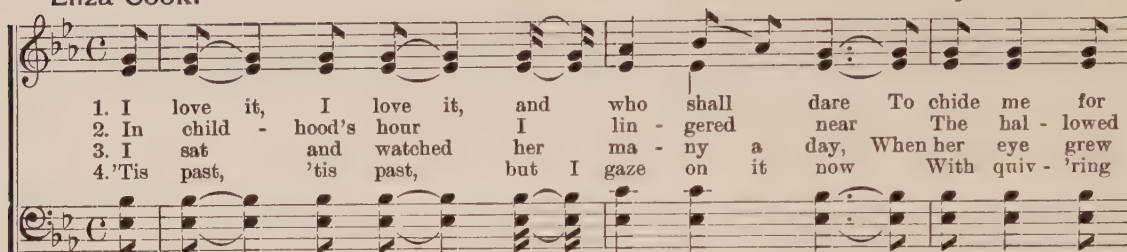


old Ken - tuck - y h me, For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

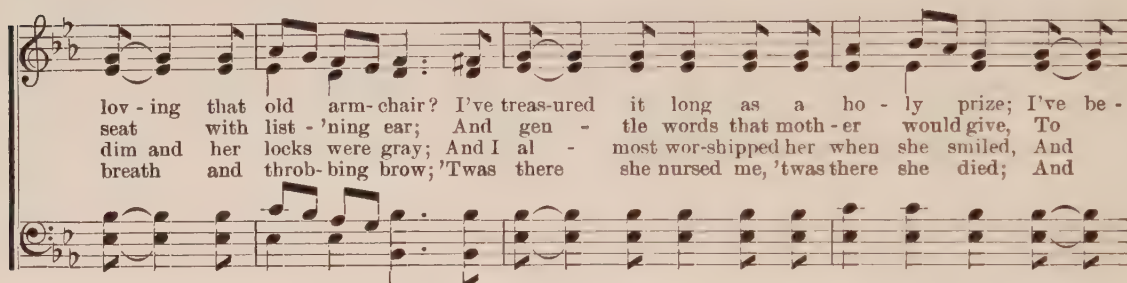
THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Eliza Cook.

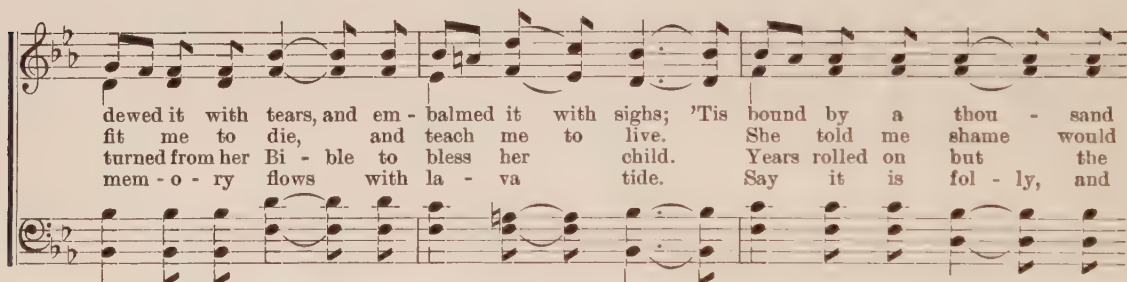
Henry Russell.



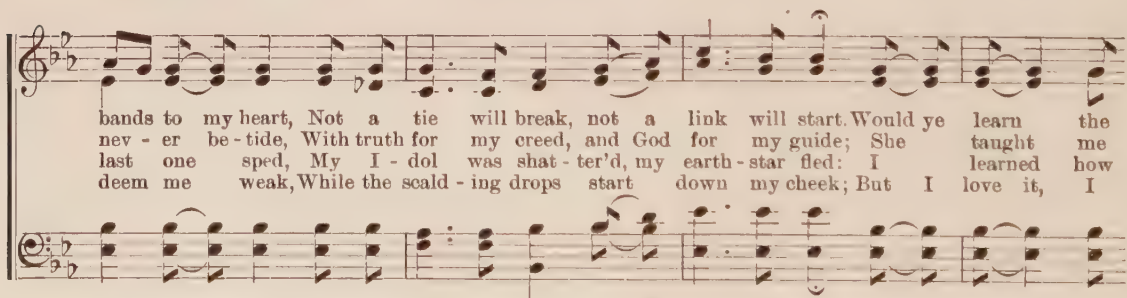
1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for
 2. In child-hood's hour I lin-gered near The hal-lowed
 3. I sat and watched her ma-ny a day, When her eye grew
 4. 'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now With quiv-'ring



lov-ing that old arm-chair? I've treas-ured it long as a ho-ly prize; I've be-
 seat with list-'ning ear; And gen-tle words that moth-er would give, To
 dim and her locks were gray; And I al-most wor-shipped her when she smiled, And
 breath and throb-bing brow; 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And



dewed it with tears, and em-balmed it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou-sand
 fit me to die, and teach me to live. She told me shame would
 turned from her Bi-ble to bless her child. Years rolled on but the
 mem-o-ry flows with la-va-tide. Say it is fol-ly, and



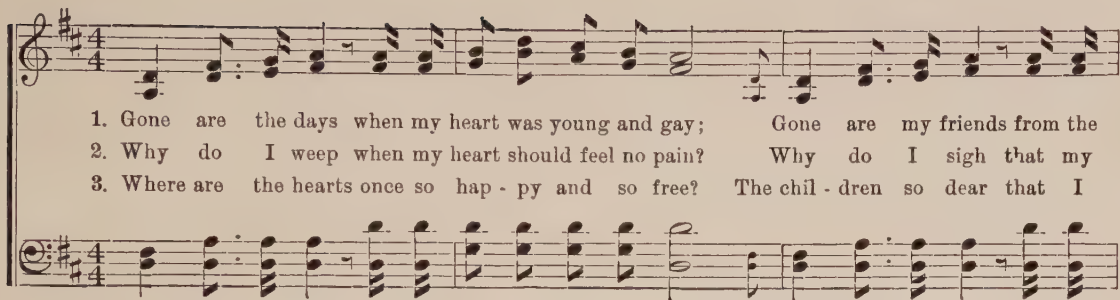
bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye learn the
 nev-er be-tide, With truth for my creed, and God for my guide; She taught me
 last one sped, My I-dol was shat-ter'd, my earth-star fled: I learned how
 deem me weak, While the scald-ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I



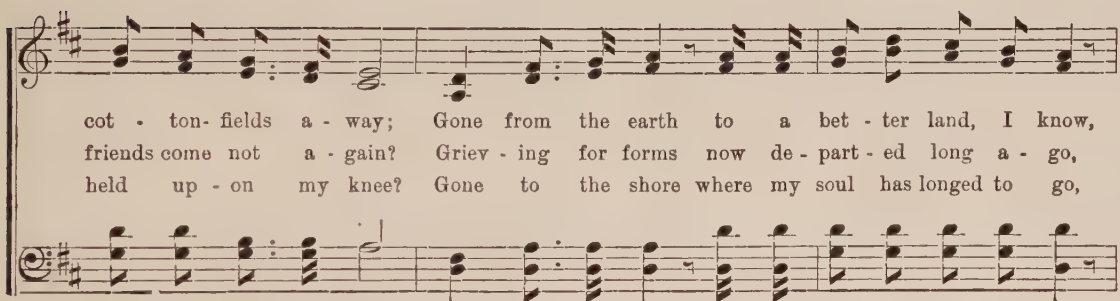
spell? a moth-er sat there, And a sa-cred thing is that old arm-chair.
 to lisp my ear-liest pray'r, As I knelt be-side that old arm-chair.
 much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.
 love it, and can not tear My soul from a moth-er's old arm-chair.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Stephen C. Foster.

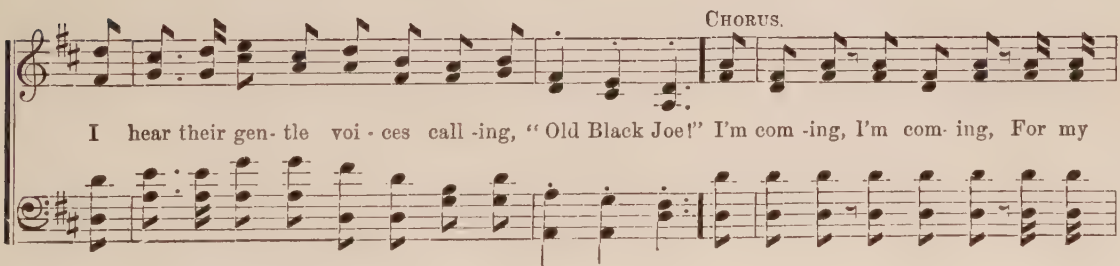


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

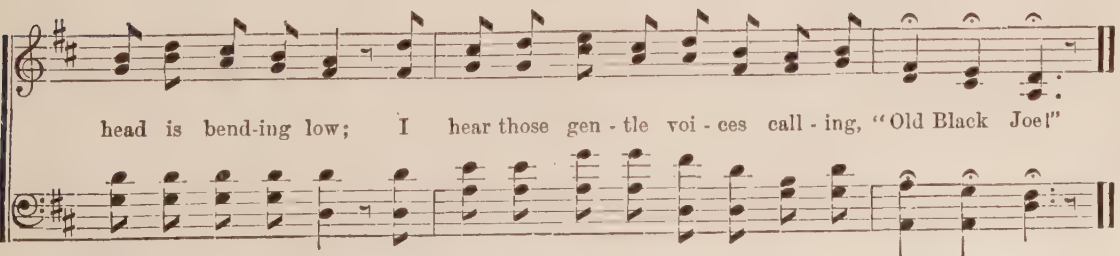


cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
 friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go,
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS.



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my



head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

mp Moderato.

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am going to leave this land, With... this, our dark - ey band,... To
 3. When old age.... comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray,... I'll

Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
 trav - el all the wide.... world... o - ver, And.. when I get.... tired,
 hang... up the ban - jo all a - lone;... I'll.... sit down by the fire,

And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

mf CHORUS.

Here is my Old Cab - in Home... Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth - er.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Andante.

Samuel Woodworth.

TENORS.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

BASSES.

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } { The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew; } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; } The old oak - en
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

buck - et, the i - ron-bound bucket, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

D. C.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

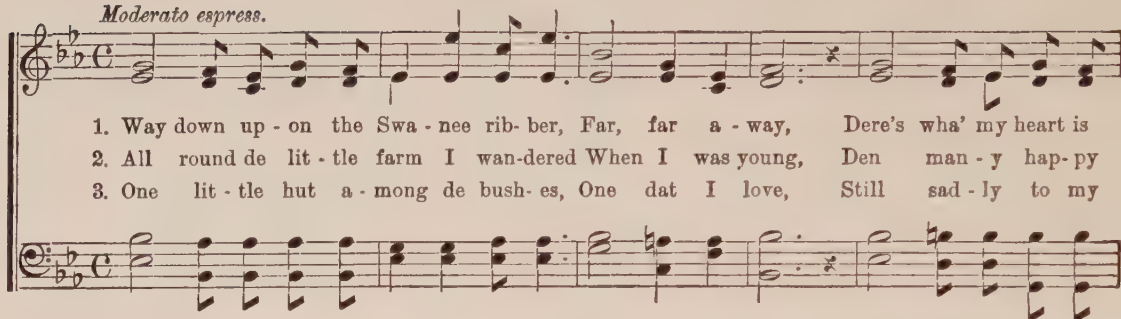
3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIVER.)

Stephen C. Foster.

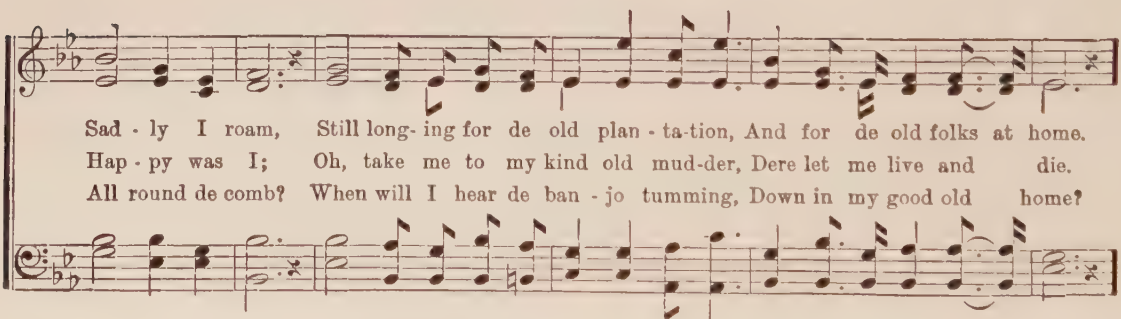
Moderato espress.



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha' my heart is
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young, Den man - y hap - py
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love, Still sad - ly to my



turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion
 days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,
 mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a - hum - ming

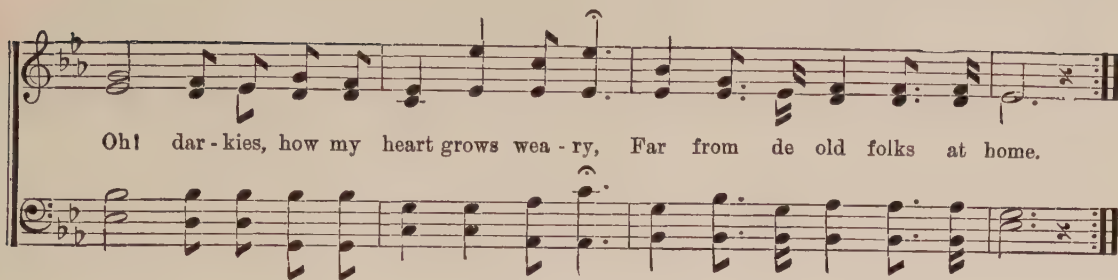


Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap - py was I; Oh, take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
 All round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - whar I roam,

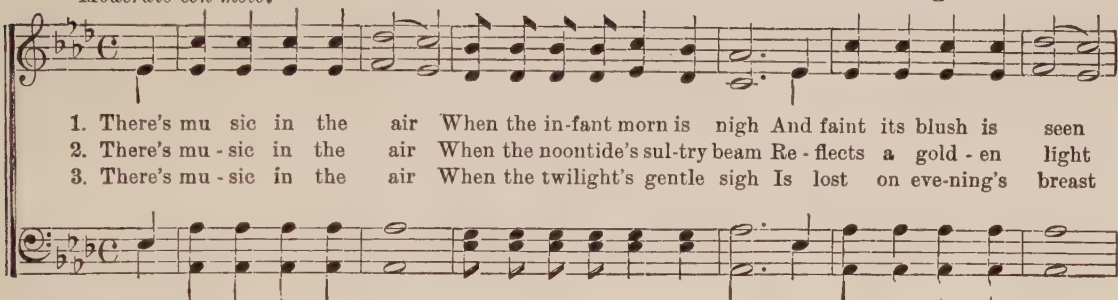


Oh! dar-kies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

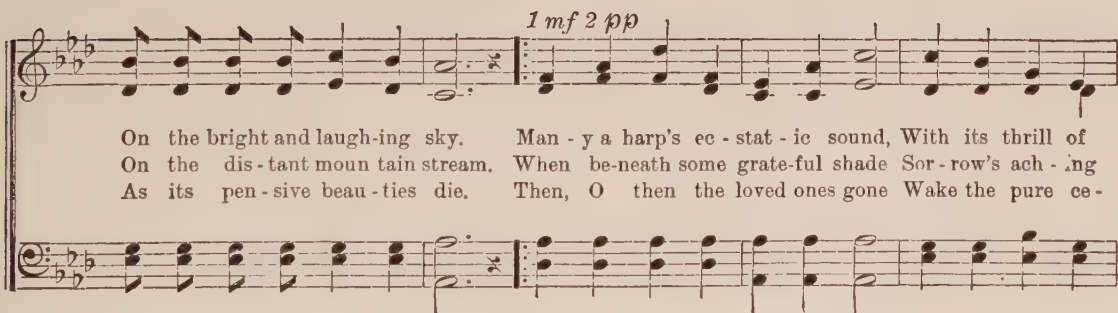
THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Moderato con moto.

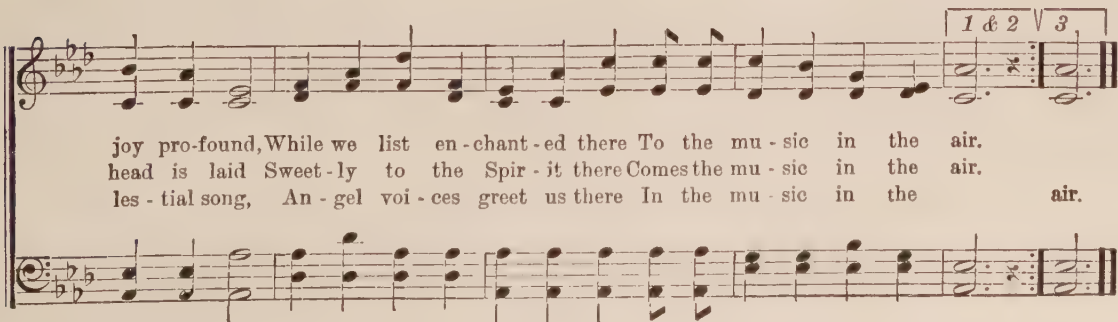
George F. Root.



1. There's mu sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noontide's sul-try beam Re - flects a gold - en light
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's breast



On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of
On the dis - tant moun tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing
As its pen - sive beau - ties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -



joy pro-found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
head is laid Sweet - ly to the Spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
les - tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

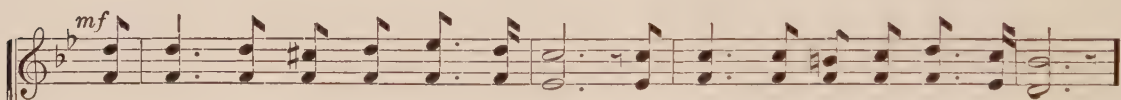
Andante.
TENORS.

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,

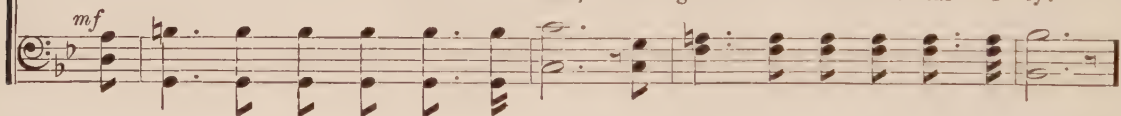
BASSES.



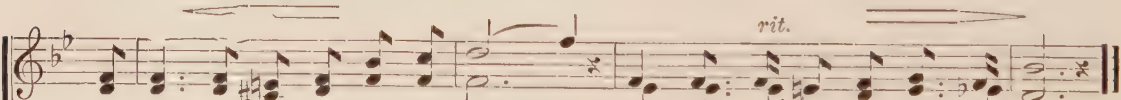
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
 Or though the tem-pest's fier-y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall!
 In o cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty!



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep,



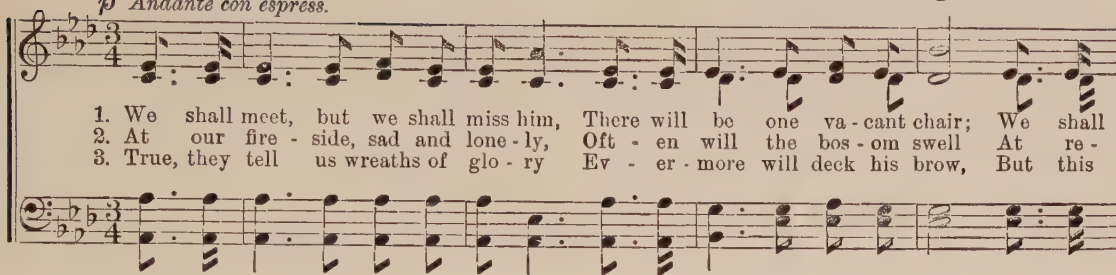
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.



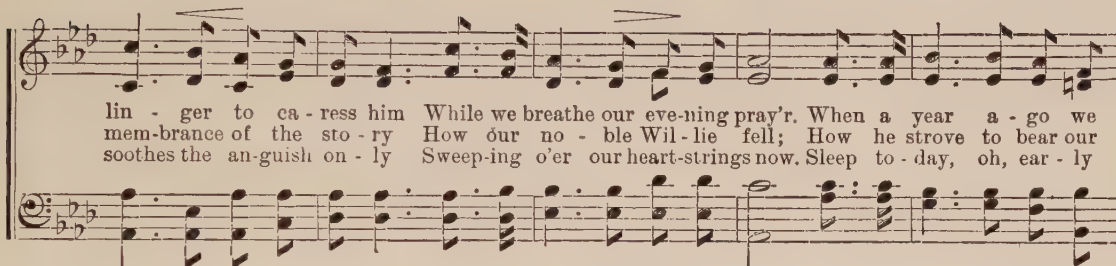
THE VACANT CHAIR.

Music by George F. Root.

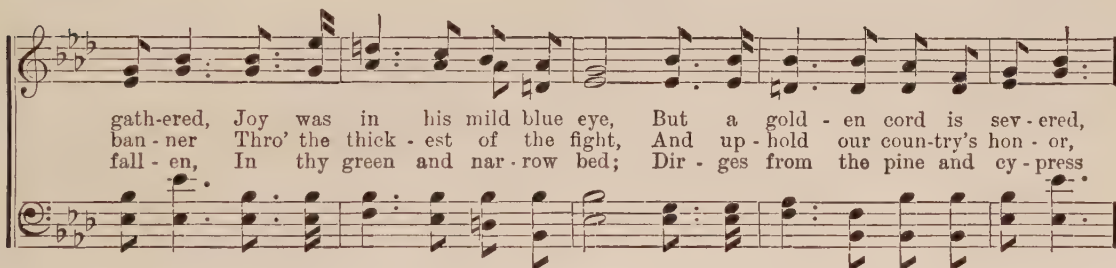
p Andante con espress.



1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At re-
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this



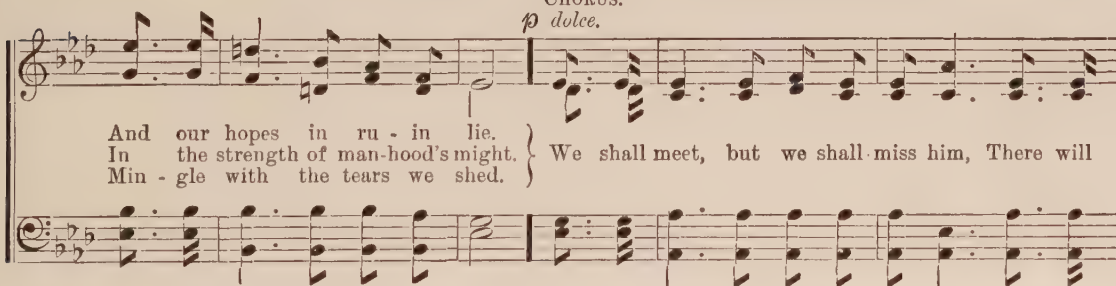
lin-ger to ca-ress him While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r. When a year a-go we
 mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our
 soothes the an-guish on-ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, oh, ear-ly



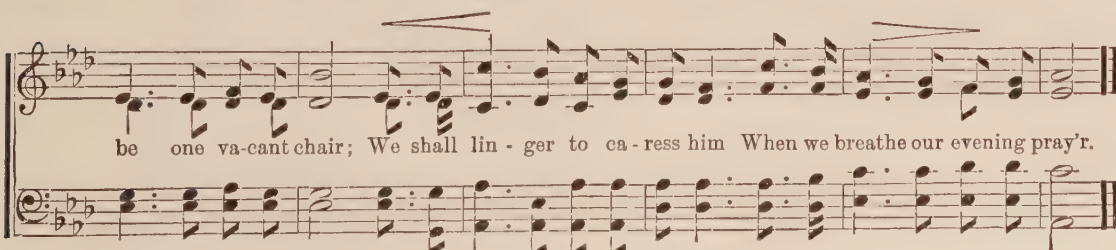
gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered,
 ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or,
 fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed; Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press

CHORUS.

p dolce.



And our hopes in ru-in lie. } We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will
 In the strength of man-hood's might. }
 Min-gle with the tears we shed. }

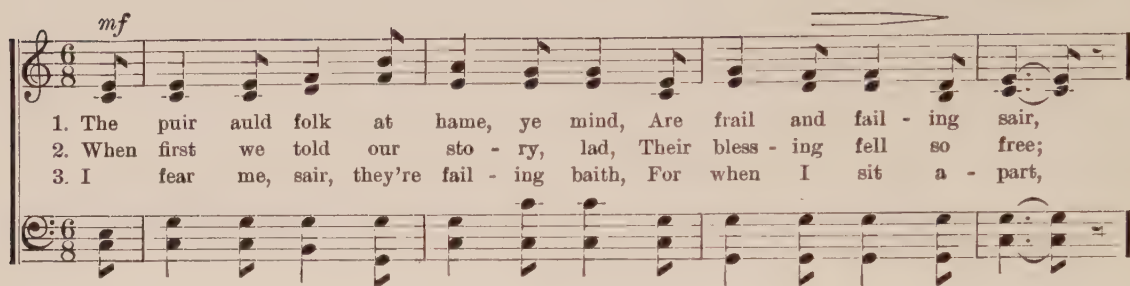


be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him When we breathe our evening pray'r.

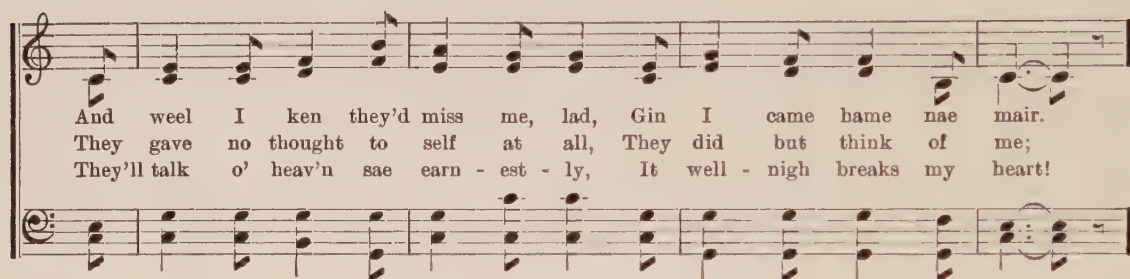
WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

Claribel.

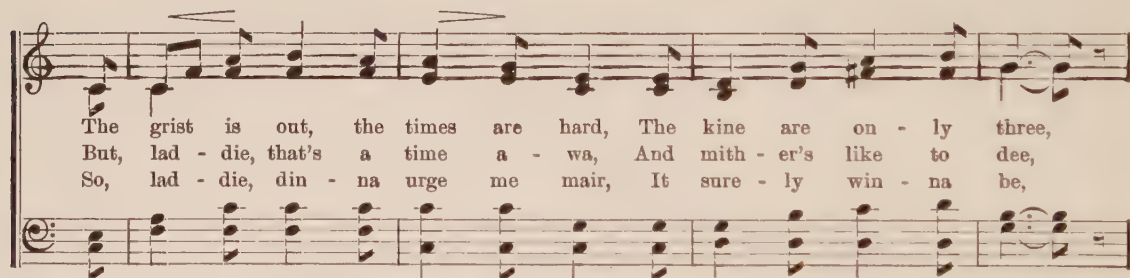
mf



1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair,
 2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell so free;
 3. I fear me, sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a - part,



And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair.
 They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me;
 They'll talk o' heav'n sae earn - est - ly, It well - nigh breaks my heart!



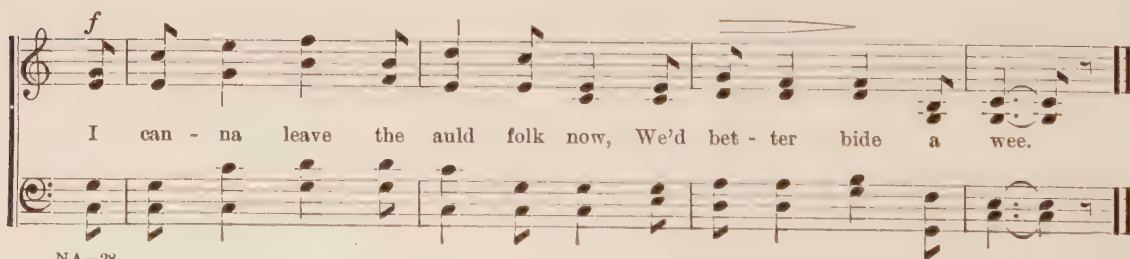
The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three,
 But, lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee,
 So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be,

CHORUS.



I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee,

f



I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

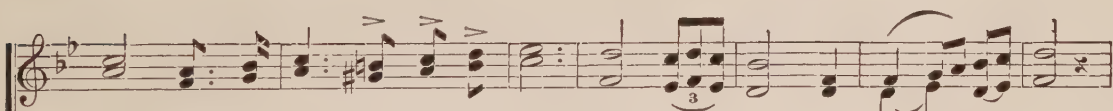
Music by Franz Abt.



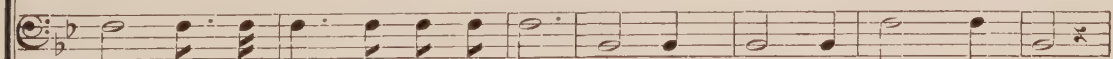
1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com-plain? Thou must, too,... thy woes con-tain, Though on



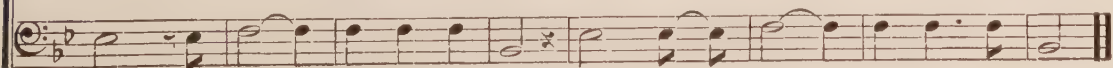
nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night-in-gale, In these words my bleed-ing
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest, In these words my bleed-ing
earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breath-ing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-



heart Would to thee its grief im - part: When I... thus thy im - age lose,
heart Would to thee its grief im - part: When I... thus thy im - age lose,
lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief: I shall see thy form a - gain,



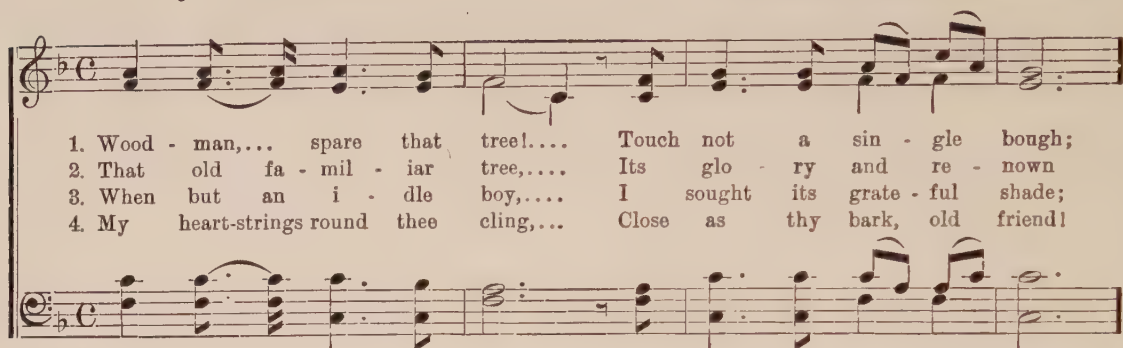
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Though to - day... we part a - gain, Though to - day.... we part a - gain,



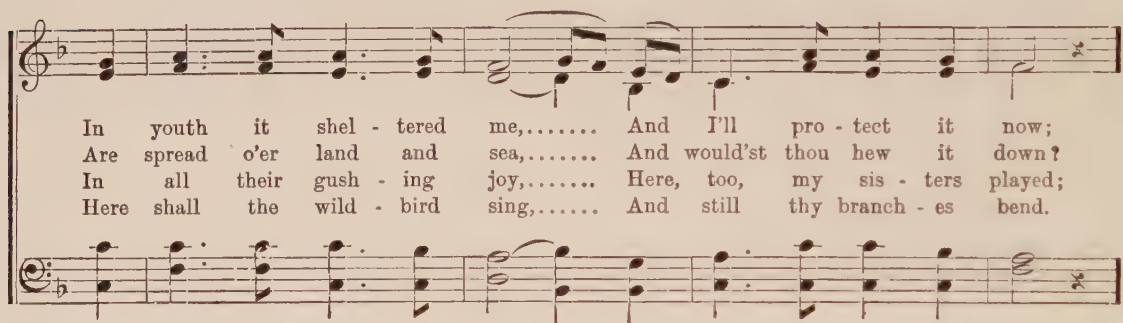
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Words by George P. Morris.

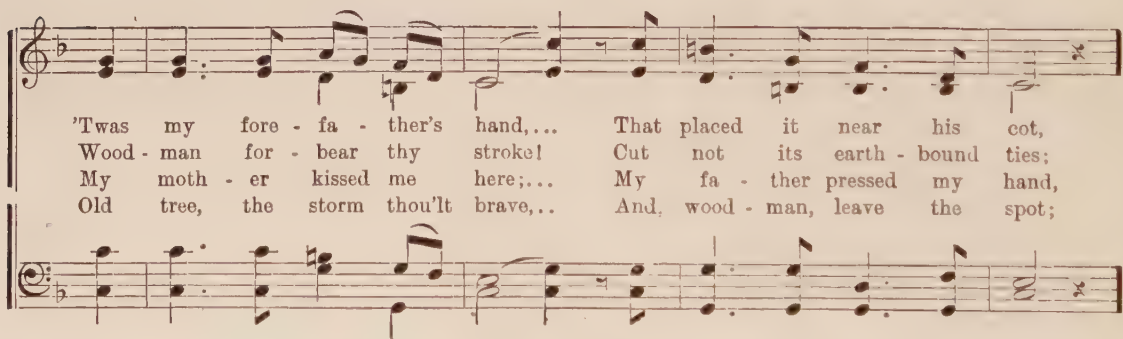
Music by Henry Russell.



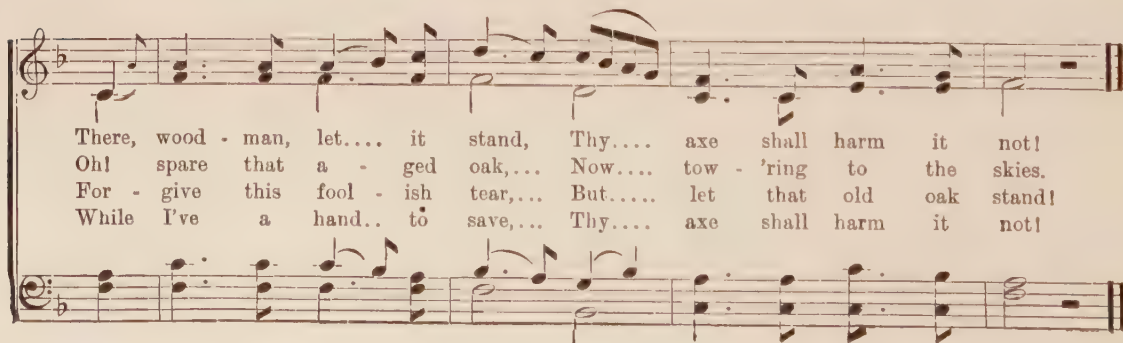
1. Wood - man,... spare that tree!... Touch not a sin - gle bough;
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree,... Its glo - ry and re - nown
 3. When but an i - dle boy,... I sought its grate - ful shade;
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling,... Close as thy bark, old friend!



In youth it shel - tered me,..... And I'll pro - tect it now;
 Are spread o'er land and sea,..... And would'st thou hew it down?
 In all their gush - ing joy,..... Here, too, my sis - ters played;
 Here shall the wild - bird sing,..... And still thy branch - es bend.



'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand,... That placed it near his cot,
 Wood - man for - bear thy stroke! Cut not its earth - bound ties;
 My moth - er kissed me here,... My fa - ther pressed my hand,
 Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave,.. And, wood - man, leave the spot;



There, wood - man, let... it stand, Thy... axe shall harm it not!
 Oh! spare that a - ged oak,... Now... tow - 'ring to the skies.
 For - give this fool - ish tear,... But.... let that old oak stand!
 While I've a hand.. to save,... Thy... axe shall harm it not!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne.

Music by Sir Henry Bishop.

Andante sostenuto.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I... gaze.. on the moon as I tread.. the drear wild, And.. feel.. that my
 3. An.. ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,... give.. me my

hum - ble, there's no... place like home; A... charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own.. cot-tage
 low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The.. birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my

CHORUS.
 there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
 call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,

sweet, sweet home, There's no... place like home, Oh, there's no... place like home.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING!

J. Riviere.

J. R. Planche.

1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Young - est sea - son of the year, Hith - er
 2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gus - ty March be - fore thee flies, Gloom - y

haste, and with thee bring A - pril with her smile and tear; Hand in hand with
 Win - ter ban - ish - ing; Clear - ing for thy path the skies, Flocks and herds, and

joc - und May, Bent on keep - ing hol - i - day. With thy dai - sy di - a -
 meads and bow'rs, For thy gra - cious pres - ence long! Come and fill the fields with

dem, And thy robe of bright - est green— We will wel - come thee and them,
 flow'rs, Come and fill the woods with song,— We will wel - come thee and them,

cres.
 As ye've ev - er wel - comed been. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Young - est sea - son

of the year, Life and joy to na - ture bring: Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee here.

This musical system features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

From "The Bohemian Girl."

M. W. Balfe.

1. A sol - dier's life has seen of strife, In all its forms, so much,
2. But yet the sol - dier's heart doth feel, When com - rades round him fall;

This musical system is in C major (no sharps or flats). It contains two verses of lyrics. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

That no gent - ler theme the world will deem, A sol - dier's heart can touch.
And though with foes he fights with steel, As friends he smiles on all.

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) in both staves.

In peace or war, in hall or bow'r, His heart is still the same,
In peace or war, in hall or bow'r, His heart is still the same,

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) in both staves.

And on the wings of fame will soar, The dar - ing sol - dier's name.
And on the wings of fame will soar, The dar - ing sol - dier's name.

This musical system concludes the piece. It includes triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) in both staves and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.—Concluded.

Nev - er here - af - ter to wake or to weep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, —rock me to sleep.

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

pp *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
Fa - - - ther will

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

me.... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

HOME AGAIN.

Con moto moderato.

Marshall S. Pike.

1. Home a-gain, home a - gain, From a for-eign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in
 3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood

mf joy To meet my friends once more. *mp* Here I dropped the part - ing tear To
 youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which
 charm That time can-not ef - face. *mp* Then give me but my home-stead roof, I'll

mf cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those Who
 bids me lon - ger roam, But death a - lone can break the tie That
 ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life With *f*

CHORUS.

kind - ly greet me home. } Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign
 binds my heart to home. }
 those I love at home. }

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

W. T. Wrighton.

mf Moderato.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are

so en-dear-ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home, The dear-est spot on
 so u - ni - ted, All the world be-sides I've slighted For home, sweet home. The dear-est spot on

earth to me Is home, sweet home, The fair - y - land I've long'd to see Is home, sweet home.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Caroline A. Mason.

S. M. Grannis.

Con moto.

1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould be an as-sur-ance most
 2. When twi-light ap-proach-es, the sea-son That ev-er is sa-cred to
 3. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me, At morn-ing, at noon, or at

dear To know that this mo-ment some loved one Were say-ing, "I
 song, Does some-one re-peat my name o-ver, And sigh that I
 night? And lin-gers one gloom-shade round them That on-ly my

wish he were here," To feel that the group at the fire-side Were
 tar-ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu-sic That's
 pres-ence can light? And joys less in-vit-ing-ly wel-come, And

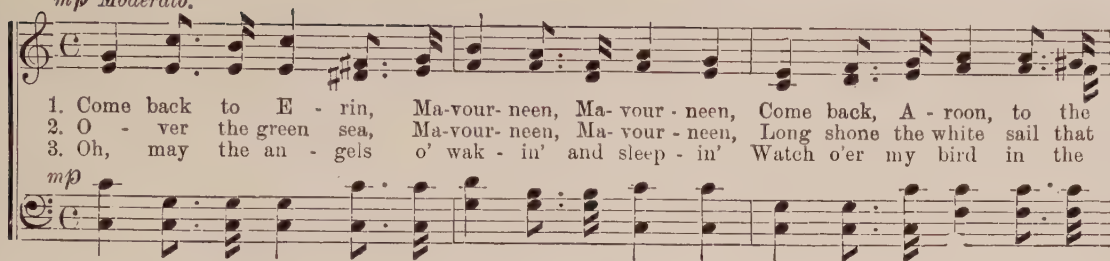
think-ing of me as I roam; Oh... yes, 'twould be joy be-yond measure To
 missed when my voice is a-way, And a chord in each heart that a-wak-eth Re-
 pleasures less hale than be-fore, Be-cause one is missed from the cir-cle, Be-

know that they miss me at home, To know that they miss me at home.
 gret at my wea-ri-some stay, Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay?
 cause I am with them no more, Be-cause I am with them no more?

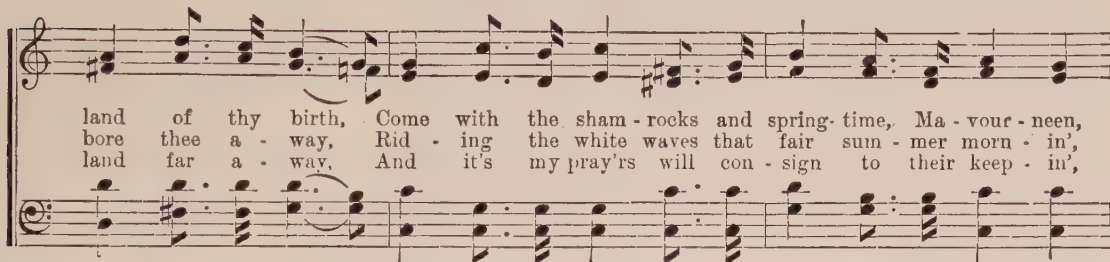
COME BACK TO ERIN.

Mrs. C. Barnard (Claribel).

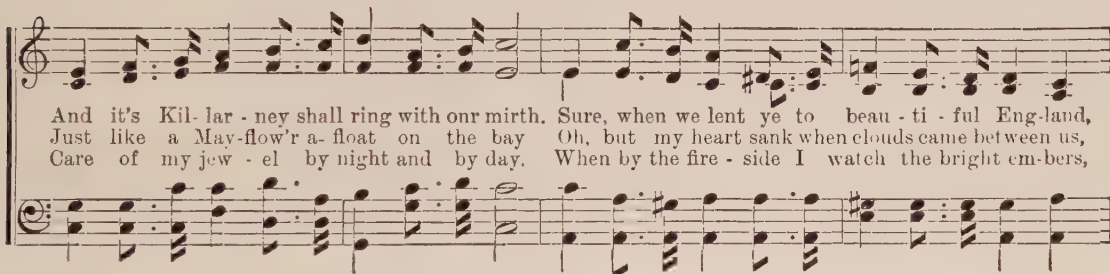
mp Moderato.



1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that
 3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the



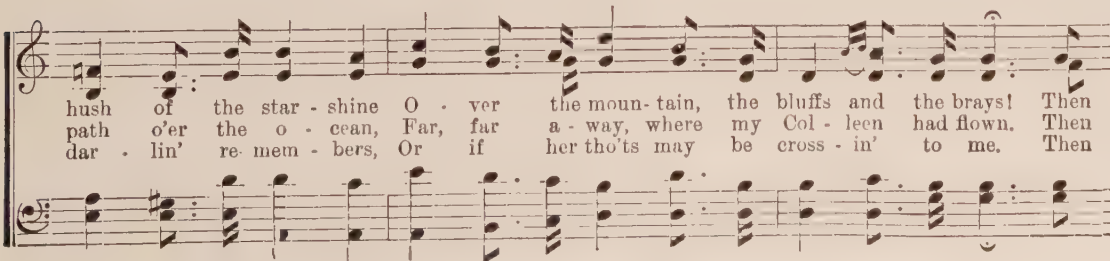
land of thy birth, Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen,
 bore thee a - way, Rid - ing the white waves that fair sun - mer morn - in',
 land far a - way, And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in',



And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
 Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers,



Lit - tle we tho't of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we tho't of the
 Like a gray cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my



hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
 path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then
 dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her tho'ts may be cross - in' to me. Then

COME BACK TO ERIN.—Concluded.

Animato.

Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Mavour-neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,

*cres.**molto cres.*

Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

THE KERRY DANCE.

J. L. Molloy.

S: Vivace.

1. Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, Oh, the ring of the pip - er's tune! Oh, for one of those
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er
4. Lov - ing voi - ces of old compan - ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more, And the sound of the

hours of glad - ness, Gone, a - las! like our youth too soon; When the boys be - gan to gath - er
lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor; "Lads and lass - es, to your plac - es
dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore; When the boys be - gan to gath - er

rit.

In the glen of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pip - er's tun - ing made us long with wild de - light.
Up the mid - dle and down a - gain; " Ah! the mer - ry - heart - ed laughter ring - ing thro' the hap - py glen.
In the glen of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pip - er's tun - ing made us long with wild de - light.

rit.

O to think of it, O to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! O the days of the Ker-ry danc-ing!

O the ring of the pip-er's tune! O for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too

FINE. *piu lento. After 2d verse.*

soon! ... 3. Time goes on, and the hap - py years are dead, And one by

one the mer - ry hours have fled; Si - lent now is the wild and lonely glen, Where the bright, glad

rall. *To 4th verse. S:*

laugh will ech - o ne'er a - gain. On - ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear

MY OLD DUTCH.

Albert Chevalier.

Charles Ingle.

1. I've got a pal, A reg'-lar out-an'-out-er, She's a dear, good old gal,
 2. I calls 'er Sal, 'Er prop-er name is Sair-er, An' yer may find a gal
 3. Sweet, fine old gal, For worlds I would n't lose 'er, She's a dear, good old gal,
 4. I sees yer, Sal, Yer pret-ty rib-bons sport-in'! Ma-ny years now, old gal,

I'll tell yer all a-bout 'er. Its ma-ny years since fust we met, 'Er
 As you'd con-sid-er fair-er. She ain't a an-gel, she can start A-
 An' that's wot made me choose 'er. She's stuck to me thro' thick and thin, When
 Since them young days of court-in'. I ain't a cow-ard, still I trust When

'air was then as black as jet, Its whit-er now, but she don't fret, Not
 jaw-in' till it makes you smart, She's just a woman, bless 'er 'eart, Is
 luck was out, when luck was in, Ah! wot a wife to me she's been, An'
 we've to part, as part we must, That death may come and take me fust, To

CHORUS.

my old gall!.... We've been to - geth - er now for for - ty years,
 my old gall!.... We've been to - geth - er now for for - ty years,
 wot a pal!.... We've been to - geth - er now for for - ty years,
 wait my pal!.... We've been to - geth - er now for for - ty years,

collu voce.

An' it don't seem a day too much,.... There ain't a la - dy liv - in'

in the land As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch,..... There ain't a

strepitoso.

la - dy liv - in' in the land As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

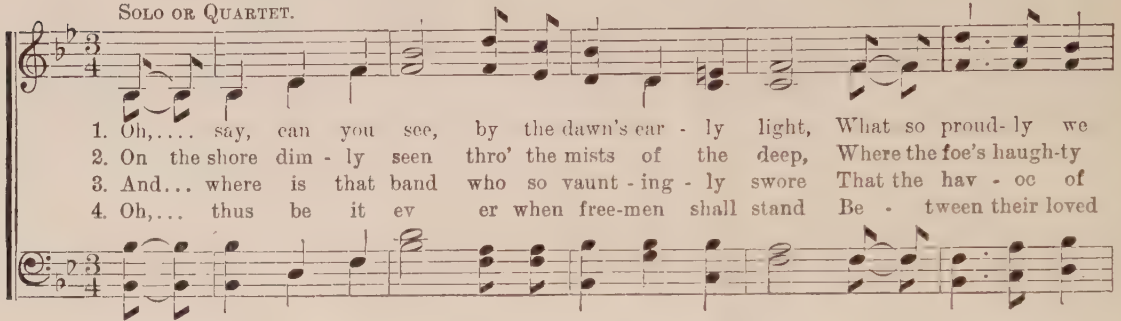
Tempo I.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

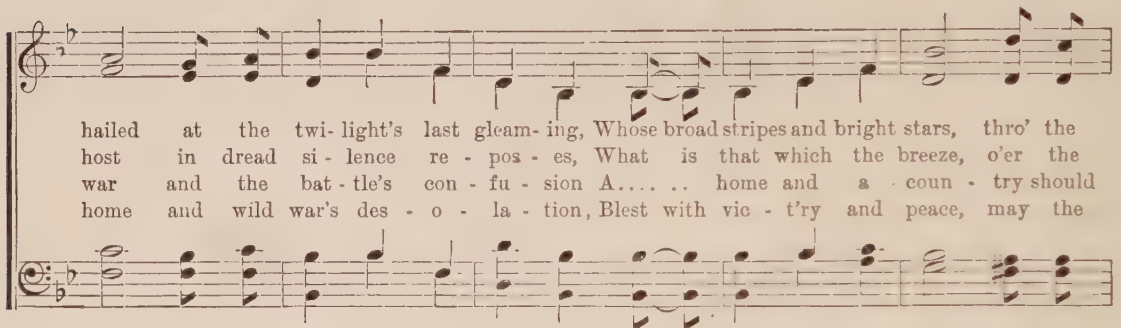
Words by Francis Scott Key.

Music by John Stafford Smith.

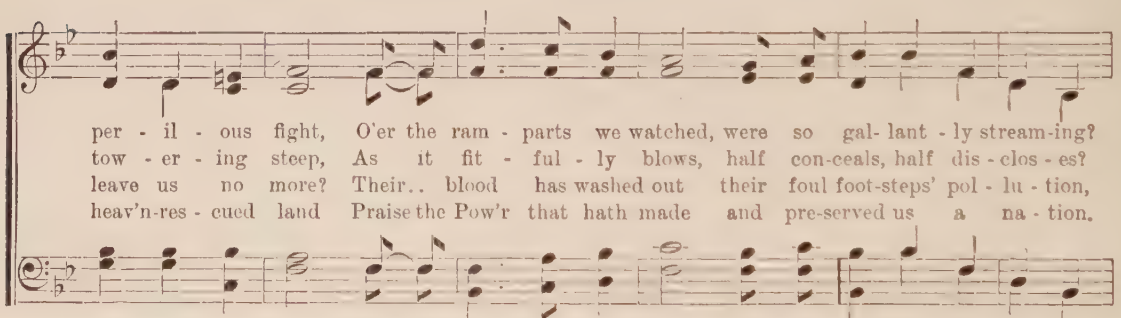
SOLO OR QUARTET.



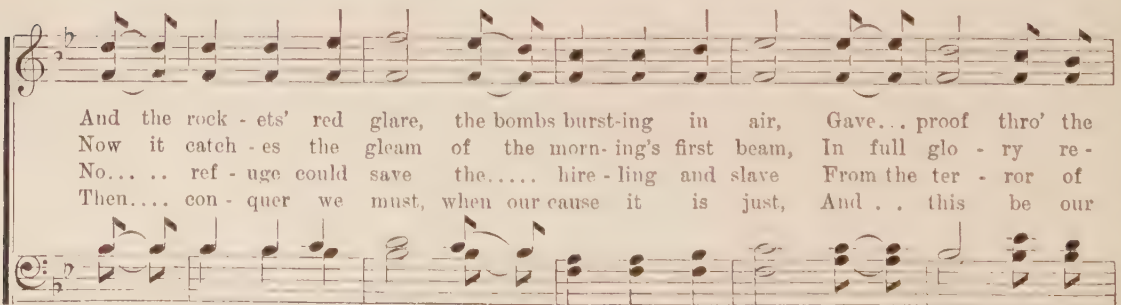
1. Oh,... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty
 3. And... where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the hav - oc of
 4. Oh,... thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved



hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A... .. home and a coun - try should
 home and wild war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 leave us no more? Their.. blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion,
 heav'n - res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion.

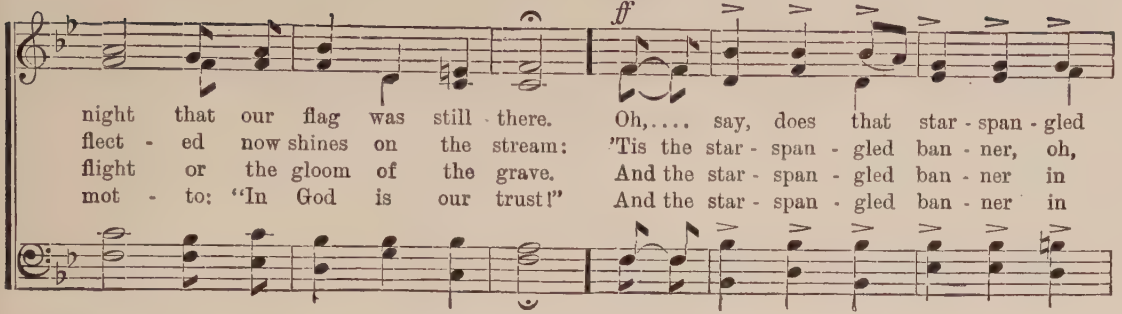


And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No... .. ref - uge could save the.... hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then... con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And... this be our

THE STAR-SPANGLLED BANNER—Concluded.

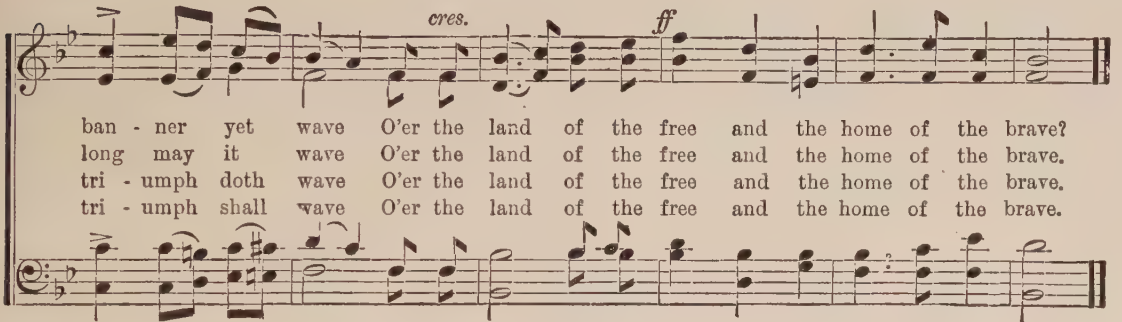
CHORUS.

ff



night that our flag was still there. Oh,... say, does that star-span-gled
flect-ed now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, oh,
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in

cres. *ff*




ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA.

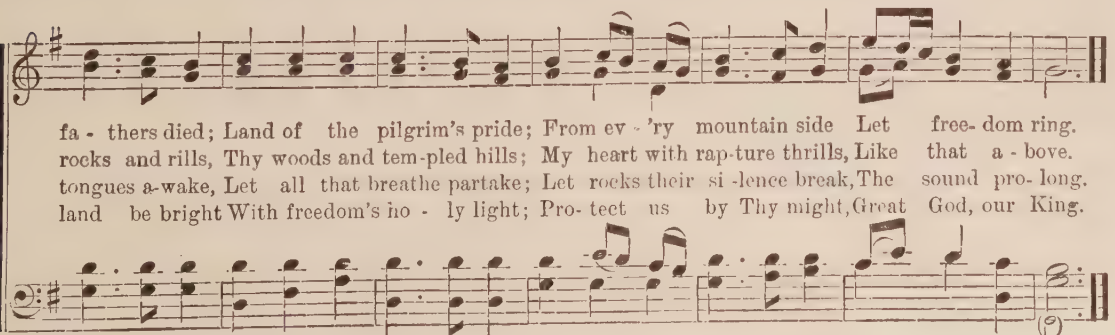
Words by Samuel Francis Smith.

Music by Henry Carey.

Maestoso.



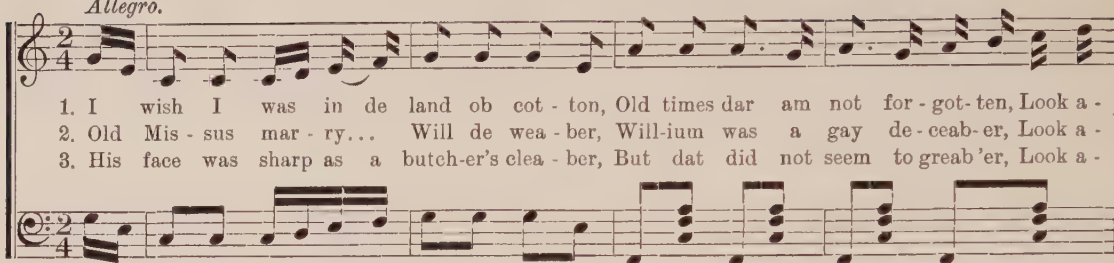
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa-thers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From ev-'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods with tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues a-woke, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

DIXIE'S LAND.

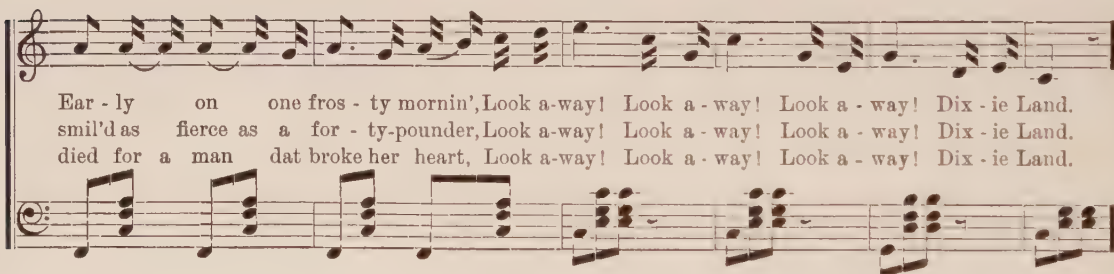
Dan. Emmet.

Allegro.


1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a -
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry... Will de wea-ber, Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er, Look a -
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er, Look a -



way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his-arm a-round'er, He
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And

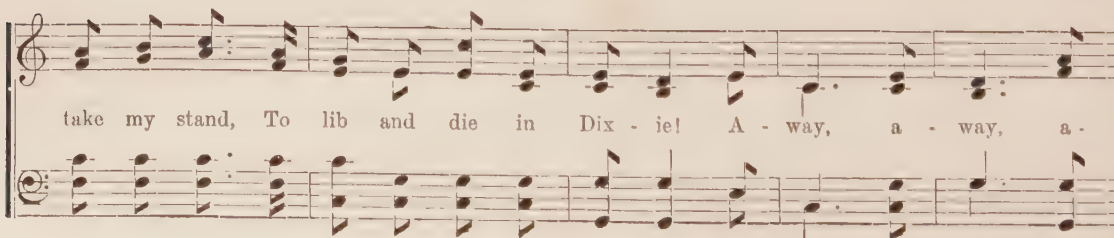


Ear-ly on one fros-ty mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smil'd as fierce as a for-ty-pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

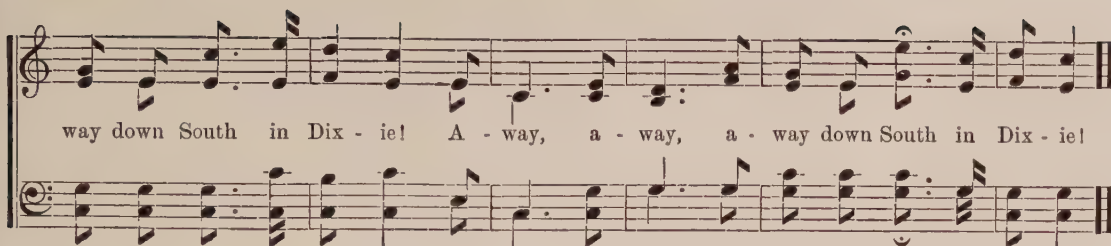
CHORUS.



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll



take my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie! A-way, a-way, a -



way down South in Dix - ie! A - way, a - way, a - way down South in Dix - ie!

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

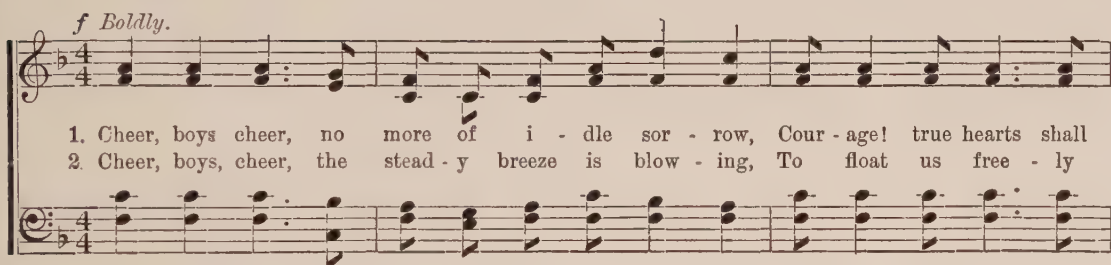
5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

H. Russell.

Charles Mackay.

f Boldly.

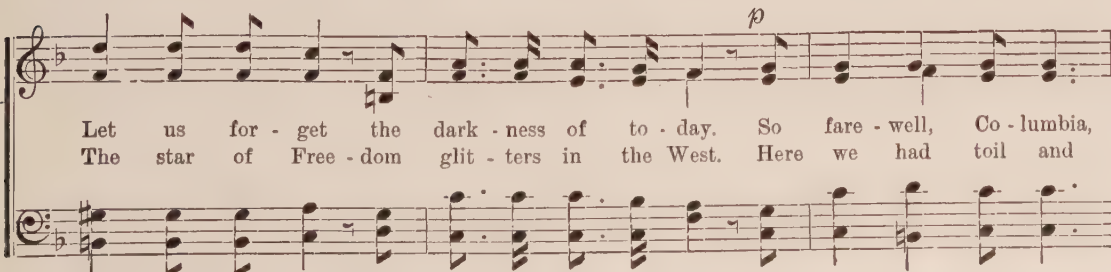


1. Cheer, boys cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour - age! true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing, To float us free - ly



bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row;
o'er the o - cean's breast; The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,

p

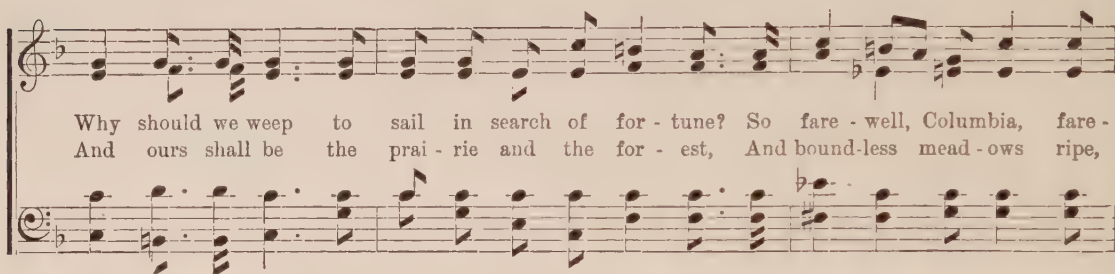


Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So fare - well, Co - lumbia,
The star of Free - dom glit - ters in the West. Here we had toil and

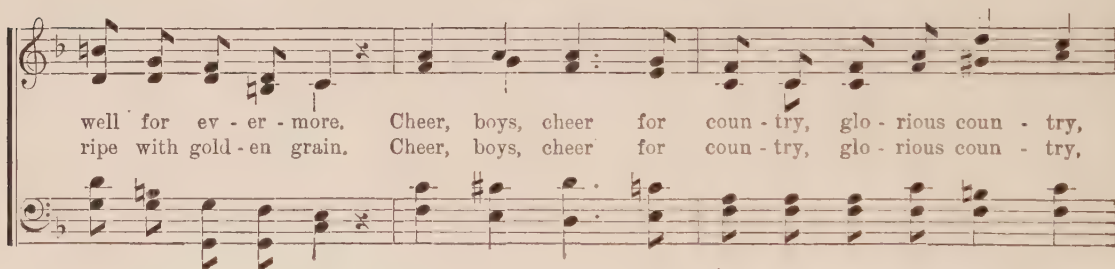
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.—Concluded.



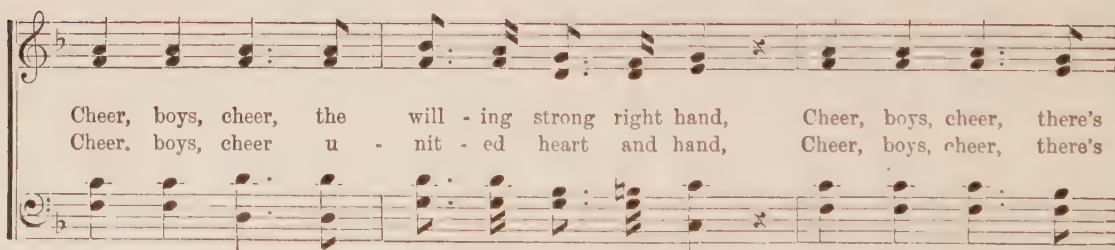
much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
lit tle to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;



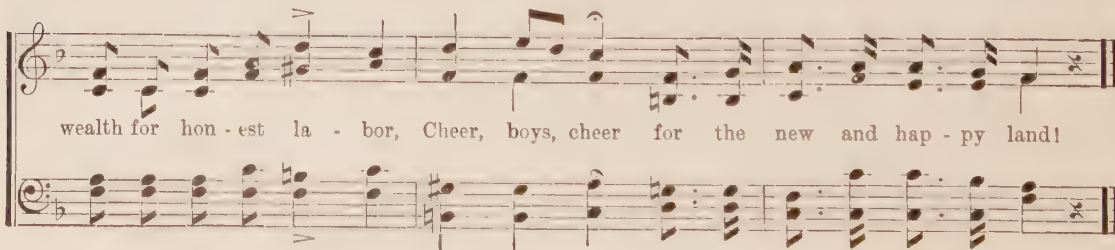
Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So fare - well, Columbia, fare -
And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est, And bound-less mead - ows ripe,



well for ev - er - more. Cheer, boys, cheer for coun - try, glo - rious coun - try,
ripe with gold - en grain. Cheer, boys, cheer for coun - try, glo - rious coun - try,



Cheer, boys, cheer, the will - ing strong right hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
Cheer, boys, cheer u - nit - ed heart and hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's



wealth for hon - est la - bor, Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and hap - py land!

OUR FLAG O'ER US WAVING.

49

G. Verdi.

Spirited.

1. See the proud ban-ner of Lib - er - ty stream-ing, Its bright star-ry folds o'er us ra - diant - ly
 2. Bright starry ban-ner! thy fame we will cher - ish, And shield thee and save thee, or no - bly we'll

gleaming; Hear the loud trumpet its war-note re - peat-ing, The roll of the drums where brave armies are
 per - ish; Proud - ly our ea - gles are float-ing a - bove thee, Co-lum - bia, for ev - er we bless thee and

meet-ing, brave armies meeting, are meeting! On, on to glo-ry's field, our proud flag o'er us
 love thee! bless thee and love thee, and love thee! On, on to vic - to - ry! our coun - try now and

wav - ing! Marching to conquest, ev - 'ry dan - ger no - bly brav-ing, March, march, march on to
 ev - er, Pal - sied the trai - tor hand our Un - ion that would sev - er: Hail! hail! hail! land of

tutta forza.

vic - to - ry! March on! March on! on! March on! March on! on! March on to vic - to - ry!
 Lib - er - ty! Hail! no - ble land, hail! Hail! no - ble land, hail! Hail! land of lib - er - ty!

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

W. B. Bradbury.

f Con spirito.

1. Rally round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love,
2. Floating high above us, Glowing in the sun, Speaking loud to all hearts,

On the land and seas; Brave hearts are under ours, Hearts that heed no brag
Of a freedom won, Who dares to sully it, Bought with precious blood?

Gallant lads, fire away, And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire away, And
Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood, Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho'

fight for the flag, Rally round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love,
ours should swell the flood, Floating high above us, Glowing in the sun, Speaking loud to all hearts,

On the land and seas; Let our colors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For
Of a freedom won, Let our colors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For

vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right! Then ral - ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!

CHORUS. *ff*, 2d time *pp*.

Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!

BOHUNKUS.

f Allegretto.

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were broth - ers;
2. Now, these two boys are dead and gone—Long may their ash - es rest!
3. Now, these two boys their sto - ry told, And they did tell it well;

Bo - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth - er's,
 Bo - hunk - us of the chol - era died, Jo - se - phus by re - quest.
 Bo - hunk - us he to heav - en went; Jo - se - phus he to —

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think-ing, moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat-tle front we stood When their fierce-est charge they made, And they
3. So, with-in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall

bright and hap-py home so far a-way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun-dred men or more; But be-fore we reached their lines They were
come to o-pen wide the i-ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat-en back, dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic-t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.

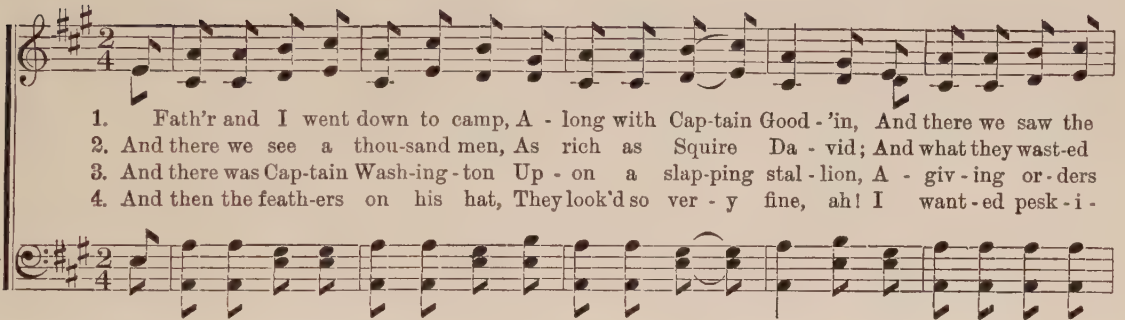
CHORUS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march-ing. Cheer up, com-rades, they will
march-ing on, Oh, cheer up, com-rades,

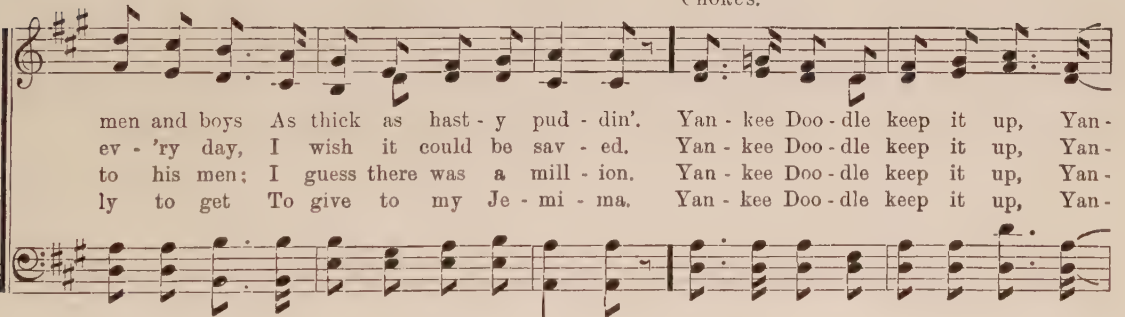
come, they will come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall



YANKEE DOODLE.



CHORUS.



5 And there I see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a mighty little cart;
 A load for father's cattle.

CHO.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

6 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
 He kind o' clapt his hand on't
 And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
 Upon the little end on't.

CHO.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

R. Wagner.

Steady time.

1. Flag of the Free! fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun-der of war, Ban-ner so
 2. Flag of the Free! all turn to thee,—Gold - en thy stars in the blue of their sky! Flag of the
 3. Flag of the brave, long may it wave! Cho - sen of God while His might we a - dore, High in the

CHO.—Flag of the Free all hail to thee! Float-ing the fair - est on o - cean or shore, Loud ring the

bright with star-ry light, Float ev - er proud-ly from mountain and shore. [Final ending....]
 brave! on - ward to save,—Crim-son thy bars float-ing gai - ly on high!
 van, for man-hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass-ing o'er;

cry, ne'er let it die, "Un-ion and Lib - er - ty [Omit.....] now, ev - er-more!"

Sa - ges of old thy com - ing fore-saw, Em - pire of jus - tice, em - pire of law;
 Splen-did thy sto - ry, might - y to save, Match-less thy beau - ty on land or wave,
 Flow'r of the a - ges, prom-ised of yore, Flow'r of the a - ges, fade nev - er - more!

Flag of our fa - thers! round all the world, Blest of the mill-ions wher-ev - er un - furl'd;
 He - roes have borne thee a - loft in the fray, Foemen who scorn'd thee have all pass'd a - way;
 Em - blem of Freedom, "Ma - ny in One," O'er thee thine ea - gle, bird of the sun;

D.C. for Chorus.

Ter - ror to ty - rants, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save.
 Pride of our coun - try, hail'd from a - far, Ban - ner of Prom - ise, lose not a star.
 All hail, "Old Glo - ry!" hearts leap to see How from the na - tions the world looks to thee.

OUR BANNER.

A. R. Robinson.

Carl Wilhelm.

f Tempo di Marcia.

1. A - bove our Un - ion broad and wide, From o - cean - side to o - cean - side,
 2. This flag shall nev - er suf - fer wrong; For all with mus - ket, sword and song,
 3. Our shouts shall ech - o round each throne, Till Free - dom o'er the world is known,

From north - ern hills to south - ern plains One ban - ner shows that Free - dom reigns,
 Will leap from plow and bench and till, Like one to work dear Free - dom's will.
 Till all man - kind, in ev - 'ry clime, Shall join the cho - rus, grand, sub - lime.

mp
 And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds of stripe and star;
 Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star;
 Ten mil - lion swords the guar - dians are Of Free - dom's flag of stripe and star;

pp *cres* - - - *cen* - - - - *do.* *ff*
 And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds... of stripe and star.
 Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star.
 Ten mil - lion swords the guar - dians are Of Freedom's flag.... of stripe and star.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by James R. Randall.

German melody, "O Tannenbaum."

Moderato.



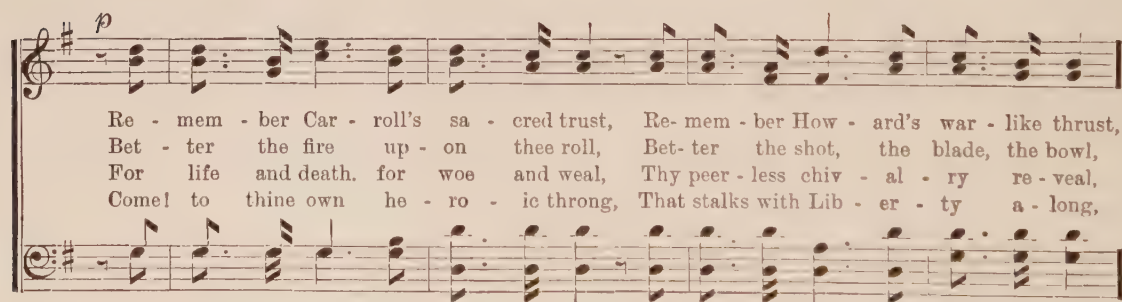
1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

cres.

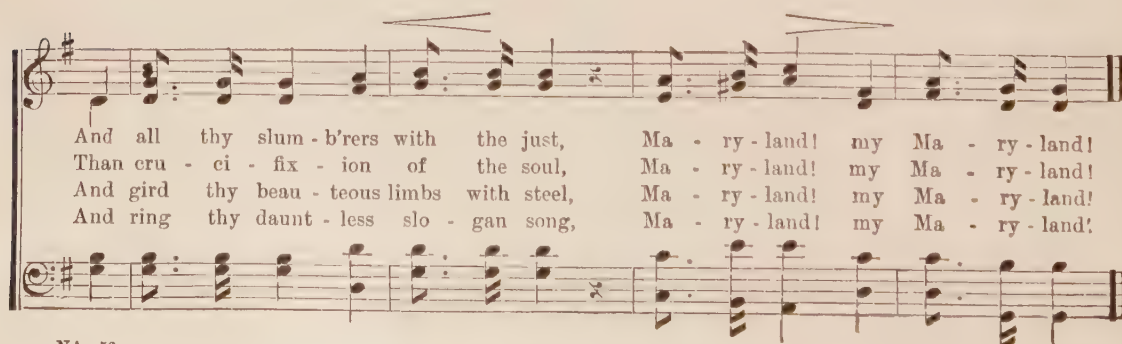


Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

p



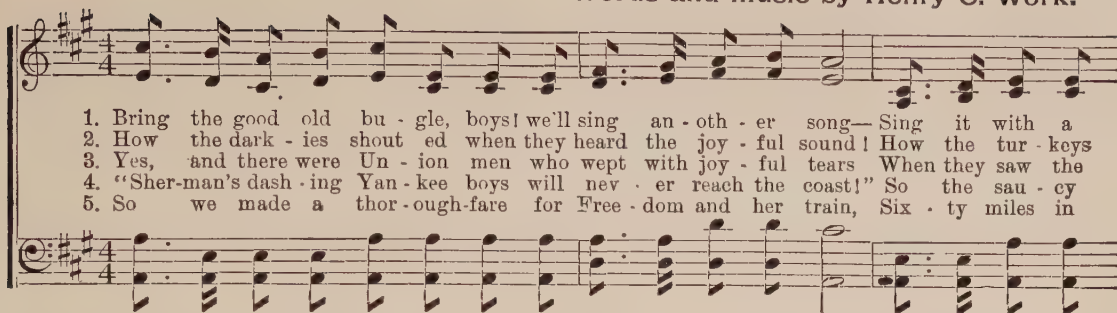
Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
 Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,



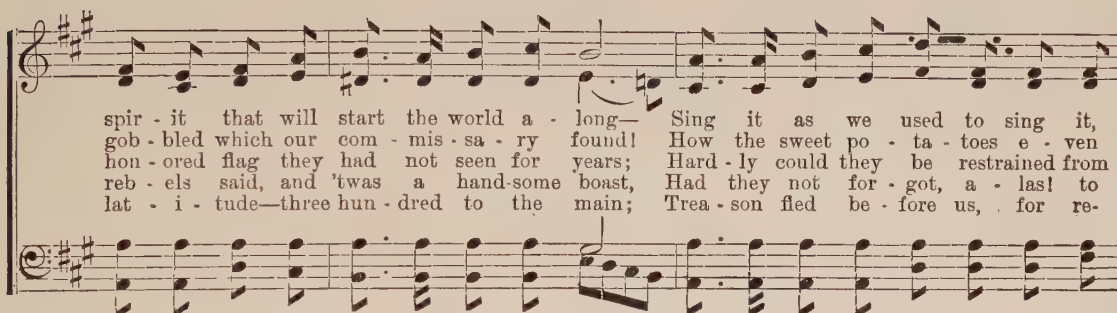
And all thy slum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.

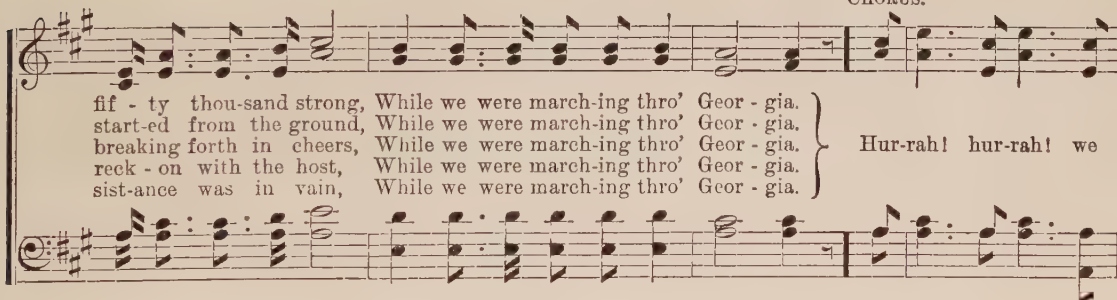


1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song—Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ies shout ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears When they saw the
 4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor - ough-fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in



spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

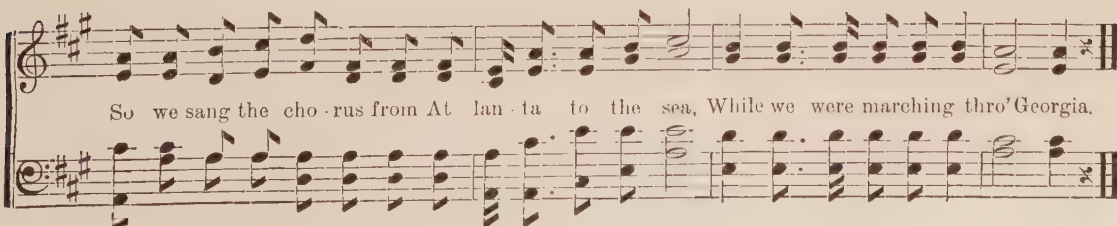
CHORUS.



fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 sist - ance was in vain, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia. } Hur - rah! hur - rah! we




bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!




So we sang the cho - rus from At lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing thro' Georgia.

FLAG OF '76.


O. S. Matteson.

Moderato.


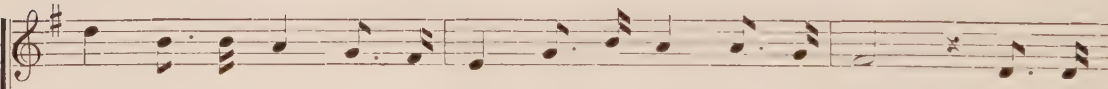
1. Our bright, star-ry flag, let us fling to the breeze, With its col - ors of red, white and
 2. Do we dream o'er the past with its toil and its tears, Ere was flung out the red, white and
 3. May our bright, star-ry flag e'er be first on the breeze, With its un - ion of red, white and




blue, . . . That time - hon - ored em - blem our fore - fath - ers won, With the
 blue, . . . Those dark days of pain to those grand - heart - ed men, As they
 blue, . . . That flag which has gleam'd o'er the broad fields of war, Borne a -



blood of the brave and the true; It has float - ed proud - ly forth o'er the
 plann'd for the brave and the true; Just a hun - dred years a - go, how they
 loft by the brave and the true; Ral - ly round its stand - ard, men, heart and



foam - crest - ed wave, Till a world owns it peer - less and grand, First in
 toiled for the right, How they fought, how they bled, how they died, But they
 soul for the right, Let the Un - ion your watch - word e'er be, And the



war, first in peace, like the sun shall it reign, While Columbia's star gleams out o'er the land.
 won, yes, they won, and the flag kiss'd the breeze, All triumph - ant o'er the land and the tide,
 star - spangled gem that has ne'er trail'd in dust, Shall for - ev - er wave its folds o'er the free.

CHORUS.

Then fling out its folds, ex - ult - ant on the air, And
 join the march of loy - al men and true, And Co - lum - bi - a's watch-word shall
 ev - er be, God bless our na - tion's red, white and blue.

INTEGER VITÆ.

LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.

TENORS.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -
 BASSES.

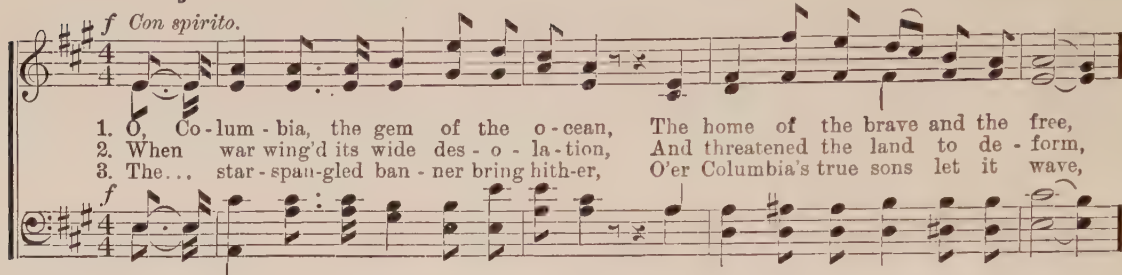
ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
 ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das . pes.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

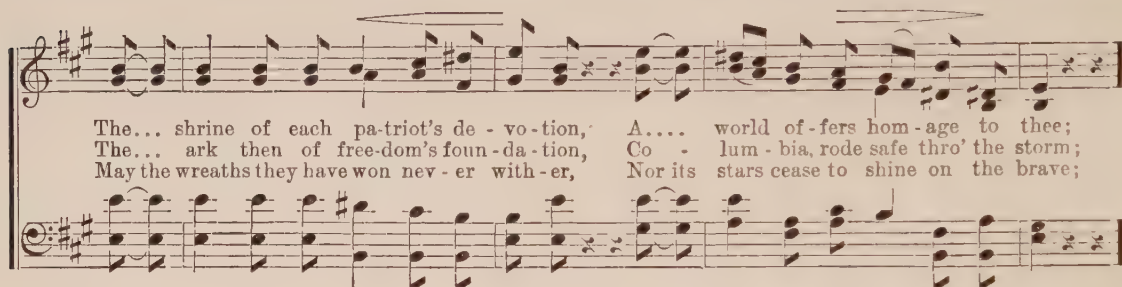
Words by David T. Shaw.

Music by Thomas a Becket.

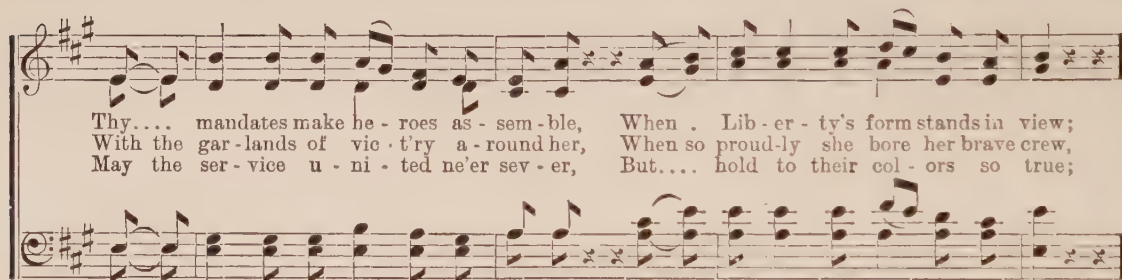
f *Con spirito.*



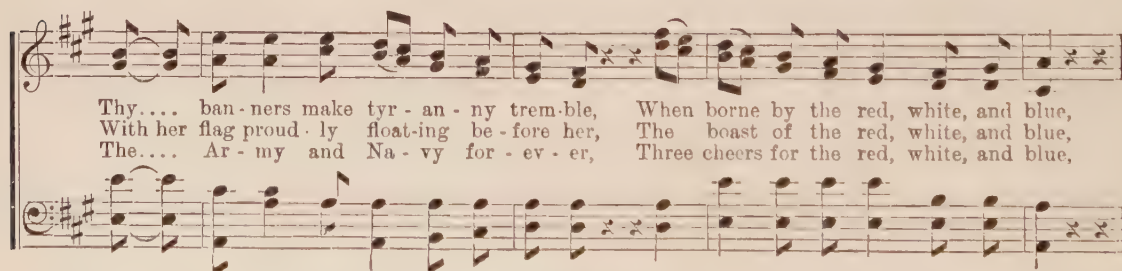
1. O, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. The... star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave,



The... shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A... world of-fers hom-age to thee;
 The... ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;

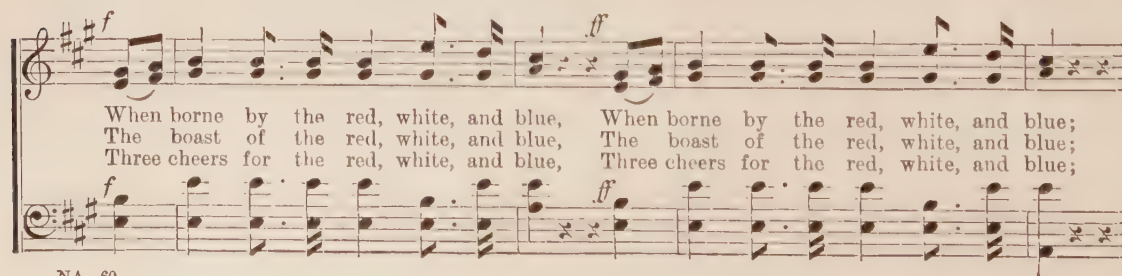


Thy... mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
 May the ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But... hold to their col-ors so true;



Thy... ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
 The... Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

f *ff*



When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
 The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;

Thy... ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
 The... Ar-m-y and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by W. Steffe.

1. John.. Brown's bo - dy lies a - mould'ring in the grave,
 2. The... stars of heav - en are... look - ing kind - ly down,
 3. He's gone to be a sol - dier in the arm - y of the Lord, He's
 4. John.. Brown's knap - sack is strapped up - on his back,

John.. Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a -
 The... stars of heav - en are look-ing kind-ly down, The.. stars of heav - en are
 gone to be a sol - dier in the arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol - dier in the
 John.. Brown's knap - sack is strapped up-on his back, John Brown's knap - sack is

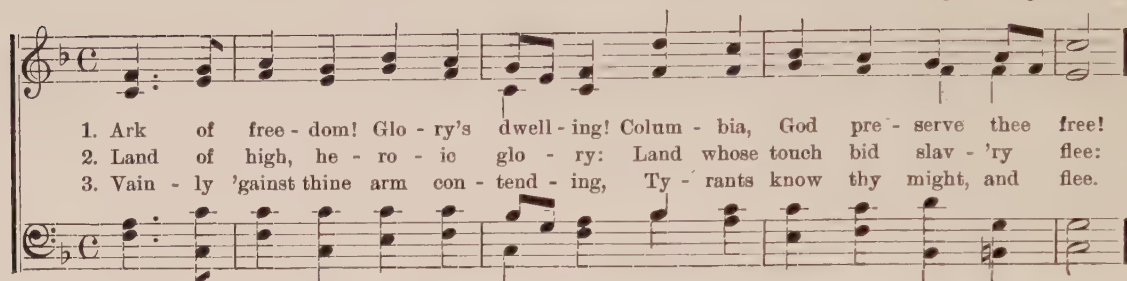
CHORUS.

mould'ring in the grave, His.. soul goes marching on! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 look - ing kind - ly down, On the grave of old John Brown! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 arm - y of the Lord, His.. soul is march-ing on! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 strapped up-on his back, His.. soul is march-ing on! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

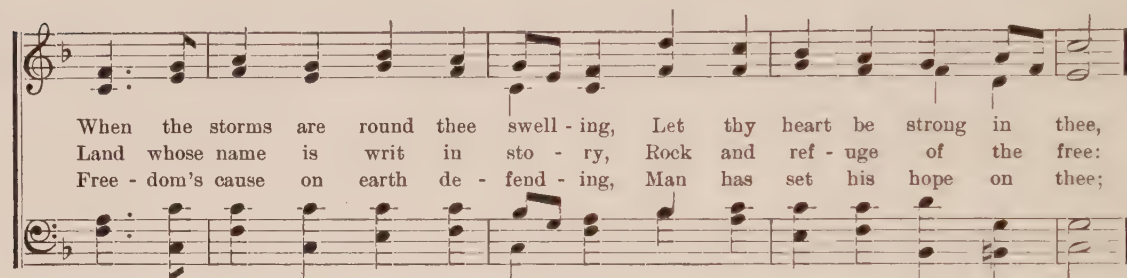
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on.

COLUMBIA, GOD PRESERVE THEE FREE!

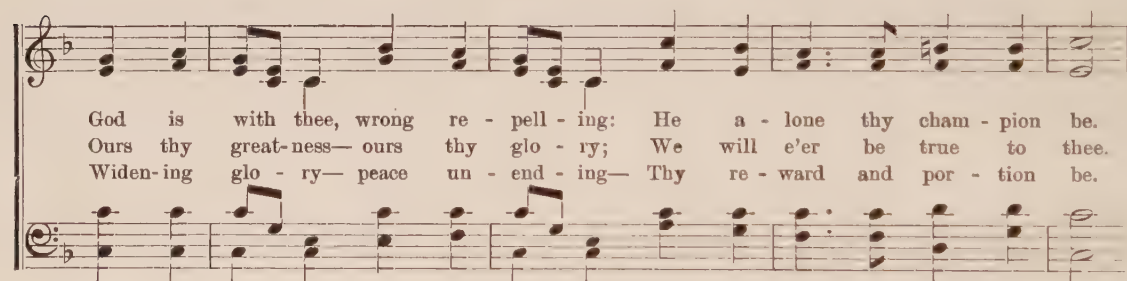
Joseph Haydn.



1. Ark of free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Colum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!
 2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bid slav - 'ry flee:
 3. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty - rants know thy might, and flee.



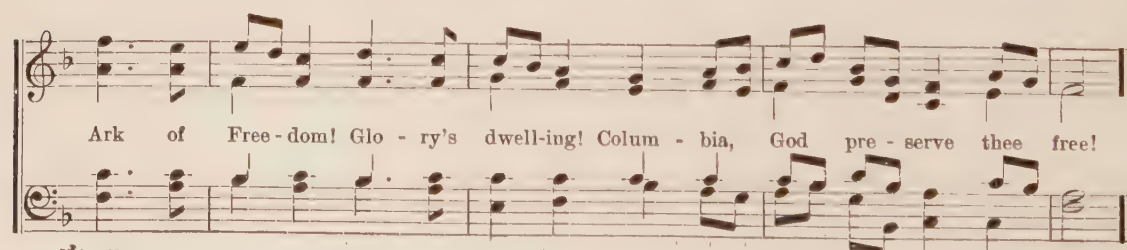
When the storms are round thee swell - ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee,
 Land whose name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free:
 Free - dom's cause on earth de - fend - ing, Man has set his hope on thee;



God is with thee, wrong re - pell - ing: He a - lone thy cham - pion be.
 Ours thy great - ness—ours thy glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee.
 Widen - ing glo - ry—peace un - end - ing—Thy re - ward and por - tion be.



Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Colum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!



Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Colum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
 2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,

Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
 Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
 mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.

CHORUS.

Fortissimo.

The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur-rah! boys, Hur-rah! Down with the trait-or, Up with the stars; While we

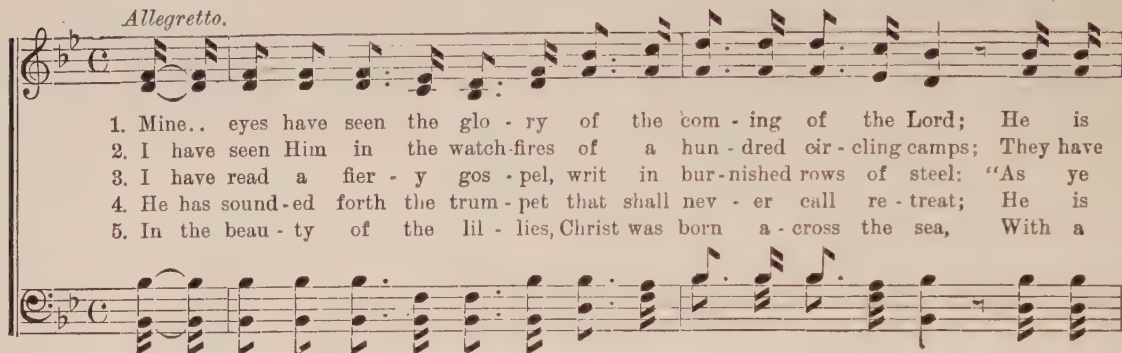
ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

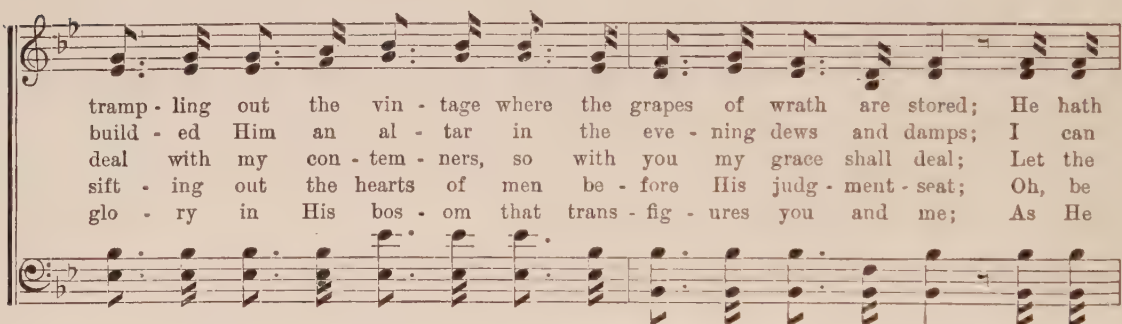
Words by Julia Ward Howe.

Music by W. Steffe.

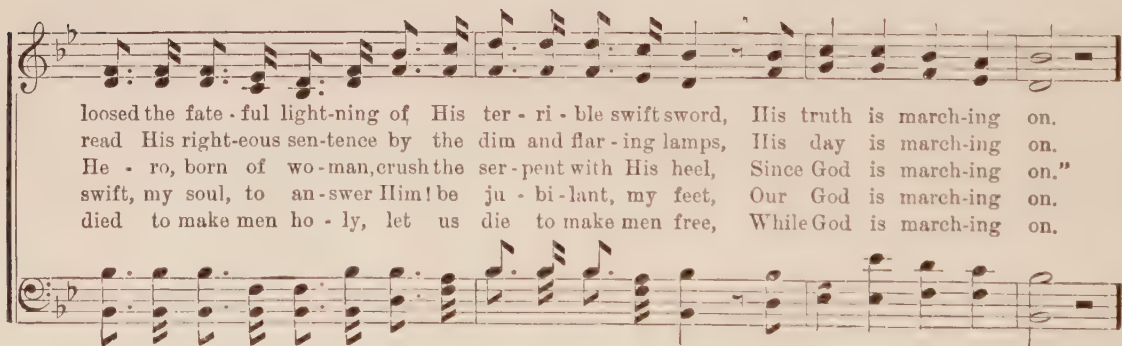
Allegretto.



1. Mine.. eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - lies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet, Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.—Concluded.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Johanna Kinkle.

*Andante.**p*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
 2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
 3. I think of thee with long - ing; Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

then, what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
 spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
 with my last faint sigh - ing I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

*Tranquillo e molto espress.**f**pp**rit.*

well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, (1798.)

F. Hopkinson, (1887)

Spirited.

1798. Hail, Co-lum-bia! hap-py laud, Hail, ye he-roes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
 1. Look our ransomed shores a-round, Peace and safe-ty we have found! Welcome, friends who once
 2. Gra-ven deep with edge of steel, Crown'd with Vic-t'ry's crim-son seal, All the world their names
 3. Hail, Co-lum-bia! strong and free, Throned in hearts from sea to sea! Thy march tri-umph-aut

free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En-
 were foes, Welcome, friends who once were foes, To all the conquer-ing years have gained.—A
 shall read! All the world their names shall read, En-rolled with his, the Chief that led The
 still pur-sue! Thy march triumph-ant still pur-sue With peace-ful stride from zone to zone, Till

joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful
 na-tion's rights, a race unchained! Chil-dren of the day new-born, Mind-ful of its
 hosts, whose blood for us was shed. Pay our sires their children's debt, Love and hon-or,—
 Free-dom finds the world her own. Blest in Un-ion's ho-ly ties, Let our grate-ful

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
 glo-rious morn, Let the pledge our Fa-thers signed, Heart to heart for-ev-er bind!
 nor for-get On-ly Un-ion's gold-en key Guards the ark of lib-er-ly!
 song a-rise,—Ev-'ry voice its trib-ute lend,—All in lov-ing cho-rus blend!

CHORUS.

1798. Firm, u-nit-ed, let us be, Ral-ly-ing round our lib-er-ty,
 1-3. While the stars of heav'n shall burn, While the o-cean tides re-turn,

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.
 Ev - er may the circling sun Find the Ma - ny still are One.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

1. Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huz-zas, Our
 2. That flag withstood the bat-tle's roar, With foe - men stout, with foe - men brave; Strong

flag is there, our flag is there! Be - hold the glo - rious stripes and stars!
 hands have sought that flag to lower, And found a speed - y wa - t'ry grave.

f FULL CHORUS.
 Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it mast-head high, And,
 That flag is known on ev - 'ry shore: The stand - ar of a gal - lant band A -

oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev - 'ry eye.
 like un-stained in peace or war, It floats o'er free - dom's hap - py land.

ALMA MATER, O.

1. { We're gath - ered now, my class - mates, to join our part - ing song;
To.. gaze on life's broad ruf - fled sea, to which we quick - ly go;

To pluck from mem - 'ry's wreath the buds which there so sweet - ly throng; }
But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al - ma Ma - ter O. }

CHORUS.

Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O,.... Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O, But
Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O,.... Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O, Hur -

ere we start we'll drink the health of Al - ma Ma - ter O.
rah! hur - rah! for col - lege days and Al - ma Ma - ter O.

- 2 No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring for morning prayers,
No more to long Biennial we'll mount the attic stairs;
Our recitations all are passed—Alumnuses, you know,
We'll swell the praises long and loud of Alma Mater O.—CHO.
- 3 We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in its sunbeams, and dancing in their pride;
But bubble-like they'll break and burst, and leave us sad, you know,
There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O.—CHO.
- 4 Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will part,
And give to each the parting grasp which speaks a brother's heart;
United firm in pleasing words, which can no breaking know,
For sons of Yale can ne'er forget their Alma Mater O.—CHO.
- 5 Then brush the tear-drop from your eye, and happy let us be,
For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest as we;
One cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
To memory of college days and Alma Mater O.—CHO.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns.

Scotch Air.

Moderato.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

*Sostenuto.**f*

1. Good-night la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
 2. Fare-well, la - dies! Fare-well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.

*Allegro.**Ritard molto. Repeat pp*

Mer - ri - ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, Mer - ri - ly we roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.

Hark! I hear a voice.. Way up on the moun - tain top, tip - top,

De - scend - ing down be - low,... De - scend - ing down be - low,... low.

CHORUS.

Let us all..... u - nite in love,..... Trust - ing

Let us all u - nite in love,

in..... the pow'rs a - bove..... Mer - ri - ly now we

Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

roll, we roll,..... O'er..... the deep.... blue... sea.....

BINGO.

71

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

Here's to good old *Yale, drink it down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yale, drink it

BASSES.

down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale, Drink it

FINE.

down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,

Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. We

won't go there a-ny more, We won't go there a-ny more, we won't go there a-ny more, Way

D. C.

down on the Bingo farm. Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Way down on the Bingo farm.

* The name of any college may be used.

MUSH, MUSH.

mf Andante.

1. Oh, 'twas there I larned ra - din' an' wri - tin',..... At Bil - ly Brack-ett's where
 2. Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me court - in'—..... Oh, the lis - sons I

mf

I wint to school;..... And 'twas there I larned howl - in' and fight - in'
 tuck in the art!..... Till.... Cu - pid, the black-guard, while sport - in'

Wid me school-mas - ther, Mis - ter O' - Toole;..... Him an' me we had
 An ar - row dhruv straight thro' me heart..... Miss Judy O' - Con - nor, she

mf

mon - y a scrim - mage,.... An'.. div - il a cop - y I wrote;..... There was
 lived jist for-ninst me..... An'.. tin - der lines to her I wrote;..... If ye

ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared.. thread on the tail o' my—
dare say wan hard word a - gin her, I'll. ... thread on the tail o' yer—

CHORUS.

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dy, Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - a! There was
Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dy, Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - a! If ye

ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!....
dare say wan hard word a - gin her, I'll thread on the tail o' yer coat!....

3 But a blackguard, called Micky Maloney,
Came an' sthrole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—CHO.

4 Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation:
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys a-float;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' my—CHO.

CROW SONG.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
 2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

SOLO.

CHORUS.

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
 Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
 Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"

And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

And they all flapped their wings and cried, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
 Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
 And they all flapped their wings, etc,

4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
 And pick his eyes out one by one,"
 And they all flapped their wings, etc.

FORSAKEN.

Thomas Koschat.

Adagio. *dolciss.*

For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am
Ver - lās - sen, ver - lās - sen, ver - lās - sen bin

I; Like a stone on the path-way, ne - glect - ed I lie; To the church-yard there
i! Wie der Stein auf der Strässen, ka Diandele mag mi! Drum geh i zum

yon - der, So sad - ly I go; And there soft - ly kneel - ing, I
Kirch - lan, zum Kirchlan weit 'naus, durt kniea i mi nie - der, und

weep in my woe, And there soft - ly kneel - ing, I weep in my woe.
wân mi hält aus! Durt kniea i mi nie - der, und wân mi hält aus.

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto. mf

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
 2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
 3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a -
 4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still

mf

mountains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black
 lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone, for the heavens were
 lives in that green gras - sy holler; Al - though I am fat - ed to mar - ry her

dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
 hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.
 clear, And I felt round the heart tre - men - dous - ly queer.
 never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

CHORUS *f*

Dear Ev - e - li - na,

sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e -

rit.

li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

This musical score is for the song 'DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.—Continued.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The tempo is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: 'li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.'

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p *cres.*

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree.... Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was music when she spake; In her eyes the

This is the first system of the musical score for 'AURA LEE.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The tempo is marked 'Dolce. p' (Dolce, piano) and 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are: '1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree.... Sat and pip'd, I' and '2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was music when she spake; In her eyes the'.

cres. *CHORUS.*

heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee. } Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
rays of morn With sud - den splen - dor break, }

This is the second system of the musical score for 'AURA LEE.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'CHORUS.' (Chorus). The lyrics are: 'heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee. } Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!' and 'rays of morn With sud - den splen - dor break, }'.

cres. *p*

Maid of gold - en hair! Sunshine came a - long with thee, And swallows in the air.

This is the third system of the musical score for 'AURA LEE.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 'Maid of gold - en hair! Sunshine came a - long with thee, And swallows in the air.'

WHERE, O WHERE?

Spirited.

1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men?
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors?

Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'-more Class.
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish,
 They've gone out from their old.. Lat - in, They've gone out from their old Lat - in,
 They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics,

They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
 They've gone out from their old.. Lat - in, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

4 ||: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :||
 Safe now in the wide, wide world.

||: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, :||
 Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 ||: Where, O where are the staid Alumnæ? :||
 Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.

||: They've gone out from their dreams and theories, :||
 Atoms lost in the wide, wide world.

JUANITA.

79

Andante.
mf

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

p slower. *a te mf*
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

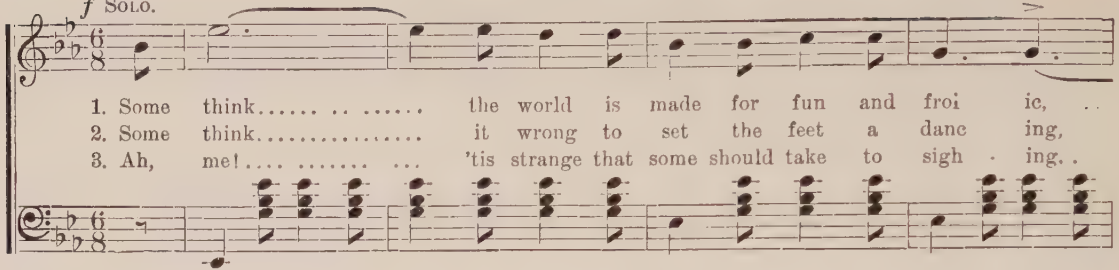
FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

Edward Oxenford.

L. Denza.

Allegretto brillante.

(OR, A MERRY HEART.)

f SOLO.


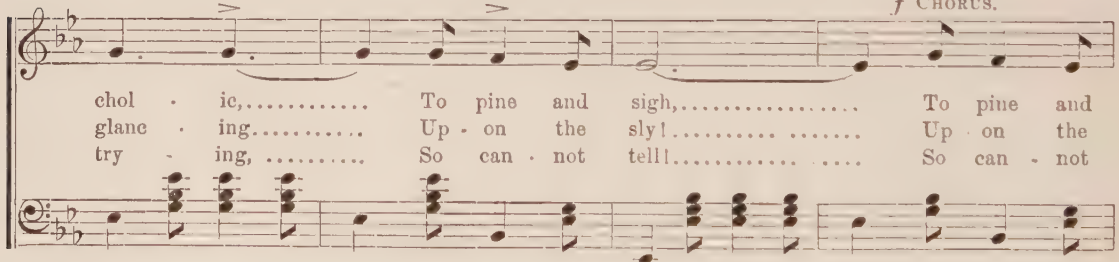
1. Some think..... the world is made for fun and froi ic, ..
 2. Some think..... it wrong to set the feet a danc ing,
 3. Ah, me!..... 'tis strange that some should take to sigh ing.

f CHORUS.

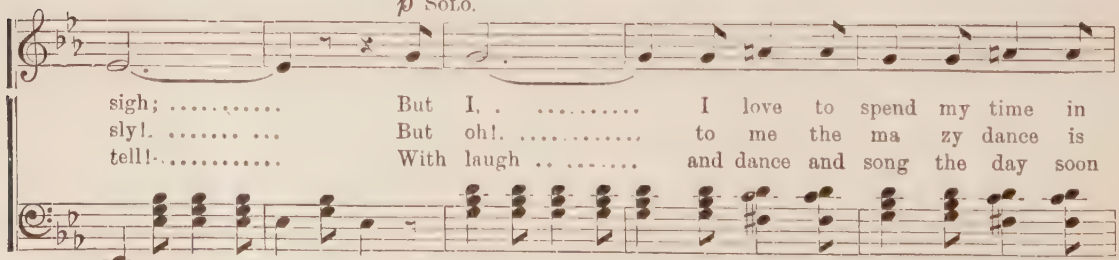

..... And so do I!..... And so do I!.....
 But not so I!..... But not so I!.....
 And like it well!..... And like it well!.....

f SOLO.


..... Some think..... it well to be all mel - an -
 Some think..... that eyes should keep from coy - ly
 For me,..... I have not thought it worth the

f CHORUS.


chol ic,..... To pine and sigh,..... To pine and
 glanc ing,..... Up - on the sly!..... Up - on the
 try ing,..... So can not tell!..... So can not

p SOLO.


sigh; But I. I love to spend my time in
 sly! But oh! to me the ma zy dance is
 tell!..... With laugh .. and dance and song the day soon

CHORUS. *f*

sing - ing..... Some joy - ous song,..... Some joy - ous song
 charm - ing,..... Di - vine - ly sweet,..... Di - vine - ly sweet!.....
 pass - es,..... Full soon is gone,..... Full soon is gone;.....

f SOLO.

..... To set..... the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing.....
 And sure - - ly there is naught that is a - larm - ing.....
 For mirth, was made for joy - ous lads and las - sies.....

f CHORUS.

.... Is far from wrong!..... Is far from wrong!.....
 ... In nim - ble feet?..... In nim - ble feet?.....
 ... To call their own!..... To call their own!.....

p CHORUS. (*2d time f*)

List - en! List - en! Ech - oes sound a - far! List - en! List - en!
 List - en! List - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! List - en! List - en!
 List - en! List - en! Hark, the soft gui - tar! List - en! List - en!

cresc.

Ech - oes sound a - far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
 Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
 Hark, the soft gui - tar! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,

FUNICULI, FUNICULA.—Concluded.

la! Ech oes sound a far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, oh! la!...

la! Mu sic sounds a far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, oh! la!...

la! Hark, the soft gui tar! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, oh! la!...

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

Geo. P. Morris.

Wm. Vincent Wallace.

1. A song for our ban-ner, the watchword re-call, Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion,
2. What God in His in-fi-nite wis-dom design'd And arm'd with the weapons of thun-der,

"U-nit-ed we stand, di-vid-ed we fall," It made and preserv'd us a na-tion.
Not all the earth's despots or fac-tions combin'd, Have the pow'r to con-quer or sun-der.

CHORUS.

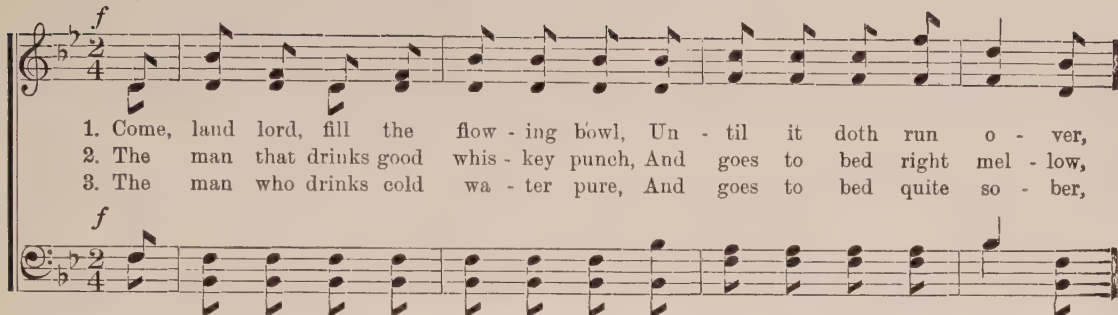
The un-ion of lakes, the un-ion of lands, The un-ion of states none can sev-er,

The un-ion of hearts, the un-ion of hands, And the flag of our Un-ion for ev-er

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

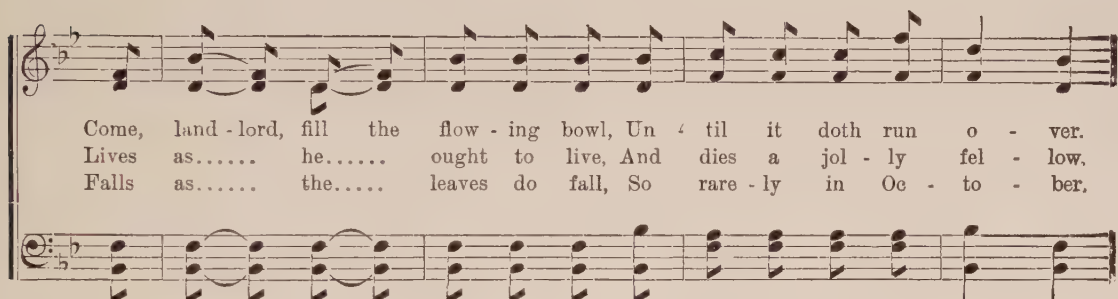
Allegretto.

f



1. Come, land lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
 2. The man that drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
 3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,

f



Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver.
 Lives as..... he..... ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low,
 Falls as..... the..... leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.

CHORUS.



For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
 And getteth "half seas over,"
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 And then lie down in clover.

5 A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
 And goes and tells her mother
 Does a very foolish thing,
 And don't deserve another.

JINGLE, BELLS.

*Allegro.**mf*

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young, Take the girls to - night, And

mf

Laugh-ing all the way;... Bells on bob - tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side... The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleighing song... Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

CHORUS. *

f

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot. Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!

f

Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.

Allegro.

For - ty - nine bot - tles hang - ing on the wall, For - ty - nine bot - tles hang - ing on the wall;

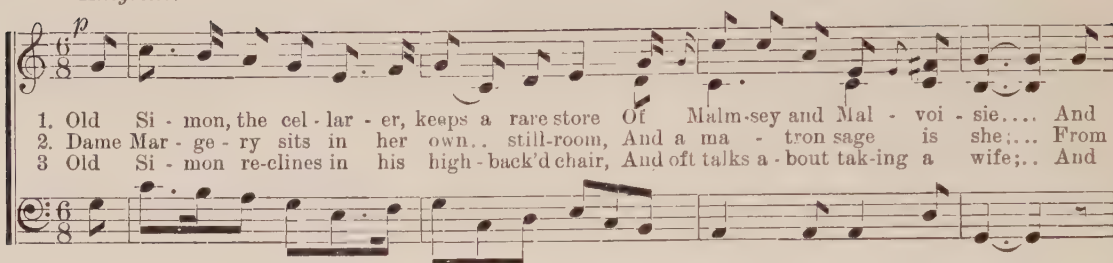
Take one a - way from them all, For ty-eight bot-tles hanging on the wall. Forty-eight bottles, etc.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

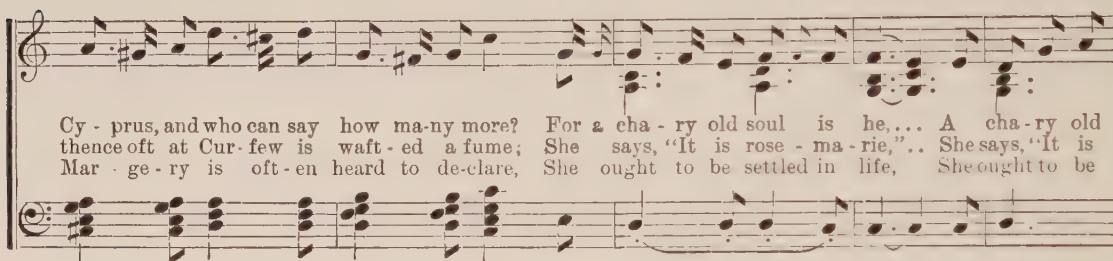
Allegretto.

J. L. Hatton.

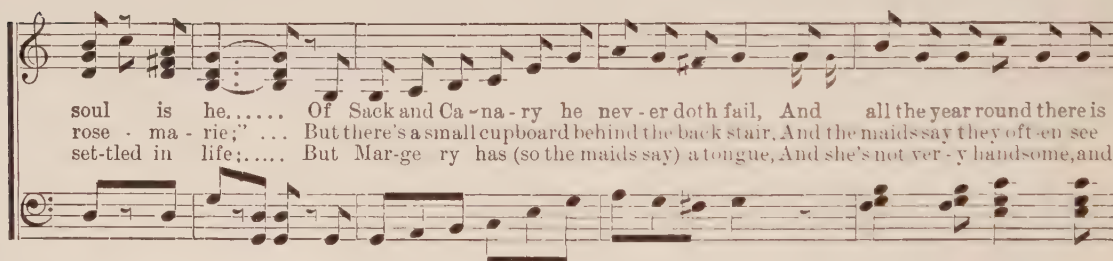
p



1. Old Si - mon, the cel - lar - er, keeps a rare store Of Malm-sey and Mal - voi - sie.... And
 2. Dame Mar - ge - ry sits in her own.. still-room, And a ma - tron sage is she;... From
 3. Old Si - mon re-clines in his high-back'd chair, And oft talks a - bout tak-ing a wife;.. And

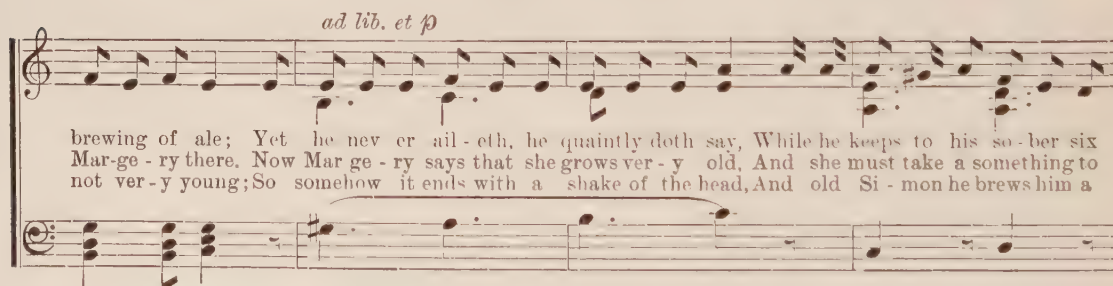


Cy - prus, and who can say how ma - ny more? For a cha - ry old soul is he,... A cha - ry old
 thence oft at Cur - few is waft - ed a fume; She says, "It is rose - ma - rie,".. She says, "It is
 Mar - ge - ry is oft - en heard to de - clare, She ought to be settled in life, She ought to be



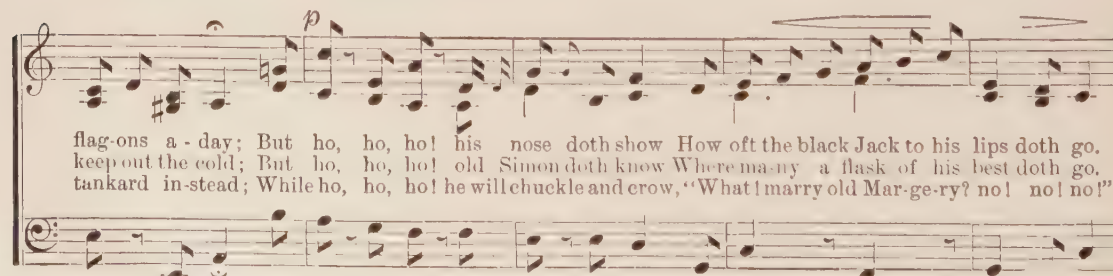
soul is he,.... Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And all the year round there is
 rose - ma - rie;"... But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair, And the maids say they oft - en see
 set - tled in life;.... But Mar - ge - ry has (so the maids say) a tongue, And she's not ver - y handsome, and

ad lib. et p



brewing of ale; Yet he nev - er ail - eth, he quaintly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six
 Mar - ge - ry there. Now Mar - ge - ry says that she grows ver - y old, And she must take a something to
 not ver - y young; So somehow it ends with a shake of the head, And old Si - mon he brews him a

p



flag-ons a - day; But ho, ho, ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
 keep out the cold; But ho, ho, ho! old Simon doth know Where ma - ny a flask of his best doth go.
 tankard in - stead; While ho, ho, ho! he will chuckle and crow, "What! marry old Mar - ge - ry? no! no! no!"

f

But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where ma - ny a flask of his best doth go.
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow, "What! mar ry old Mar - ge - ry? no! no! no!"

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

1. Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe (meerschaum pipe), Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum
pipe (meerschaum pipe), Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, When I am gone a way?

Al - lie Ba - zan! Pat - sey Mo - ran! Ma - ry Me - Can, Bad Man!

- 2 Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots),
Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots),
Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots,
When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan!

- 3 Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand (snow-white hand),
Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand (snow-white hand),
Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand,
When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan! Yucatan! Kalamazoo!

- 4 Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips (ruby lips),
Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips (ruby lips),
Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips,
When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan! Yucatan! Kalamazoo! Michigan! BAD MAN!!!

U - pi-dee-i, dee-i - da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da! U - pi-dee-i, dee-i - da, U - pi-dee-i - da!

MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean,.... My Bon-nie lies o - ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low,.... Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,.... And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,.... The winds have blown o - ver the

sea,..... My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean,.... Oh, bring back my
bed,..... Last night as I lay on my pil - low,.... I dreamt that my
sea,..... Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,.... And bring back my
sea, The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,.... And bro't back my

CHORUS.
Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
Bon - nie was dead,..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me....

MY LAST CIGAR.

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles one glo - rious sum - mer day, I
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail and looked down in the sea, E'en
 3. I watched the ash - es as it came fast draw - ing to the end; I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love fade in the dis - tance dim, I've

sat up - on the quar - ter-deck and whiff'd my cares a - way; And as the vol - um'd
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh! what had I at
 watch'd it as a friend would watch be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
 watch'd a - bove the blight - ed heart where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a

smoke a - rose like in - cense on the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, it
 such a time to do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear pro - clai - m'd it
 slow - ly on, it van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, it
 sor - row that could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles I

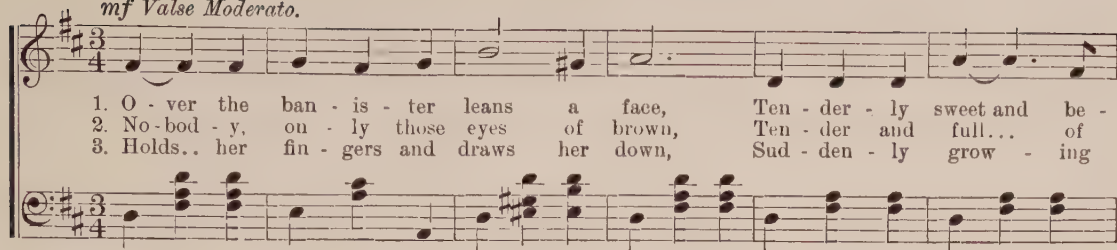
REFRAIN.

was my last ci - gar.
 was my last ci - gar.
 was my last ci - gar.
 smoked my last ci - gar. } It was my last ci - gar, It was my last ci -

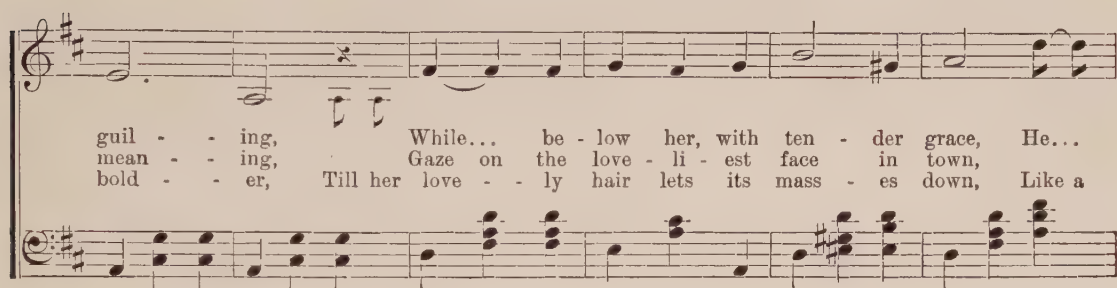
ritard.

gar, I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, it was my last ci - gar.

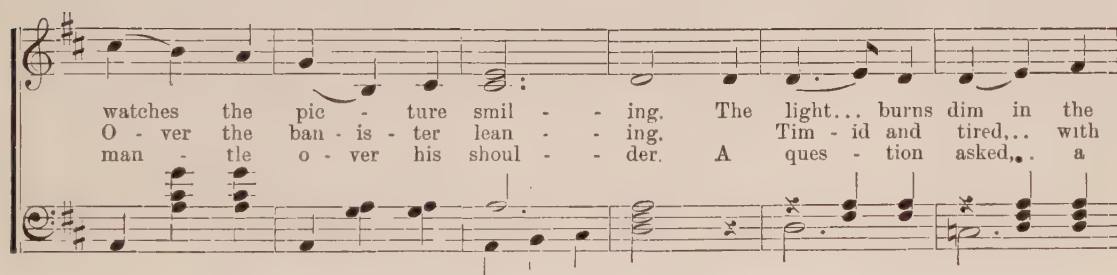
OVER THE BANISTER.

mf Valse Moderato.


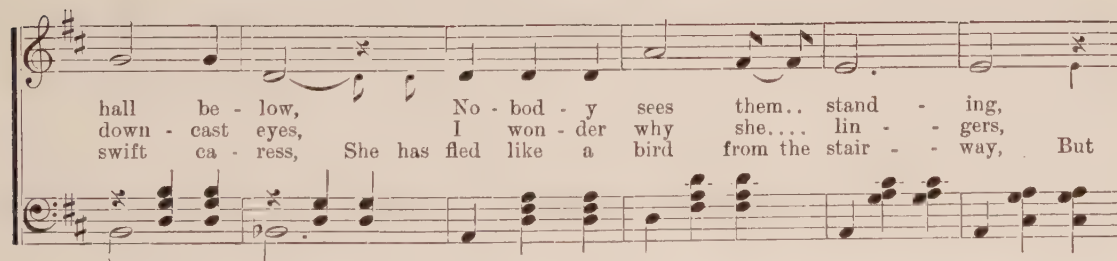
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
 2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full... of
 3. Holds.. her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing



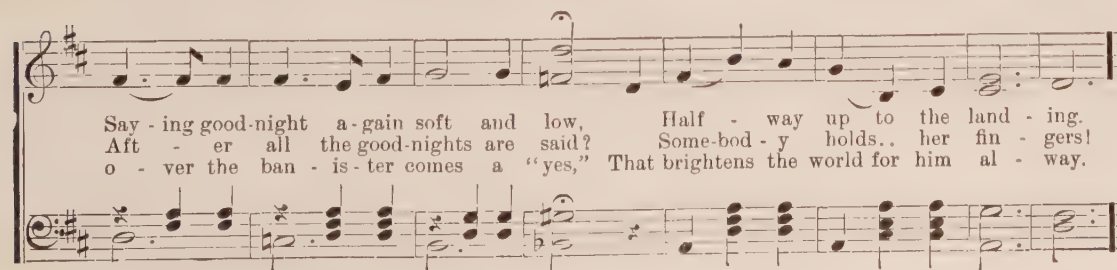
guil - - ing, While... be - low her, with ten - der grace, He...
 mean - - ing, Gaze on the love - li - est face in town,
 bold - - er, Till her love - - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a



watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light... burns dim in the
 O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired... with
 man tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked... a



hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them.. stand - ing,
 down - cast eyes, I won - der why she... lin - - gers,
 swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But



Say - ing good - night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
 Aft - er all the good - nights are said? Some - bod - y holds.. her fin - gers!
 o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.

THE DANUBE RIVER.

Hamilton Aide.

Tempo di Mazurka

1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er? We
 2. Our boat kept meas-ure with its oar, The mu-sic rose in snatch-es From

list-ened to a Länd-ler tune, And watched the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have
 peas-ants danc-ing on the shore, With bois t'rous songs and catches. I know not why that

rit. watched the moon, But nev-er, no, oh nev-er, nev-er, Can I for-get that
 Länd-ler rang Thro' all my soul, but, nev-er, nev-er, Can I for-get the

night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-
 songs they sang Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang Up-

on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube
 on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang Up-on the Dan-ube

riv - er, Can I for - get that night in June Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.
 riv - er, Can I for - get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.

NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

Moderato.

1. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
 hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The
 hast a slen - der waist; A slen - der waist is thine, love! The
 hast such pearl - y teeth; The pearl - y teeth are false, love! They

glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 kiss - ing of it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 arm a - round it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 rat - tle when you waltz, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou

hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
 hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
 hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist
 hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y teeth.

SOLOMON LEVI.

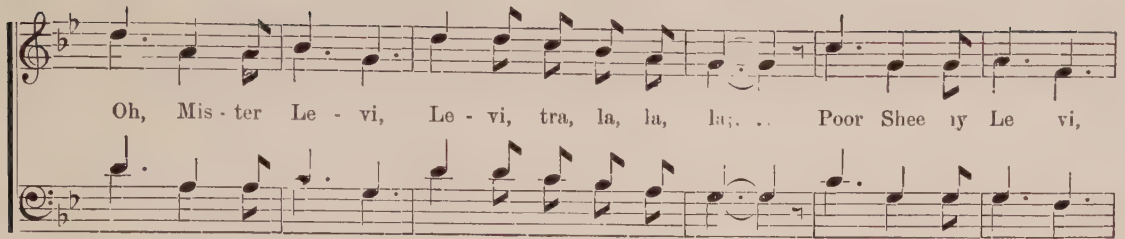
1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, at my store in Bax - ter street, That's
2. Some-times a bum - mer comes in - side my store in Bax - ter street, And

where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry-thing that's neat; I've
tries to hang me up for coat and vest... and pants so neat; I

sec - ond - hand - ed o - ver-coats, and ev - 'ry-thing that's fine,..... For
kicks that bum - mer out of my store, and on him sets my pup,..... For I

all the boys they trade with me at one hun-dred and for - ty - nine,.....
won't sell clothes to a - ny man that tries to hang me up,.....


CHORUS.




Oh, Mis - ter Le - vi, Le - vi, tra, la, la, la; . . . Poor Shee - y Le vi,



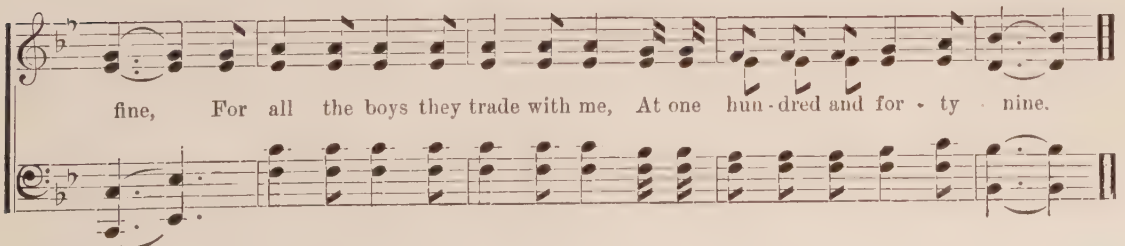
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, My name is Sol - o - mon



Le vi, At my store in Bax - ter street, There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and



ev - 'ry-thing that's neat; I've sec - ond-hand-ed o - ver - coats, and ev'-ry-thing else that's



fine, For all the boys they trade with me, At one hun - dred and for - ty - nine.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a-cross, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

doo - dle all the day; My Sal - ly am a spun - ky girl, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; With cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

doo - dle all the day. } Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
 doo - dle all the day. } Fare well, Fare - well, Fare thee
 doo - dle all the day. }

well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to

see my Su - si - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,

6 Behind de barn, down on my knee.,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

5 Oh, I went to bed but it was't no use,
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

p Andante.

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered,... On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed,.... Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
 3. On my lips a whis - per trem-bled,... Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing,.... And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas

cresc.


from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

CHORUS.
mf


I was see - ing Nel - lie home,.... I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.


RIG-A-JIG.

f Presto.


1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, A
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Said



CHORUS.
 pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o. Rig-a-jig-jig, and a -
 she to me, "I'm a weav-er's maid," Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o. Rig-a-jig-jig, and a -



way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go, Rig-a-jig-jig, and a -



way we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.



o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER.

Words by S. S. Steele.

1. On Tom-big - bee Riv - er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de
 2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of my Ju - la an'

tall yal - ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju - la so true, An' I row'd her a -
 sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An' at night sail her

CHORUS.

bout in my Gum Tree Ca-noe. } Sing-ing row a-way, row, O'er de wa - ters so blue, Like a
 round in my Gum Tree Ca-noe. }

feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Canoe.

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
 I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
 While de stars dey look down at my Julia so true,
 An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Canoe.
 Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
 Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay;
 Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
 An' it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Canoe.
 Singing row away, etc.

SAILING.

Music by Godfrey Marks.

Con spirito.

1. Y'heave ho! my lads,... the wind blows free,... A pleas - ant gale... 'is on our
 2. The sail - or's life.... is bold and free,... His home.. is 'on.... the roll - ing
 3. The tide.. is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho!... my lads,... set ev - 'ry

lee;... And soon.. a - cross.. the o - cean clear.. Our gal - lant bark shall
 sea;... And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his... who launch - es
 sail;... The har - bor bar... we soon shall clear; Fare - well,.. once more, to

brave - ly steer;.. But ere we part... from England's shores to-night,.. A song we'll
 on.... the... wave, A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
 home so... dear,.. For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long,... That home shall

CHORUS.

sing.. for home and beau-ty bright, }
 song he rides the sparkling foam. } Then here's to the sail- or, and here's to the heart so true, Who
 be... our guid - ing star and song... }

will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main;

For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing,

o - ver the bounding main; For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain. *ad lib.*

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(Longfellow.)

(SERENADE.)

*Andante espress.**p dolce.*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

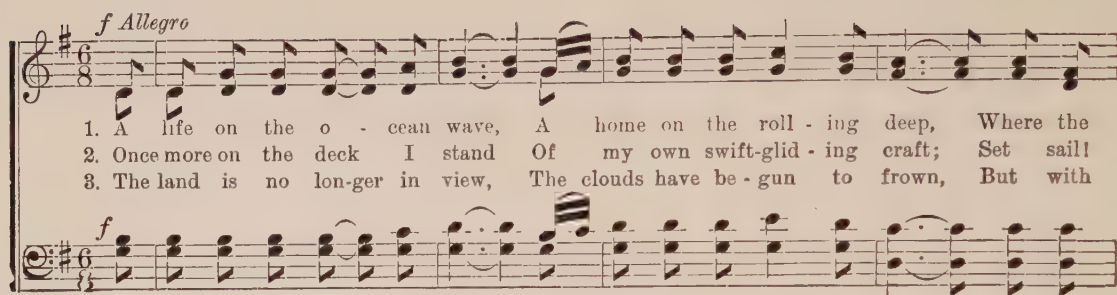
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps. *rall. p*

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Epes Sargent.

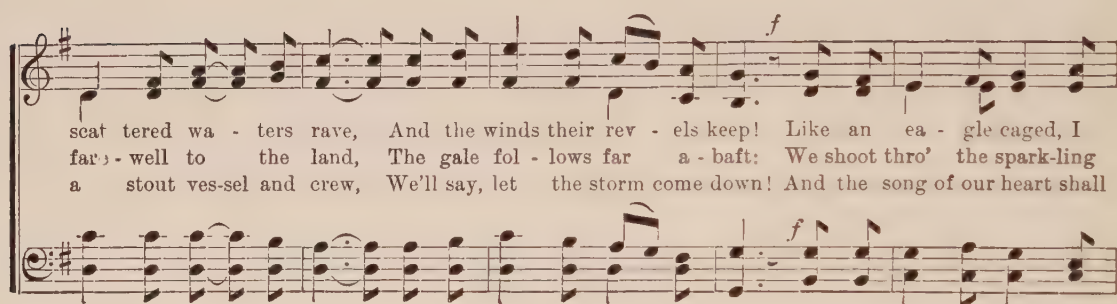
Henry Russell.

f Allegro



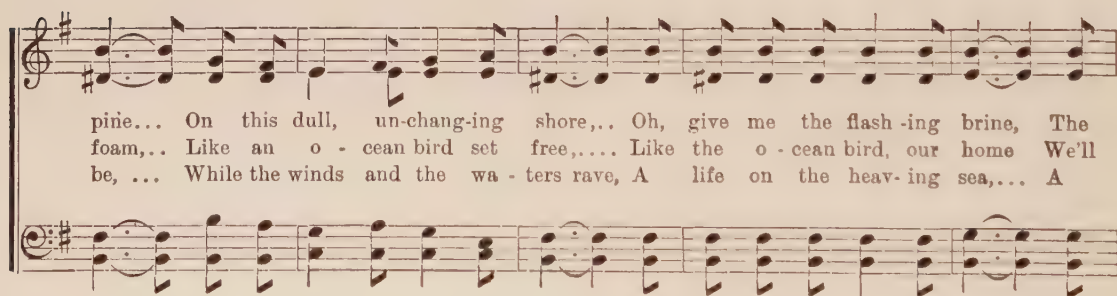
1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-glid - ing craft; Set sail!
 3. The land is no lon-ger in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But with

f



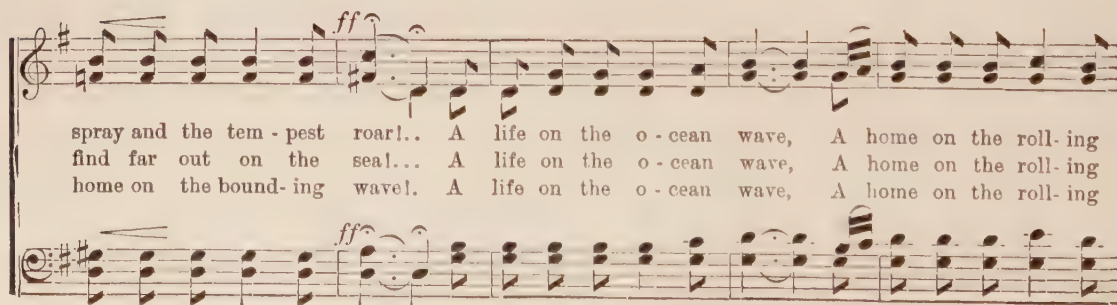
scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I
 far - well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the spark - ling
 a stout ves - sel and crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall

f



pine... On this dull, un - chang - ing shore,... Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The
 foam,... Like an o - cean bird set free,... Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll
 be, ... While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea,... A

ff



spray and the tem - pest roar!.. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
 find far out on the sea!.. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
 home on the bound - ing wave! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing

D. C.

deep! Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep!

VIVE L'AMOUR.

Allegro molto. *f* CHORUS.

1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 2. Let ev - er - y mar - ried man drink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 3. Come, fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 4. Since all with good hu - mor I've toast - ed so free, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,

CHORUS.

And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 The joy of his bo - som and plague of his life, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor - thy host, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.

ff

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,

Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

p

1. Oh, where, oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone? Oh, where, oh, where can he
 2. My lit - tle dog al - ways wag - gles his tail When - ev - er he wants his

WARBLE.

be? With his tail cut short and his ears cut long, Oh,
 grog; And if the tail were more strong than he, Why the

WARBLE.

where, oh, where can he be?
 tail would wag - gle the dog.

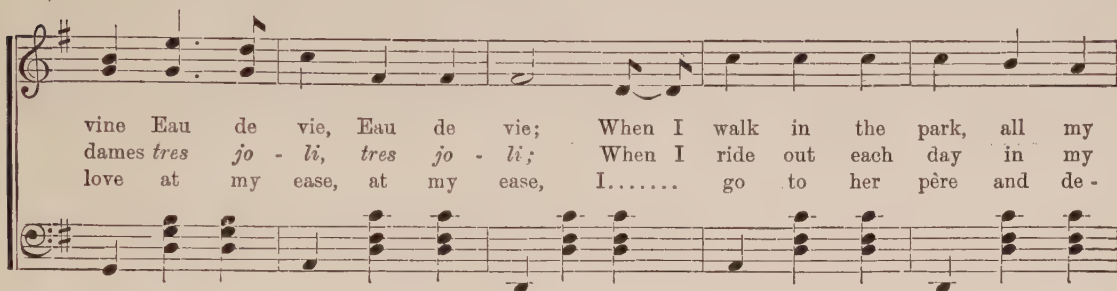
ROSALIE.

105


Solo.



1. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Pa-ris, de Pa-ris, I drink the di-
 2. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Pa-ris, de Pa-ris, I'm called by les
 3. I go to the fête de Mar-quoise, de Mar-quoise, I go and make

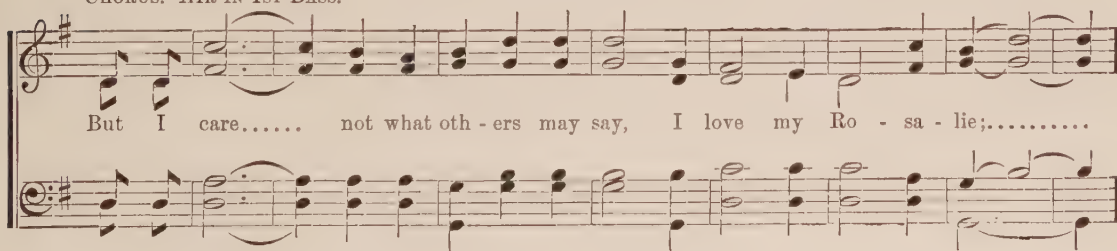


vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my
 dames tres jo-li, tres jo-li; When I ride out each day in my
 love at my ease, at my ease, I..... go to her père and de-



friends they re-mark, "Com-ment ce va mon cher a-mi.".....
 lit-tle cou-pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see.....
 mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ro-sa-lie.....

CHORUS. AIR IN 1ST BASS.



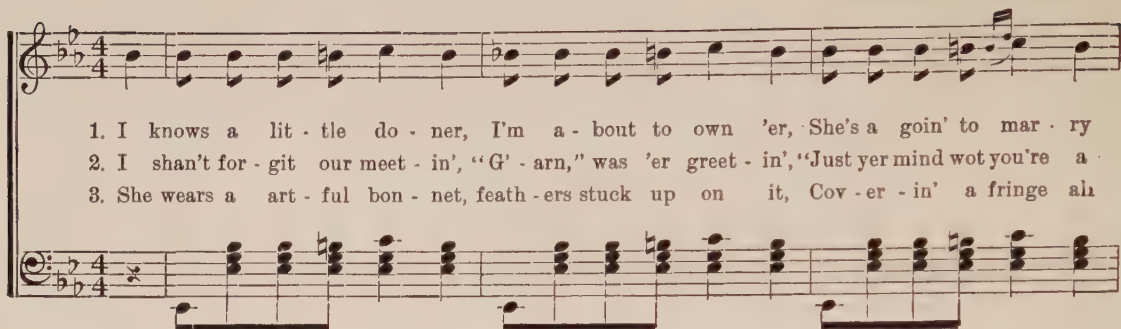
But I care..... not what oth-ers may say, I love my Ro-sa-lie;.....



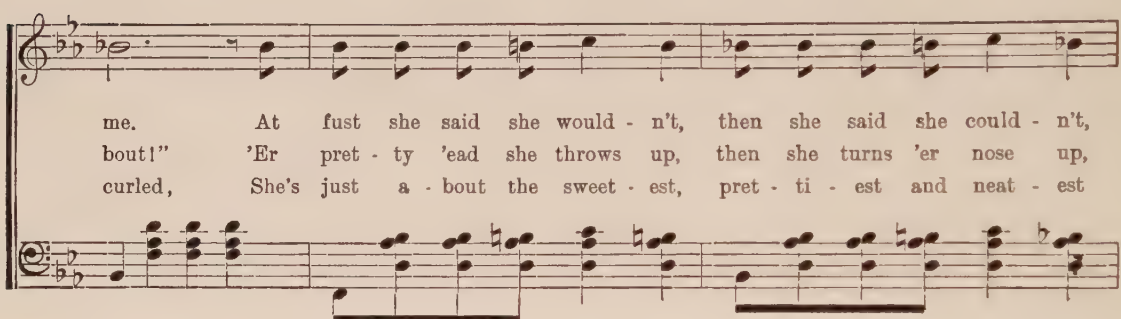
Pret-ty Rose.... charm-ing Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ro-sa-lie.....

THE FUTURE MRS. 'AWKINS.

Albert Chevalier.



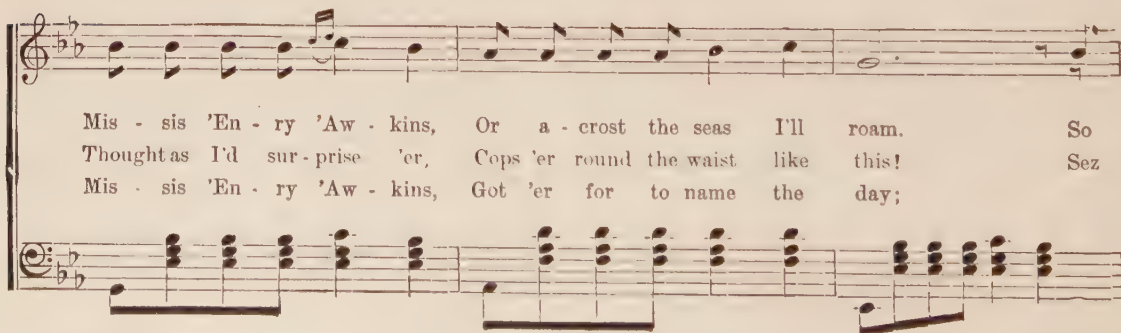
1. I knows a lit - tle do - ner, I'm a - bout to own 'er, She's a goin' to mar - ry
 2. I shan't for - git our meet - in', "G' - arn," was 'er greet - in', "Just yer mind wot you're a -
 3. She wears a art - ful bon - net, feath - ers stuck up on it, Cov - er - in' a fringe ah



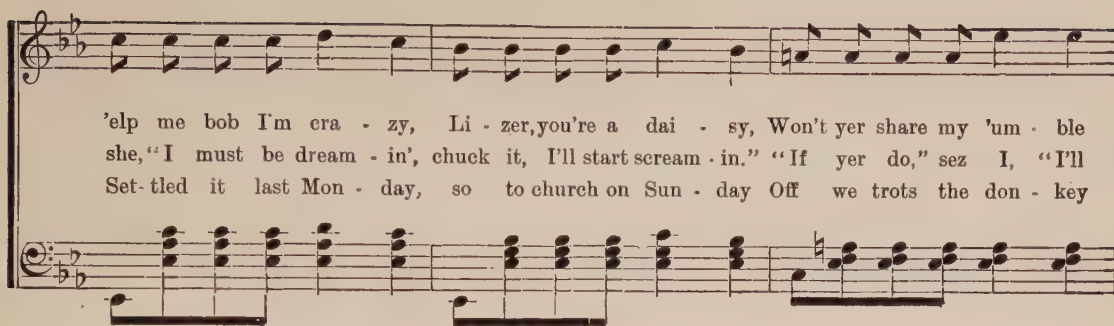
me. At fust she said she would - n't, then she said she could - n't,
 bout!" 'Er pret - ty 'ead she throws up, then she turns 'er nose up,
 curled, She's just a - bout the sweet - est, pret - ti - est and neat - est



Then she whis - pered, "Well, I'll see." Sez I, "Be Mis - sis 'Aw - kins,
 Say - in', "Let me go, I'll shout!" "I like your style," sez Li - zer,
 Do - ner in the wide, wide world! And she'll be Mis - sis 'Aw - kins,



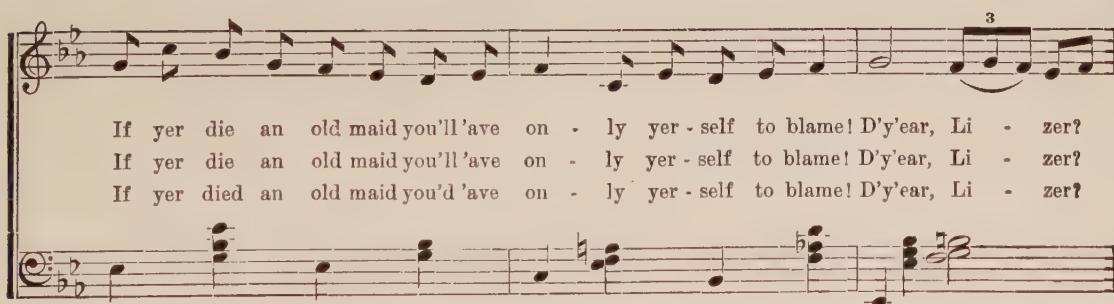
Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins, Or a - crost the seas I'll roam. So
 Thought as I'd sur - prise 'er, Cops 'er round the waist like this! Sez
 Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins, Got 'er for to name the day;



'elp me bob I'm cra - zy, Li - zer, you're a dai - sy, Won't yer share my 'um - ble
she, "I must be dream - in', chuck it, I'll start scream - in." "If yer do," sez I, "I'll
Set-tled it last Mon - day, so to church on Sun - day Off we trots the don - key



(Spoken or Sung.)
'ome? *Won't yer?* Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!
kiss. *Now then.* Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!
shay. *"Now then."* Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!



If yer die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly yer - self to blame! D'y'ear, Li - zer?
If yer die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly yer - self to blame! D'y'ear, Li - zer?
If yer died an old maid you'd 'ave on - ly yer - self to blame! D'y'ear, Li - zer?



Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?
Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?
Dear Li - zer! Mis - sis 'En - 'ry 'Aw - kins is a fust - class name!

THE MERMAID.

Moderato. mf

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land,
 2. Then out spake the captain of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken man was... he;
 3. Then out spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a fat old cook - ie was he;
 4. Then out spake the boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well-spoken lad - die was he;
 5. "Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light; Oh! my mammy'll be look - ing for me;
 6. Then three times around went our gal - lant ship, And three times a - round went.. she;

mf

When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 "I have mar - ried me a wife in Salem town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."
 "I.... care much more for my pot - ties and my kets, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
 "I've a fa - ther and a mother in Boston cit - y, But to - night they.. child less will be."
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep, She may look to the bottom of the sea."
 Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.

CHORUS. *f*

Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops. And the land - lub - bers lie down be -

accel.

low, be-low, be-low, And the land-lub-bers lie down be-low.

THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

SOLO.

1. The man who has plen-ty of good pea-nuts, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, He sha'n't have a-ny of my pea-nuts, When his pea-nuts are gone. When

CHORUS.

his pea-nuts are gone,..... When his pea-nuts are gone,.... He sha'n't have a-ny of my pea-nuts When his pea-nuts are gone....

2 The man who has plenty of good oranges,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

3 The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

4 The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry short
And giveth his neighbor none, &c. [cake,

5 The man who has plenty of good, old plug tobacco,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

6 The man who has plenty of good salt-junk,
And will give his neighbor none,
He sha'n't have any of my salt-junk,
When his salt-junk is gone.

7 The man who has plenty of spondulacs,
And will give his neighbor none,
He sha'n't have any of my spondulacs,
When his spondulacs are gone.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Eastburn.

1. My wife and I lived all a - lone, In a lit - tle log hut we call'd our own;
 2. 'Tis you who makes my friends and foes, 'Tis... you... who makes me wear old clothes;

She loved gin and I loved rum,— I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.
 Here you are so near my nose, So tip her up and down she goes.

REFRAIN.

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

3 When I go toiling to my farm,
 I take "Little Brown Jug" under my arm,
 Place him under a shady tree,—
 "Little Brown Jug," 'tis you and me.—REF.

4 If all the folks in Adam's race
 Were gathered together in one place,
 Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
 Before I'd part with you, my dear.—REF.

5 If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
 I'd clothe her in the finest silk,
 I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
 And milk her forty times a day.—REF

6 The rose is red, my nose is, too,
 The violet's blue and so are you;
 And yet I guess before I stop
 I'd better take another drop.—REF.

LAST NIGHT.

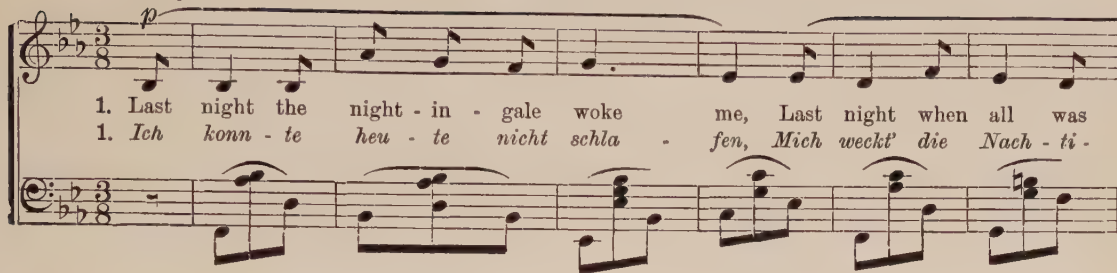
111

(SEHNSUCHT.)

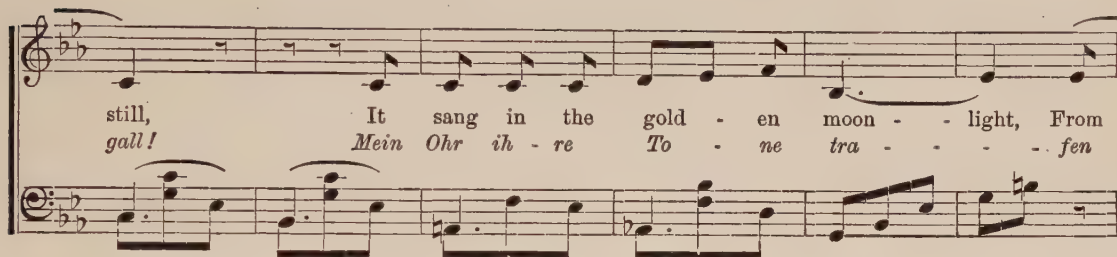
H. Kjerulf.

Allegretto.

p



1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was
1. Ich konn - te heu - te nicht schla - fen, Mich weckt' die Nach - ti -



still, It sang in the gold - en moon - - light, From
gall! Mein Ohr ih - re To - ne tra - - - fen

ritard.

Tempo I dolce.



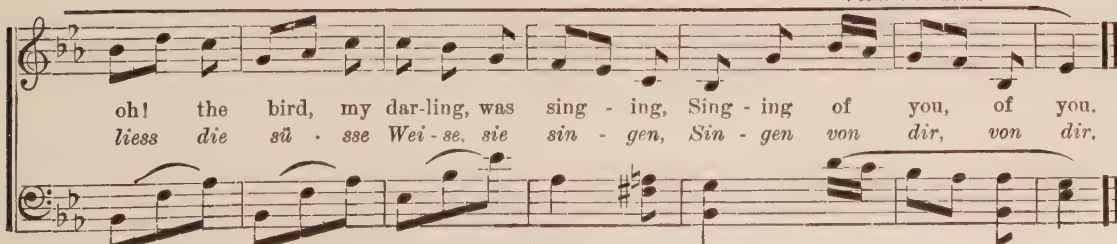
out..... the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so
Vom Wald mit hel - lem Schall. Mein Fen - ster, das öff - net' ich

mf *cres.*



gen - - - tly, I look'd on the dream - ing dew,..... And
lei - - - se Und starrt' in das Nacht - re - vier..... Und

ritard et dim.



oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing - ing, Sing - ing of you, of you.
liess die sü - sse Wei - se, sie sin - gen, Sin - gen von dir, von dir.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Andante.

F. W. N. Crouch.

mf *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, the gray dawn is break - ing,.. The horn of the hun - ter... is
 2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, a - wake from thy slum - bers; The blue mountains glow in... the

Small notes to be sung to the 2d verse.

mf

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing;
 sun's gold - en light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my num - bers? A -

Kath - leen.. Ma - vour - neen.. what! slum - b'ring still? Kath - leen Ma -
 rise in... thy beau - ty,... thou star of my night; A - rise... in thy

con amore affetto.

vour - neen, what! slum - b'ring.. still? Or hast thou for - got - ten how
 beau - ty, thou star... of my night! Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour neen, my

f *mf* *fz* *mf*

soon we must sev - er? Oh! hast thou for - got - ten this day we must
 sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from E - rin and thee I must

part? It may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou
part! It may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou

mf *semplice, mf* *mf*
si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it

mf *mf*
may be for - ev - er; Then why... art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

SERENADE.

(STÄNDCHEN.)

Schubert.

Tempo rubato.

p
1. Through the leaves the night - winds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet,
2. Moon - light on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rus - tling low,

SERENADE.—Concluded.

pp Mur - mur low and sweet. To thy cham - ber - win - dow rov - ing,
Winds are rus - tling low. Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Serenade'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords.

pp Love hath led my feet, O! love hath led my feet.
Dear - est, let us go, O! dear - est, let us go.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

mf Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us, though a - part,
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee,

The third system of musical notation. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

Link us, though a - part, On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing
While I sing to thee; - And the night for love was giv - en,

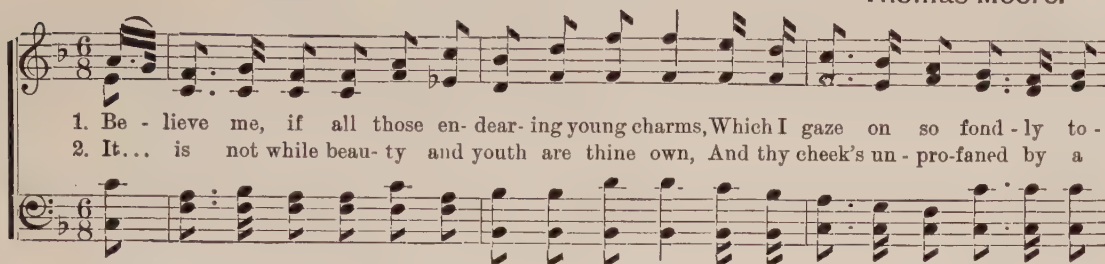
The fourth system of musical notation. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

f To thy dream - ing heart, To thy dream - ing heart.
Dear - est, come to me, Dear - est, come to me.

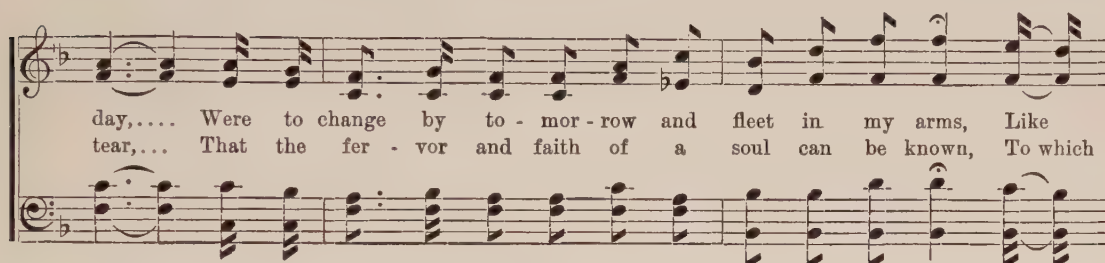
The fifth and final system of musical notation. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

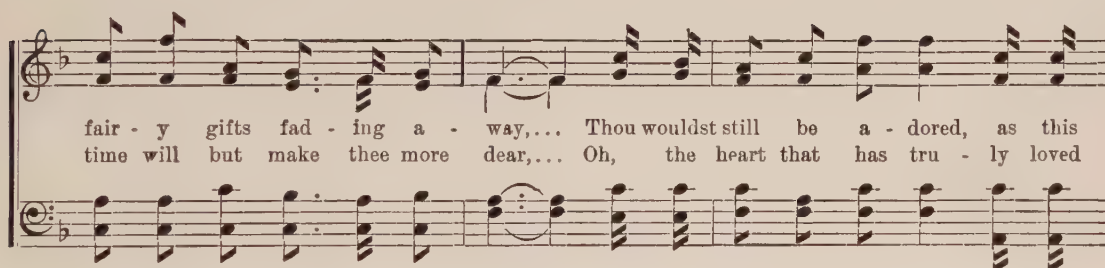
Thomas Moore.



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
 2. It... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro-faned by a



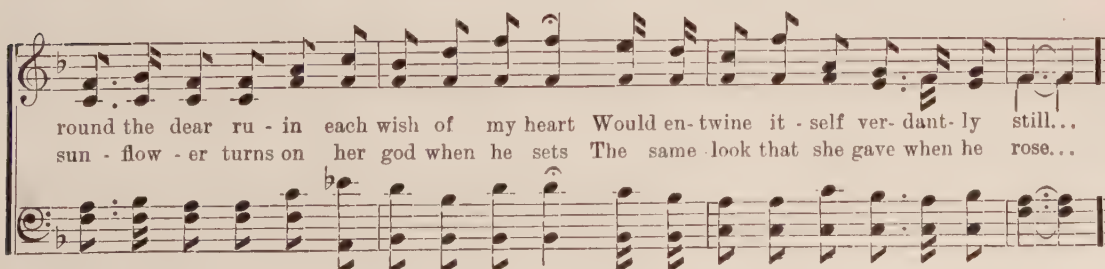
day,... Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like
 tear,... That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way,... Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
 time will but make thee more dear,... Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will,... And a -
 nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close,... As the

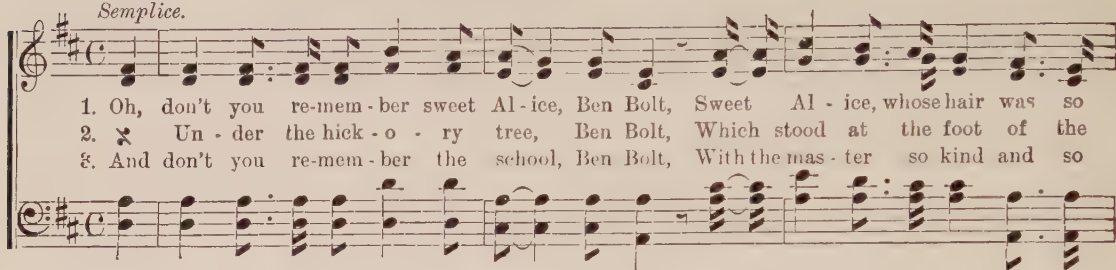


round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still...
 sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets The same look that she gave when he rose...

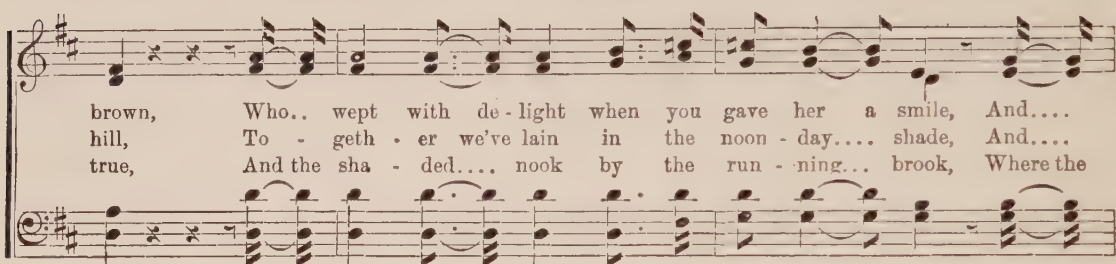
BEN BOLT.

Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39.

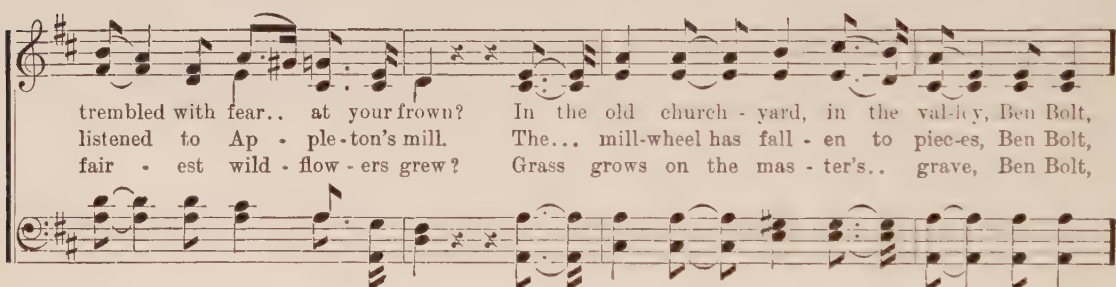
Music by Nelson Kneass.

Semplice.


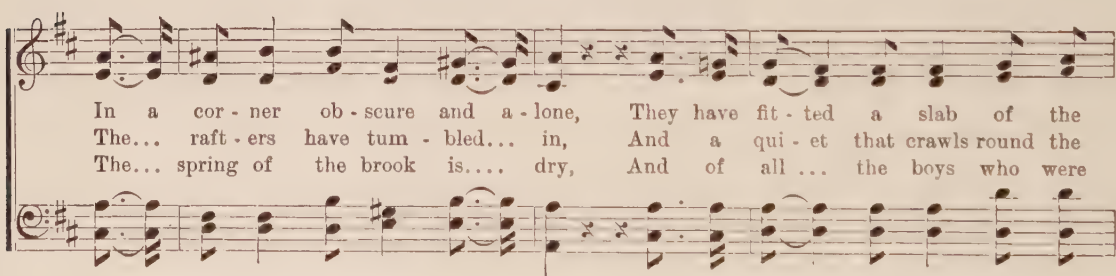
1. Oh, don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



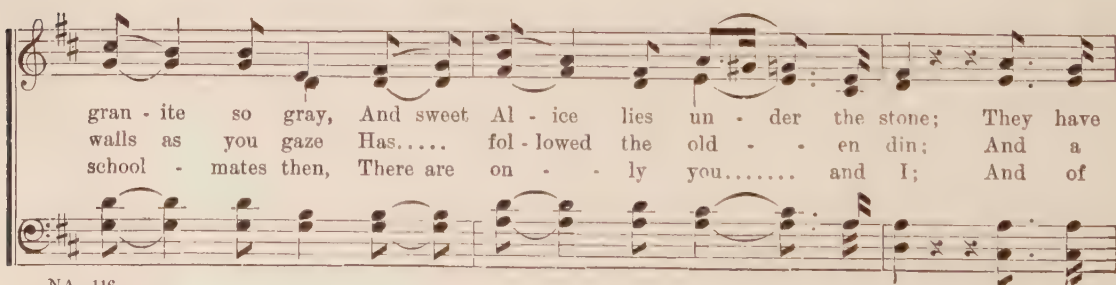
brown, Who.. wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And....
hill, To - geth - er we've lain in the noon - day.... shade, And....
true, And the sha - ded.... nook by the run - ning... brook, Where the



trembled with fear.. at your frown? In the old church - yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,
listened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The... mill-wheel has fall - en to piec-es, Ben Bolt,
fair - est wild - flow - ers grew? Grass grows on the mas - ter's.. grave, Ben Bolt,

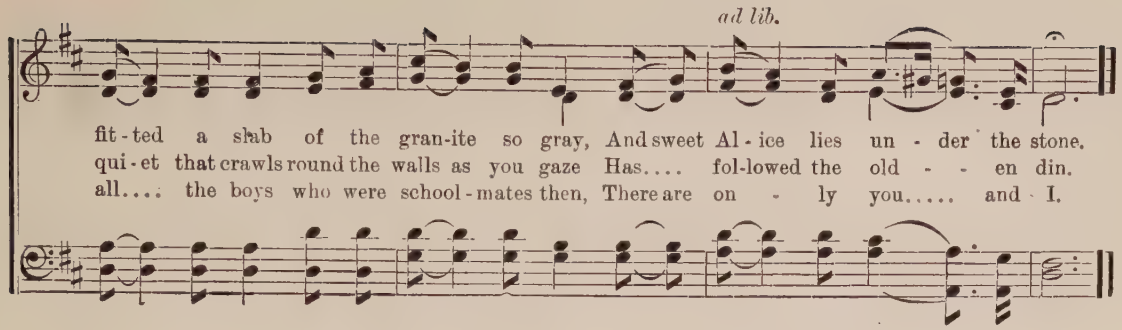


In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have fit - ted a slab of the
The... raft - ers have tum - bled... in, And a qui - et that crawls round the
The... spring of the brook is... dry, And of all ... the boys who were



gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone; They have
walls as you gaze Has.... fol - lowed the old - - en din; And a
school - mates then, There are on - - ly you..... and I; And of

ad lib.

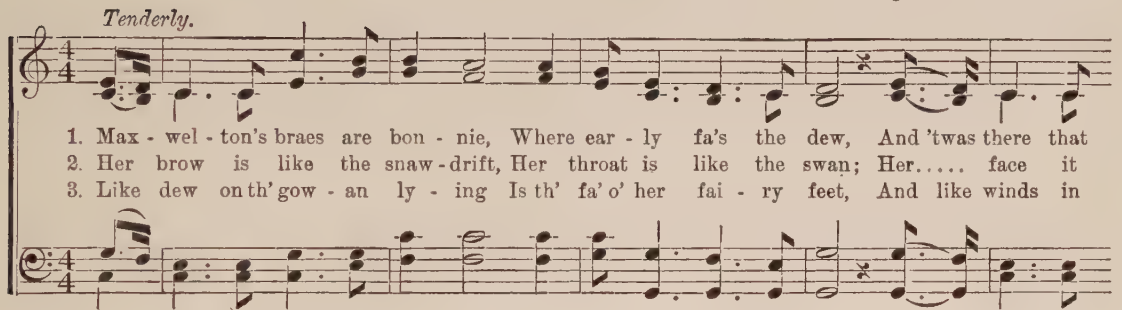


fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone,
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze Has... fol - lowed the old - - en din.
all... the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you.... and I.

ANNIE LAURIE.

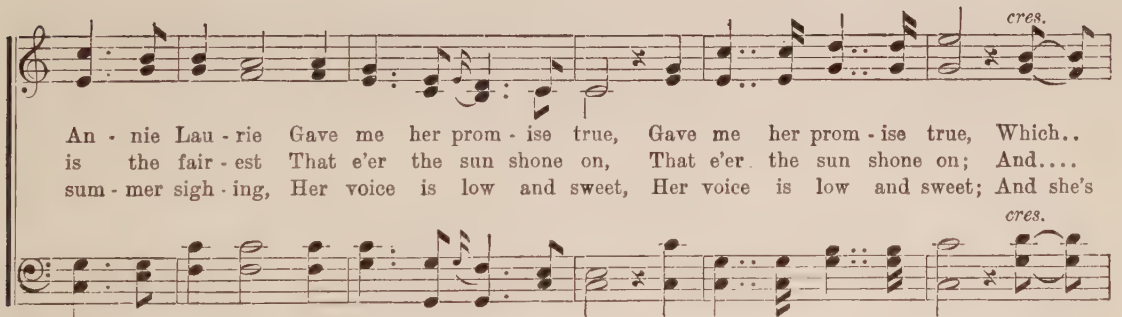
Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her.... face it
3. Like dew on th'gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa'o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in

cres.



An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true, Gave me her prom - ise true, Which..
is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on; And....
sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet; And she's

cres.

p



ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd.. lay me down and dee,
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd.. lay me down and dee,
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd.. lay me down and dee.

p

BEAUTY'S EYES.

Words by F. E. Weatherly.

Music by F. Paolo Tosti.

S: Moderato. p

1. I want no stars..... in heav'n to guide me, I need no
 2. I hear no birds..... at twi-light call - ing, I catch no
 3. I want no king-dom where thou art, love, I want no

p
S: accomp. sempre legato.

moon,..... no sun to shine,..... While I have you, sweet-heart,..... be -
 mu - sic in the streams,..... While your gold - - en words are
 throne..... to make me blest,..... While with-in..... thy ten - der

side me, While I know..... that you are mine. I need not
 fall - ing, While you whis - per in my dreams. Ev - 'ry
 heart, love, Thou wilt take..... my heart to rest.... Kings must

cres.
cres.

fear,..... what - e'er be - tide me, For straight and sweet my path - way
 sound..... of joy en - thrall - ing,..... Speaks in your dear voice a -
 play..... a wea - ry part, love,..... Thrones must ring with wild a -

lies,..... I want no stars..... in heav'n to guide me, While I
 lone,..... While I hear..... your fond lips call - ing, While you
 larms,..... But the king - dom of my heart, love.....

cres. *dim.*

gaze..... in your dear eyes,.... I want no stars.... in heav'n to guide me, While I
 speak to me,..... mine own,.... While I hear.... your fond lips call - ing, While you
 Lies within thy lov - ing arms,.... But the king - dom of my heart, love, Lies with -

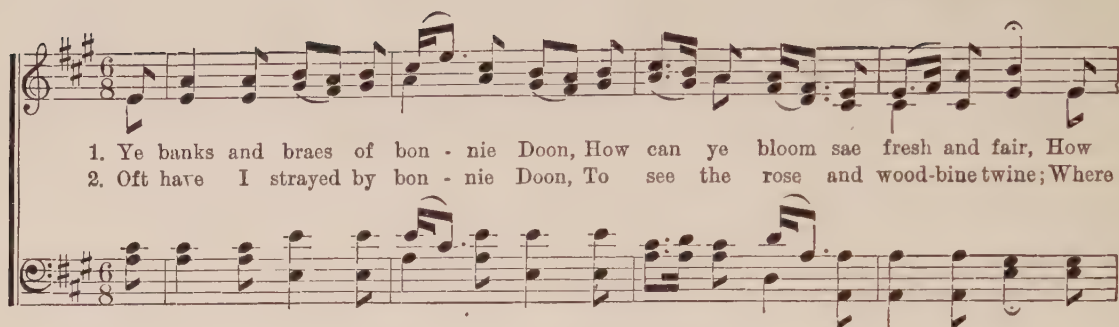
gaze in your.. dear eyes. eyes.
 speak to me.. mine own. own.
 in thy lov - ing arms. arms.

ten. 1 & 2 *D. S. S.* 3

col canto. *p* *D. S. S.* *rit.* *p* *pp* *rit.*

BONNIE DOON.

Robert Burns.



1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How
2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-binetwine; Where



can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, And I... sae wea - ry, full of care? You'll
il - ka bird sang of... his love, And fond - ly sae.. did I... o' mine, With



break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wan - ton through the flow - 'ring thorn; Ye
light - some heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on.. its thorn - y tree; But

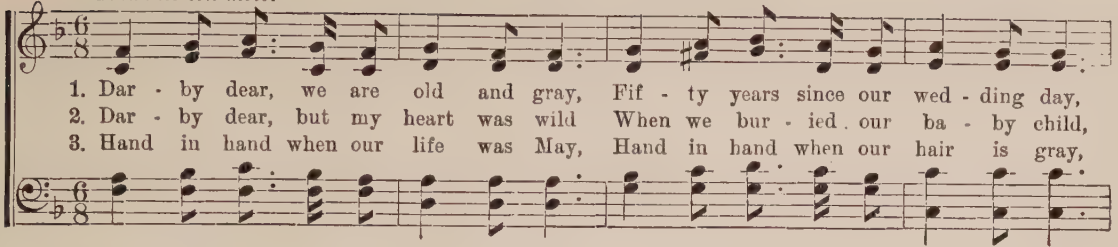


mind me of... de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to... re - turn.
my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me,

DARBY AND JOAN.

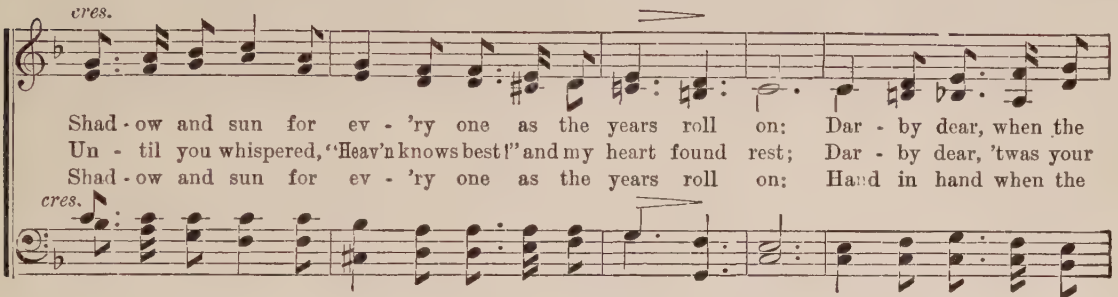
F. E. Weatherly.

J. L. Molloy.

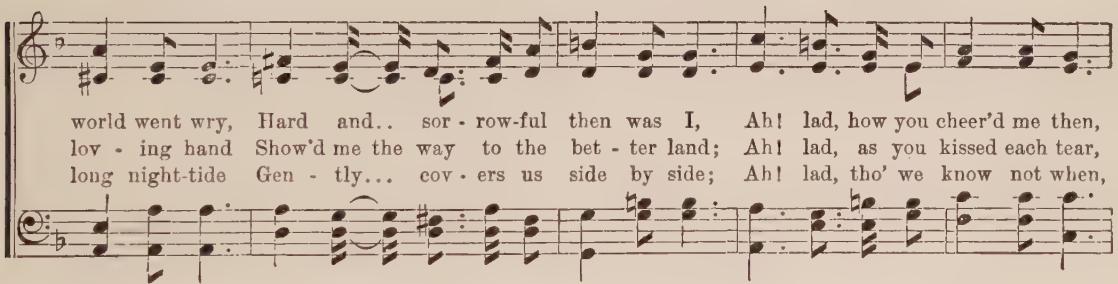
Andante con moto.


1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding day,
 2. Dar - by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur - ied our ba - by child,
 3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray,

cres.

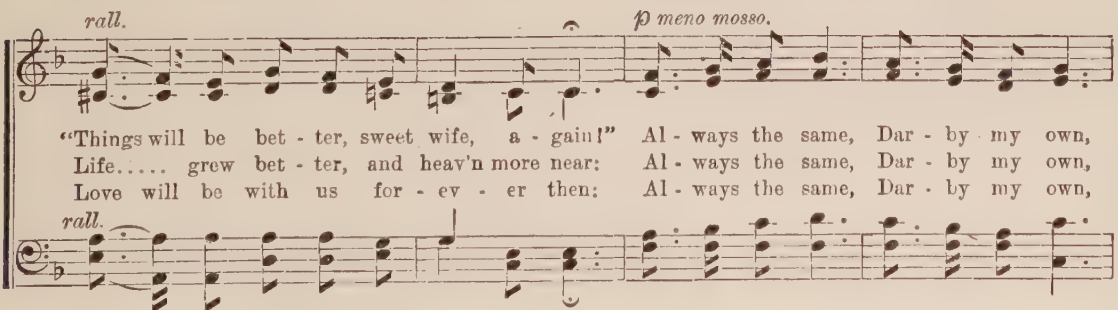


Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Dar - by dear, when the
 Un - til you whispered, "Heav'n knows best!" and my heart found rest; Dar - by dear, 'twas your
cres.
 Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Hand in hand when the

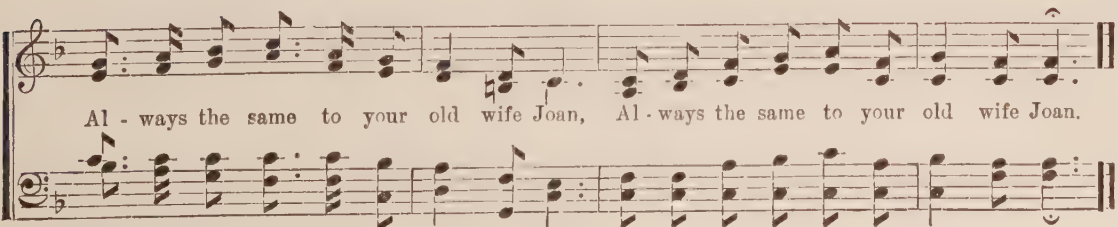


world went wry, Hard and.. sor - row-ful then was I, Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then,
 lov - ing hand Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land; Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,
 long night-tide Gen - tly... cov - ers us side by side; Ah! lad, tho' we know not when,

rall. *p meno mosso.*



"Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!" Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,
 Life.... grew bet - ter, and heav'n more near: Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,
 Love will be with us for - ev - er then: Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,
rall.



Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan, Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan.

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

W. Guernsey,

J. Ascher.

Andante con espressione.

1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Lu - na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for - est, And
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth now; And all things sleep gen - tly! Ah!

all seems glad to - night. The wind sigh - ing by me, Cool ing my fevered brow; The
Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet Al - ice, where art thou? One year back this e - ven, And
in the pleas - ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm

thou wert by my side, One year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
look - ing heav'n - ward now, I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward now,

Vow - ing..... to love me; One year past this e - ven, And
Oh! there 'mid the star - shine, —I've sought thee in for - est, I'm

thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.
look - ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

CLOCHETTE.

J. L. Molloy.

♩ Lively.

1. Spin - ing was young Clo - chet - te,* Came a fond youth to woo,
2. Si - lent was young Clo - chet - te, Griev'd in her heart was she,
3. "Let me," he said, "Clo - chet - te, This lit - tle blos - som take!"

She was a sad co - quet - te,* He was a lov - er true. "Clo -
For though a sad co - quet - te, None was so dear as he. "Clo -
Wept then this sad co - quet - te, As though her heart would break. "Clo -

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, You drive me far from you, Clo - chet - te, Clo -
chet - te, Clo - chet - te, I go for love of you, Oh, speak, then, dear Clo -
chet - te, Clo - chet - te, I know now you are true, Clo chet - te, Clo -

3d verse only.

chet - te, I come to say a - dieu."
chet - te," She on - ly said, "A dieu!" chet - te, We'll nev - er say a - dieu!"

* Sung in three syllables for humorous effect—Clo-shet-ta.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

B. R. Hanby,

1. There's a low.... green.. val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, Where I've
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd
 3. My..... eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see my way, Hark! there's

whiled man - y hap - py hours a - way, A - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the
 take my.... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my
 some - bod y knock - ing at the door— Oh, I hear the an - gels cal - ling, and I

lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my.... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
 lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo..... sweet - ly I would play.
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck - y shore.

CHORUS.

1-2 O my pool... Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll
 3. O my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there, they say, That they'll

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm... sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
 nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a com - ing—com - ing—com - ing, as the

DARLING NELLY GRAY.—Concluded.

weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So... soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shin-ing

pan-ions Are.. fad - ed and gone; No.. flow - er of her kin - dred, No..
sleep-ing, Go... sleep.. thou with them; Thus kind - ly I.... scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The.. gems.. drop a - way; When true hearts lie.... with - ered, And

rose - bud is... nigh..... To re-lect back her..blush-es, Or... give sigh for.. sigh.
leaves o'er the.. bed..... Where thymates of.. the.. gar-den Lie.. scent - less and dead,
fond ones are.. flown.... Oh... who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

IN OLD MADRID.

Clifton Bingham.

Tempo di Bolero.

H. Trotère.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *p* (piano).

First vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

1. Long years a - go, in old Mad - rid, Where soft - ly
2. Far, far a - way from old Mad - rid, Her lov - er

Second vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

sighs of love the light gui tar, Two sparkling eyes a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as
fell, long years a - go, for Spain; A con - vent veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the

Third vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

dark - ly bright as love's own star! There on the case-ment ledge, when day was o'er, A
vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But still, be-tween the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her

rall.

ti - ny hand was light - ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the riv - er shore There
white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats

a tempo.

stole a ten - der ser - e - nade!..... Rang the lov - er's hap - py song,
weird - ly o'er the mist - y tide!..... Still she lists her lov - er's song,

colla voce.

a tempo.

Light and low from shore to shore, But, ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -
Still he sings up - on the shore, Tho' flows a stream than all more strong Be -

f

tween them ev - er - more.....
tween them ev - er - more.....

rall.

IN OLD MADRID.—Concluded.

Con tenerezza.

Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing;

p a tempo.

Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a-lone I wait for thee!

rall. *1 a tempo.* *D.C.*

rall. *p* *a tempo.* *f*

thee, a-lone I wait, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for

a tempo.

thee, O come, my love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee.

rall. *colla voce.*

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson.

Old English Air.

mp

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I... will pledge with mine,.....
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so.. much hon - 'ring thee,.....

mp

Or leave a kiss with - in.. the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;..... The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be;..... But

thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink di - vine,.....
 thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me,

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.....
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of... it - self, but thee.....

DRIFTING.

Claribel.

Molto espress.

1. Drear - i - ly drift the shad - ows O - ver my life a - gain;
2. Life is a wea - ry jour - ney Time is so dark and cold,

Heav - i - ly in my bo - som Throbs the might - y pain. O - ver earth's drear - y
Vain - ly I've grasped for sun-beams, Shadows are all I hold. Hearts that I loved are

des - ert, Lone - ly and un - ca - ressed, Roams my wea - ry spir - it,
faith - less, Lips that my own have pressed Lie in the tomb's sad si - lence,

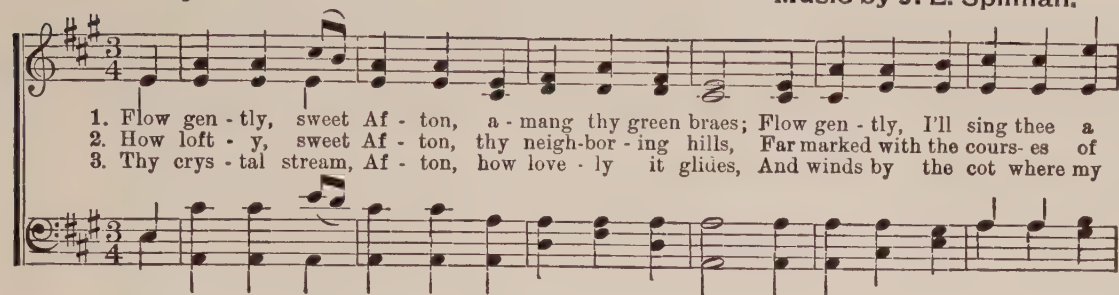
Vain - ly seek - ing rest; Fear - ful - ly here I'm tread - ing, Wea - ri - ly here I
Where I, too, long to rest; Fear - ful - ly here I'm tread - ing, Wea - ri - ly here I

wait, Beau - ti - ful an - gel - war - dens, O - pen the pearl - y gate.

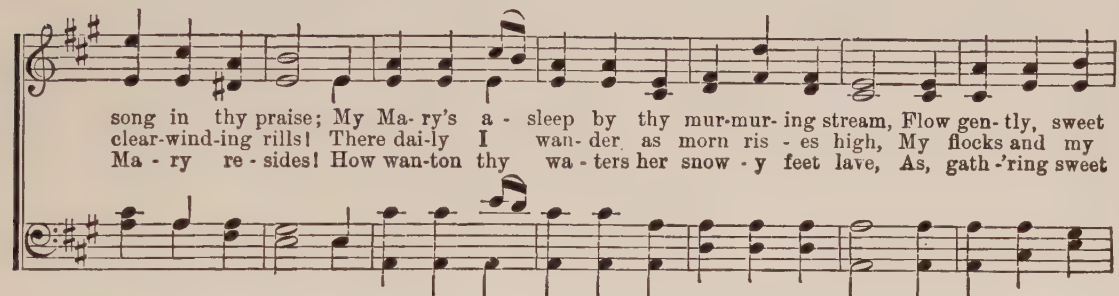
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Words by Robert Burns.

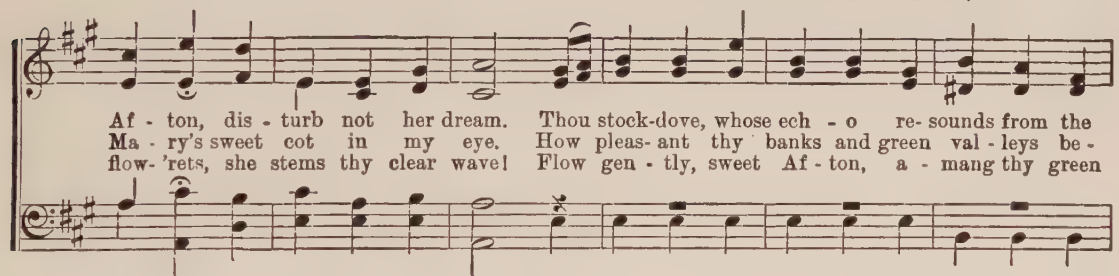
Music by J. E. Spilman.



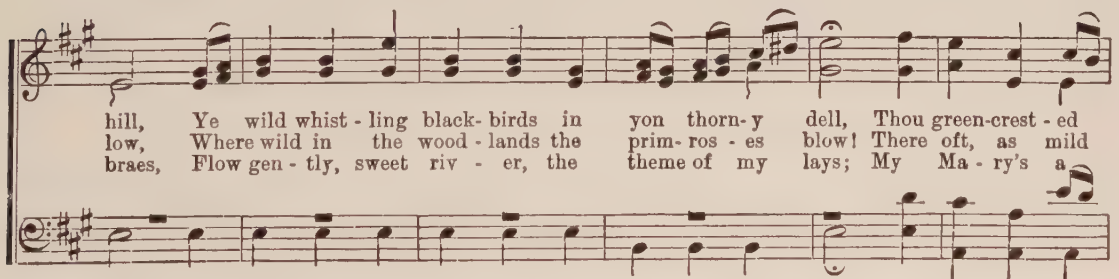
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my



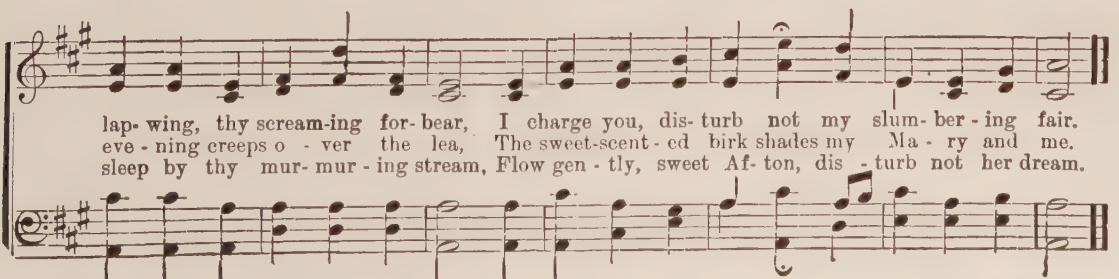
song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet
 clear - wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
 Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As, gath - 'ring sweet



Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the
 Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
 flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green



hill, Ye wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green - crest - ed
 low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
 braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a



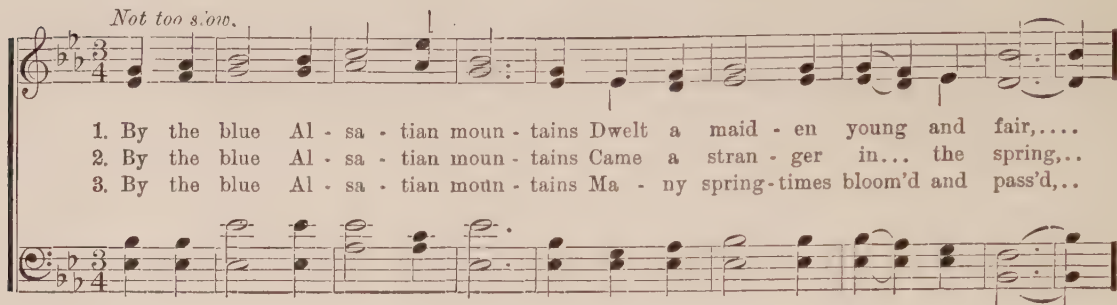
lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
 eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
 sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

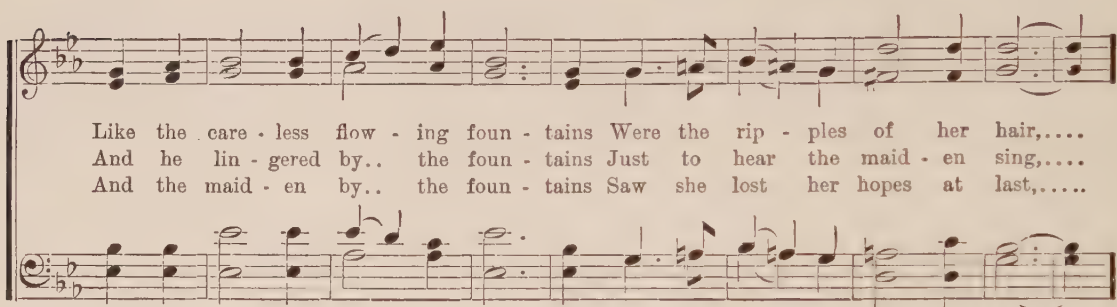
Words by Claribel.

Music by Stephen Adams.

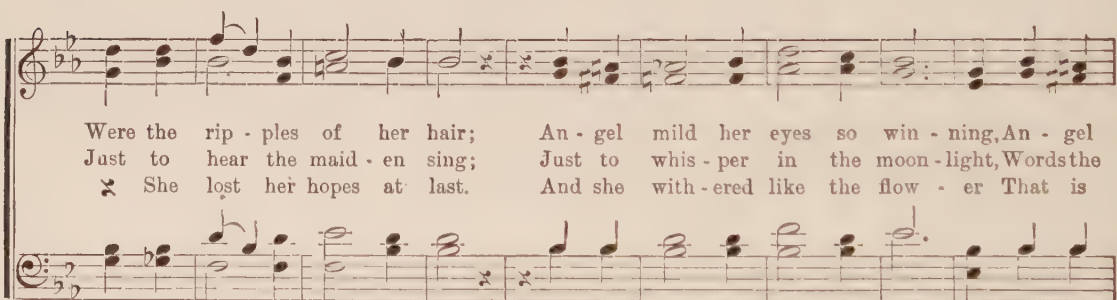
Not too slow.



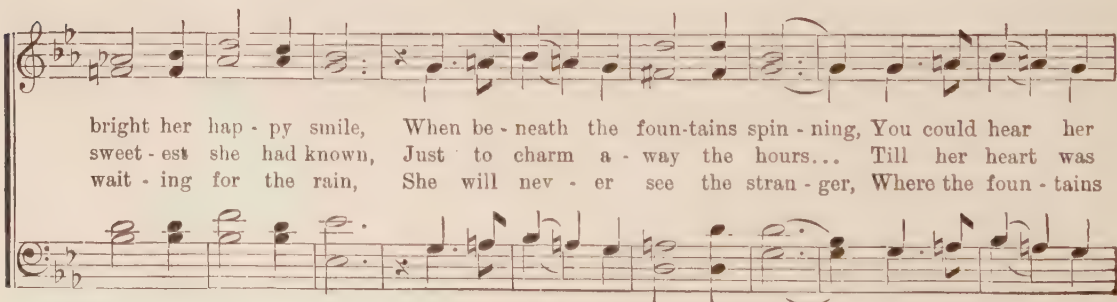
1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Dwelt a maid - en young and fair,....
 2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Came a stran - ger in... the spring,..
 3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Ma - ny spring-times bloom'd and pass'd,...



Like the care - less flow - ing foun - tains Were the rip - ples of her hair,....
 And he lin - gered by.. the foun - tains Just to hear the maid - en sing,....
 And the maid - en by.. the foun - tains Saw she lost her hopes at last,....



Were the rip - ples of her hair; An - gel mild her eyes so win - ning, An - gel
 Just to hear the maid - en sing; Just to whis - per in the moon - light, Words the
 ♫ She lost her hopes at last. And she with - ered like the flow - er That is



bright her hap - py smile, When be - neath the foun - tains spin - ning, You could hear her
 sweet - est she had known, Just to charm a - way the hours... Till her heart was
 wait - ing for the rain, She will nev - er see the stran - ger, Where the foun - tains

THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.—Concluded.

song the while.... A - dé, A - dé, A - dé,.... Such songs will pass a - way,..
 all his own.... A - dé, A - dé, A - dé,.... Such dreams may pass a - way,..
 fall a - gain.... A - dé, A - dé, A - dé,.... The years have pass'd a - way,..

Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Seem to watch and wait al - way...
 But the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Seem to watch and wait al - way...
 But the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Seem to watch and wait al - way...

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

(DU, DU LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN.)

Folk-Song.

p Moderato.

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, Here, here hast thou thy throne.
 2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me?
 Du, du liegst mir im Her - zen, Du, du liegst mir im Sinn;

Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond - ly thine own?....
 Thoughts, thoughts ten - der and true, love, Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me?....
 Du, du mach'st mir viel Schmer - zen, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich Dir bin!....

f

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?.....
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me?.....
 Ja, ja, ja, ja, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich Dir bin!.....

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

mf Allegretto.

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley;
 2. Oh, ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me,
 3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a... ran - ger,
 4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or... in... wak - ing,

Such heav - y.. thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - ly.
 And gen - tly.. lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me.
 The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a stran - ger;
 Un - til I... see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is break - ing.

I... seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re - mind me
 But now I'm bound to Bright - ton camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me,
 The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and bind me,
 If... ev - er I should see the day When Mars shall have re - signed me,

How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
 And send me safe - ly back a gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
 In.. con - stan - cy to her I love, The... girl I've left be - hind me.
 For - ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

J. L. Hatton.

Andante con moto.

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud.... and leaf; And
2. The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan - ti-cleer; The

I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with
lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet

pp
bliss.... too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing
I..... am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

p *con moto.*
in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! Good -
lips doth hie, 'I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! Good -

cres. molto.
bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

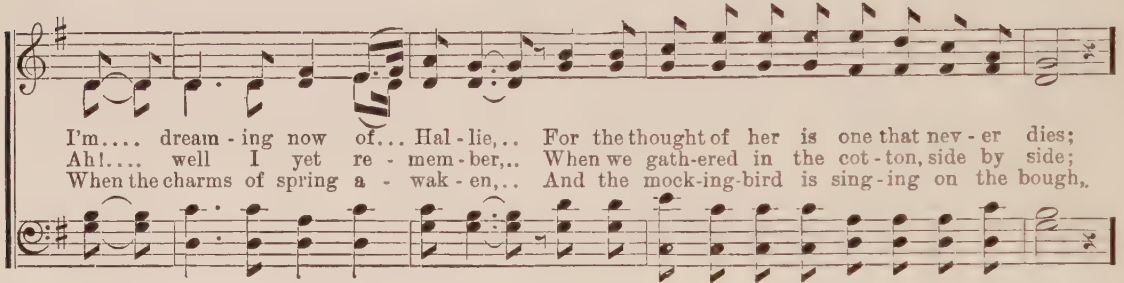
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Words and music by Alice Hawthorne.

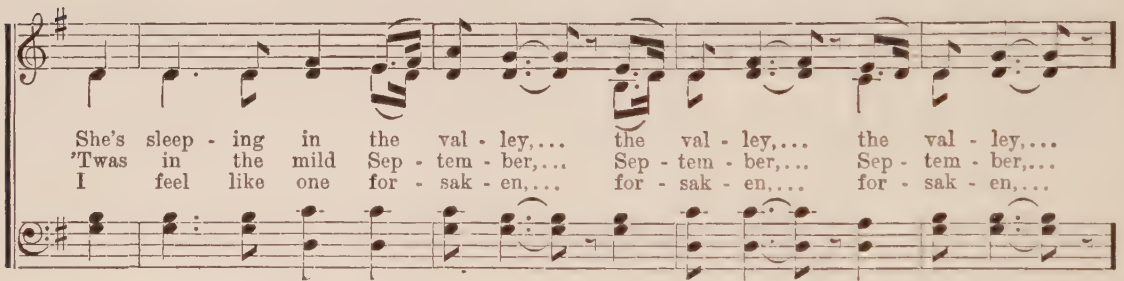
Moderato.



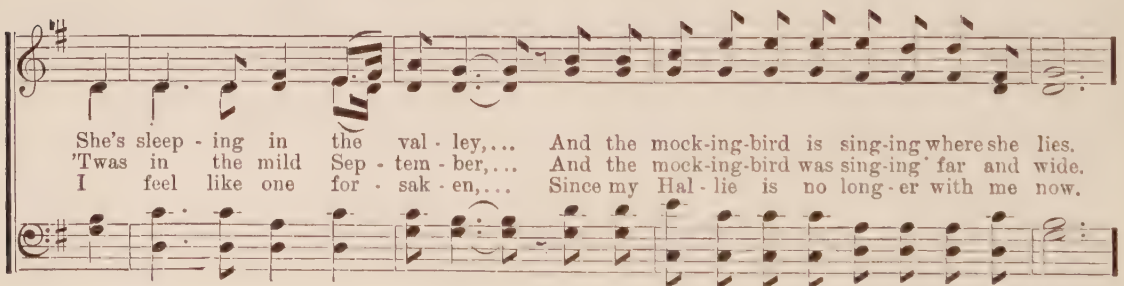
1. I'm... dream - ing now of... Hal - lie,... sweet Hal - lie,... sweet Hal - lie,...
 2. Ah!... well I yet re - mem - ber,... re - mem - ber,... re - mem - ber,...
 3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en,... a - wak - en,... a - wak - en,...



I'm... dream - ing now of... Hal - lie,.. For the thought of her is one that nev - er dies;
 Ah!... well I yet re - mem - ber,... When we gath - ered in the cot - ton, side by side;
 When the charms of spring a - wak - en,.. And the mock - ing - bird is sing - ing on the bough,

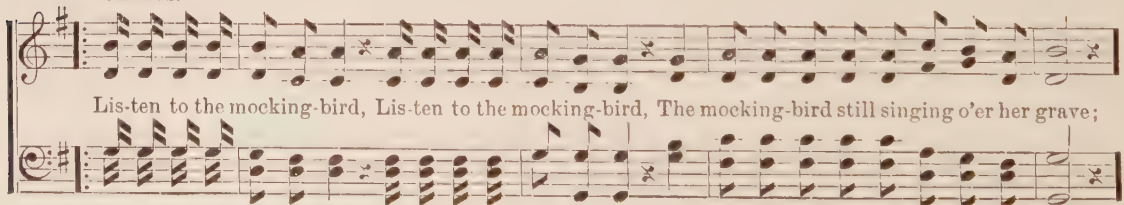


She's sleep - ing in the val - ley,... the val - ley,... the val - ley,...
 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber,... Sep - tem - ber,... Sep - tem - ber,...
 I feel like one for - sak - en,... for - sak - en,... for - sak - en,...



She's sleep - ing in the val - ley,... And the mock - ing - bird is sing - ing where she lies.
 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber,... And the mock - ing - bird was sing - ing 'far and wide.
 I feel like one for - sak - en,... Since my Hal - lie is no long - er with me now.

CHORUS.



Lis - ten to the mock - ing - bird, Lis - ten to the mock - ing - bird, The mock - ing - bird still sing - ing o'er her grave;

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Listen to the mocking-bird, Listen to the mocking-bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests marked with an 'x'. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

The musical score for this section is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The melody is composed of quarter and half notes, with some rests. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
 hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fow - ler slain, I at thy

This section continues the musical score in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the treble staff. The melody continues with quarter and half notes, and the bass staff provides accompaniment.

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
 feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

The final section of the musical score is in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the treble staff. The melody concludes with a final note and a double bar line. The bass staff provides accompaniment throughout.

DOUGLAS.

Words by Miss Mulock.

Music by Lady John Scott.

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness that I knew,
 2. Nev-er a scorn-ful word should pain you; I'd smile as sweet as an-gels do,—
 3. Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blinded, your words are few.

I would be so faithful, so lov-ing, Douglas! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ev-er, Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.
 Do you know the truth now up in heaven? Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

4. I was not half worthy of you, Doug-las, Not half worth-y the like of you;
 5. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! Drop for-give-ness from heaven like dew,

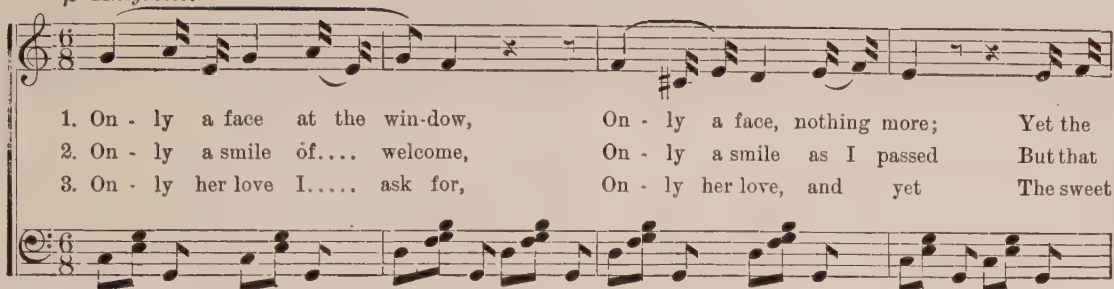
Now all men be-side are to me like shad-ows, Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

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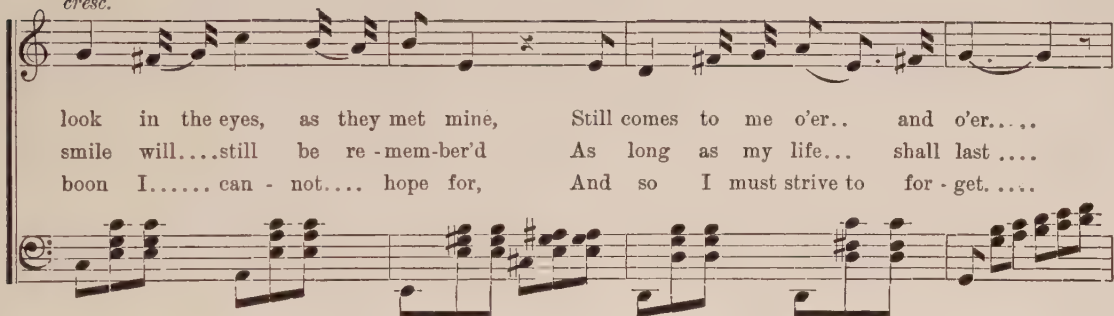
Virginia Gabriel.

p Allegretto.



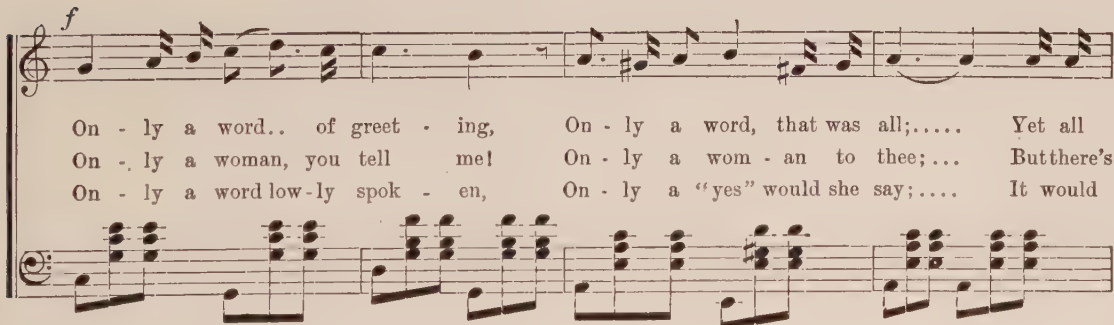
1. On - ly a face at the win-dow, On - ly a face, nothing more; Yet the
2. On - ly a smile of.... welcome, On - ly a smile as I passed But that
3. On - ly her love I.... ask for, On - ly her love, and yet The sweet

cresc.



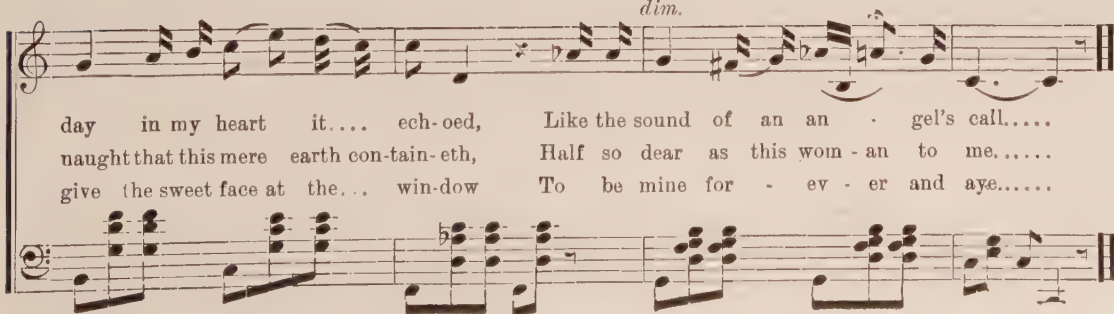
look in the eyes, as they met mine, Still comes to me o'er.. and o'er....
smile will...still be re-mem-ber'd As long as my life... shall last
boon I..... can - not.... hope for, And so I must strive to for - get,

f



On - ly a word.. of greet - ing, On - ly a word, that was all;.... Yet all
On - ly a woman, you tell me! On - ly a wom - an to thee;... Butthere's
On - ly a word low-ly spok - en, On - ly a "yes" would she say;.... It would

dim.



day in my heart it... ech-oed, Like the sound of an an - gel's call....
naught that this mere earth con-tain-eth, Half so dear as this wom - an to me.....
give the sweet face at the... win-dow To be mine for - ev - er and aye.....

A WARRIOR BOLD.

Edwin Thomas.

Stephen Adams.

Con spirito

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar - ons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with
 2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gay - ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but

spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay,..... Sang mer - ri - ly his lay: "My
 ere the night His soul had passed a - way,..... His soul had passed a - way. The

love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
 plighted ring he wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, "I've

none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So
 kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So

what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
 what care I, tho' (Omit. ,) death be nigh, I've

ad lib. *molto* *rallentando e dim.*

fought for love, I've fought for love,... I've fought for love, For love... for love I die."

This musical score is for the song 'A Warrior Bold'. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo and mood markings are 'ad lib.', 'molto', and 'rallentando e dim.'. The lyrics are: 'fought for love, I've fought for love,... I've fought for love, For love... for love I die.'

IN THE GLOAMING.

Words by Meta Orred.

Music by Annie F. Harrison.

Andante.

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui-et
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me! Though I passed a-

This musical score is for the song 'In the Gloaming'. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo marking is 'Andante.'. The lyrics are: '1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui-et' and '2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me! Though I passed a-'

rall. *agitato.*

shad-ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go; When the winds are sob-bing
way.. in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free; For my heart was crushed with

This musical score continues the song 'In the Gloaming'. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo markings are 'rall.' and 'agitato.'. The lyrics are: 'shad-ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go; When the winds are sob-bing way.. in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free; For my heart was crushed with'

con anima.

faint-ly with a gen-tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once
long-ing; what had been could nev-er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

This musical score continues the song 'In the Gloaming'. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo marking is 'con anima.'. The lyrics are: 'faint-ly with a gen-tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long-ing; what had been could nev-er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and'

1 2 *rall.* *cres.*

long a-go?
best for me, It was best to leave you thus,.. Best for you and best for me....

This musical score concludes the song 'In the Gloaming'. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo markings are '1 2', 'rall.', and 'cres.'. The lyrics are: 'long a-go? best for me, It was best to leave you thus,.. Best for you and best for me....'

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

Mrs. Chas. Barnard.

Moderato.

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an - guish to thee!.....
 2. Then when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee,.....

Take back the free - dom thou cra - vest, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me.....
 Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap - tive to me.....

Take back the vows thou hast spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free;.....
 Come back in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;.....

stringendo. Smile o'er each pit - i - ful tok - en,.... Leav - ing the sor - row for me.....
rit. Come as of old, love, to bor - row.... Glimp - ses of sun - light from me.....

Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion,.... Gaze on the storm - cloud and flee,.....
 Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion,.... Striv - ing no more to be free,.....

TAKE BACK THE HEART.—Concluded.

Swift-ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion,... Leav - ing the bur - den to me.....
 When on her world-wea-ry pin - ion,... Flies back my lost love to me.....

rit. *lento.*

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Robert Burns.

Air—Old Scottish.

mp Andantino con moto.

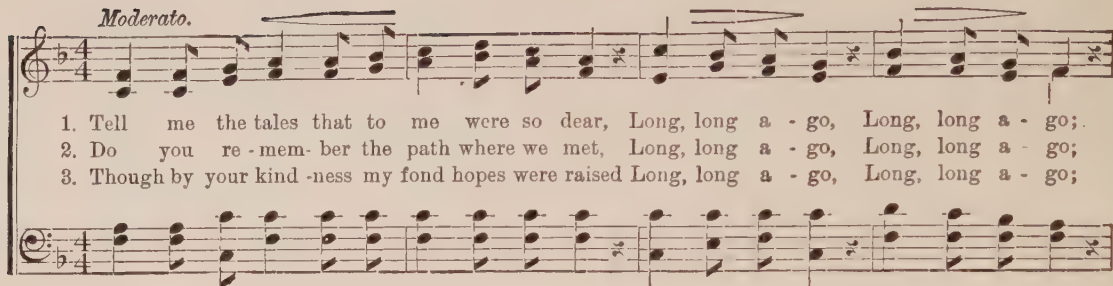
1. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, When na-ture first be - gan To try her can-nie
 2. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, Ye were my first con- ceit, I think nae shame to
 3. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, When we were first ac- quaint, Your locks were like the
 4. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, We've clamb the hills the- gith - er, And mo- ny a can - ty

hand, John. Her mas - ter work was man; And you a- mang them a' John, Sae trig frae
 own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late; They say ye're turn - ing auld, John, And what tho'
 rav - en John, Your bon - nie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are
 day, John, We've had wi' a - n - ether; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in

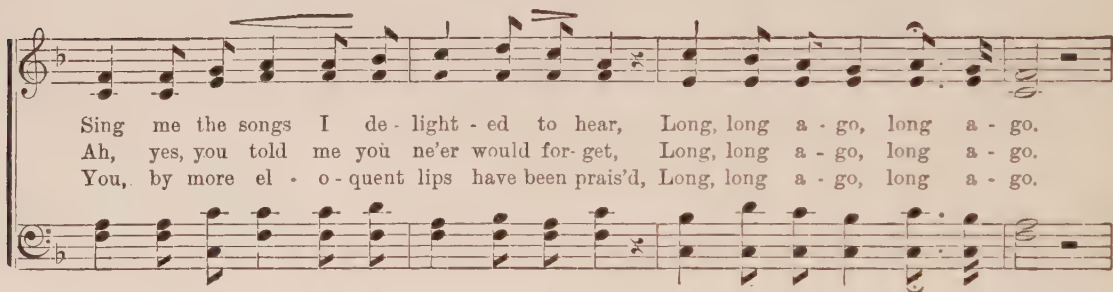
tap to toe, Ye proved to be nae jour - ney work, John An - der - son, my Jo.
 it be so? You're aye the same guid man to me, John An - der - son, my Jo.
 like the snow, Yet bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my Jo.
 hand we'll go, And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my Jo.

LONG, LONG AGO.

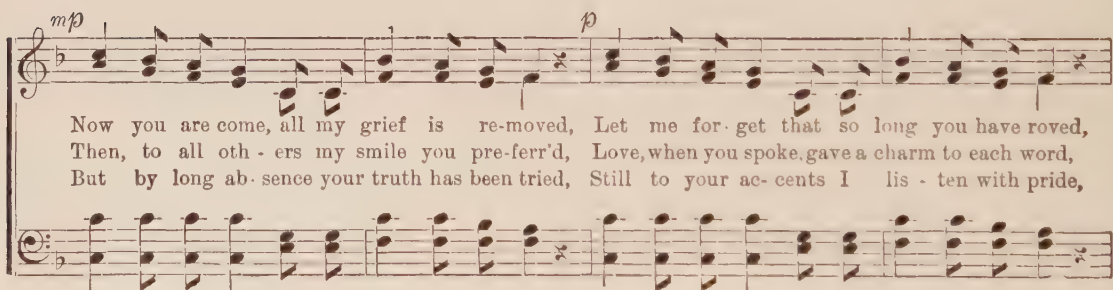
Thomas Haynes Bayley.

Moderato.


1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;



Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You, by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.



Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth - ers my smile you pre - ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,



Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go long a - go.
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

THE LORELEY.

Friedrich Silcher.

Andante con moto.

p

1. I..... know..... not what it pre - sa - ges, That....
 2. The most beau - ti - ful maid is ,re - clin - ing On the
 3. It..... seiz - - es with wild - est yearn - ing The.....

p

I am so sad..... to - day ;..... A le - gend of for - mer
 cliff,..... so won - drous fair :..... Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are
 boat - man en - tranced in his skiff,..... He sees not the treach - er - ous

a - ges Will.... not from my thoughts a - way..... The...
 shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - - en hair ;..... With a
 break - ers, He..... gaz - es a - lone on the cliff..... And...

dim. e rit.

air..... is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on,..... The
 gold - en comb..... she combs it, And sings a song there - by,..... That
 soon will the waves... en - gulf them, Both boat and boat - man strong,..... For

a tempo. rit.

peak of the moun - tain spar - kles In the glow of the even - ing sun.....
 thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing And.... pow - er - ful mel - o - dy.....
 thus in her toils bath she bound them, The.... Lore - ley with her song.....

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham.

J. L. Molloy.

Andante con moto.

Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' The lyrics 'Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the' are written below the vocal line.

mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng' are written below the vocal line.

Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song, And in the dusk where

The third system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song, And in the dusk where' are written below the vocal line.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.—Concluded.

147

rit.

fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.

rit.

p

Just a song at twi-light, When the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows

p

f

soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, Sad the day and long,

mf


rit.

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet..... song.



rit.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.



Samuel Lover.





1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day, A low-backed car she
 2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y Mars, With hos - tile scythes, de -
 3. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
 4. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my side, Than a coach-and - four and

drove and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
 mands his tithes Of death, in war - like cars; While Peg - gy, peace - ful god - dess, Has
 slaugh - ters, By far out-num - bers these; While she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just
 gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit for - ninst me, On a

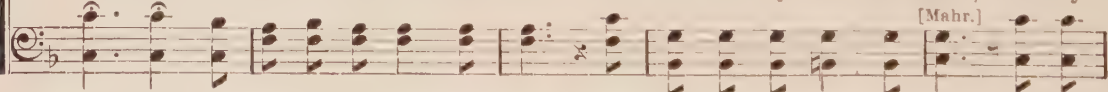




deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r...was there that would compare With the bloom - ing girl I
 darts in her bright eye, That knock...men down, in the mar - ket town, ... As right and left they
 like a tur - tle - dove, Well worth... the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of
 cush - ion made with taste, While Peg - gy would sit be - side..... me With my arm a - round her

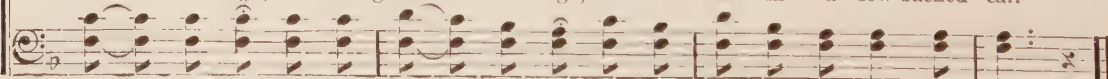



sing, As she sat in the low-backed car; The man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er
 fly, While she sits in her low-backed car— Than bat - tles more dang'rous far— For the
 Love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The lov - ers come near and far And en -
 waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be mar - ried by Fa - ther Maher, Oh! my

[Mahr.]

asked for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd aft - er the low-backed car.
 doc - tor's art Can - not cure. the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.
 vy the chick - en That Peg - gy is pick - in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
 heart would beat high, At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.



"NO, SIR!"

143

A. M. Wakefield.

1. "Tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me
 2. "My fa - ther was a Span - ish mer - chant, And be - fore he went to
 3. "If, when walk - ing in the gar - den, Pluck - ing flow'rs all wet with
 4. "If, when walk - ing in the gar - den, I should ask you to be

so, Tell me why, when asked a ques - tion, You will al - ways an - swer no?"
 sea, He told me to be sure and an - swer 'No!' to all you said to me?"—
 dew, Tell me, will you be of - fend - ed If I walk and talk with you?"
 mine, And should tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart de - cline?"

piu mosso.
 "No, sir! no, sir! no, sir! no,..... sir!

no, sir! no, sir! no, sir!..... no!"

MONA.

F. E. Weatherly.

Stephen Adams.

1. Oh, swift goes my boat like a bird on the bil - low, The
 2. well, all is o - ver, the bit - ter tears fall - ing, My

boat of my heart,..... my trim Ben-my-chree; But swift-er than bird leaps my love from her
 life is a wreck..... on a dark win-ter sea, The in - no - cent days all are gone, past re -

pil - low, The girl of my heart,..... who is wait - ing for me..... And
 call - ing, There yawns a dark gulf..... 'twixt my dar - ling and me..... I

down drops the anch - or, the brown sails are fall - ing, And out on the shin - gle we
 pass to my ex - ile, a - lone, un - be - friend - ed, The sum - mer days mock me with

leap in our glee;..... But for all the bright eyes and the laugh-ter and
glad-ness and mirth;..... For on-ly with death will that ex-ile be

call-ing, The girl of my heart..... is all that I see.....
end-ed, Thou'rt lost to me, dar-ling, for-ev-er on earth.....

rall.

CHORUS. *dolce.*

Mo-na, my own love, Mo-na, my dar-ling,
Mo-na, my lost love, Mo-na, my dar-ling,

pp

Art thou not mine, thro' the long years to be?..... By the
Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be..... And the

MONA.—Concluded.

bright stars a - bove thee, I love thee, I love thee, Will
an - gels a - bove thee, who pit - y and love thee,

cres *cen* *do.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Live for thee, die for thee, on - ly for thee..... O Mo - na, Mo - na, my
plead for me, al - so and bring me to thee..... O Mo - na, Mo - na, my

f *ff* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

1 *ad lib.* dar - ling, Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?..... Fare -

colla voce. *p* *D.S. S:*

Ped. *

2 *ad lib.* dar - ling, Pray for me, pray..... thro' the long years to be.....

ff *colla voce.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.

J. W. Turner.

Andante.

1. As I stray'd from my cot at the close of the day, 'Mid the rav-ish-ing beauties of June, 'Neath a
2. As the hart on the mountain my lov-er was brave, So... no-ble and man-ly and clev-er, So.....
3. But, a-las! he is dead, and... gone to death's bed, Cut down like a rose in full bloom; And a-
4. His lone grave I'll seek out un-til morn-ing ap-pears, And weep o'er my lov-er so brave; I'll em-
5. Ah... me! ne'er a-gain may my bo-som re-joice, For my lost love I fain would meet soon; And fond



jes-sa-mine shade I es-pied a fair maid And she plain-tive-ly sighed to the moon...
 kind and sin- cere, and he loved me full dear, Oh, my Ed-win, his e-qual was nev-er!
 lone doth he sleep, while I thus sad-ly weep, 'Neath thy soft sil-ver light, gen-tle moon...
 brace the cold sod, and..... bathe with my tears The sweet flow-ers that bloom o'er his grave...
 lov-ers will weep o'er the grave where we sleep, 'Neath thy soft sil-ver light, gen-tle moon...



REFRAIN.



Roll on, sil-ver moon, guide the trav'ler his way, While the nightingale's song is in tune;..... I



nev-er, nev-er-more with my true love will stray By thy soft sil-ver beams, gen-tle moon.



LA PALOMA.

Yradier.

1. I think... of the morn' when I sailed a - way from thee,.... And said,..... "Oh, pray for me,
 2. Ni - na,..... when to shore re - turn - ing, thy smile I see,—... My love..... for that time is
 3. Once more on the shore we're landing, all sad - ness flown,.... Ah ! there..... is my moth - er

dar - ling, pray thou for me!"... I longed once more to see Ni - na's sweet face and
 yearn - ing to com - fort thee..... Ah ! then... will I seek ne'er more..... old o - cean's
 stand - ing,—but why a - lone?... Why does... she with sor - row heed me, and not re -

true... She sighed and she wept, when we said our sad a - dieu. "Ni - na," said I, "if
 breast, And ne'er... from my dar - ling sev - er, earth's dear - est, best. Why not to - mor - row
 ply?... Why to..... this lone spot thus lead me with bit - ter sigh? There, in the churchyard

nev - er a - gain we meet,..... There shall a dove with white wings fly thee to. greet;.....
 our wed - ding day..... be?..... I've come to thee, love, from far o - ver the sea,.....
 lone - ly, a grave I see: Ni - na ! that pure dove fly - ing was thee, was thee !.....

O - pen wide then thy win - dow, for it shall be..... From heav'n a - bove my
 Hap - py our hearts and light, no more we'll re - pine,..... When the pearl of the
 "Sail - or boy, wake from sleep - ing, no lon - ger weep,..... You were the first watch

soul is come back to thee,..... Oh, the sail - or shall sing
 is - lands at last shall be mine..... Oh, the sail - or shall sing
 keep - ing, and fell a - sleep!"..... Oh, the sail - or shall sing

O'er the waves as they wing, When the breez - es are..... sway - ing and play - ing,

But yet no ech - o bring, O'er the waves as they wing, The gay sail - or shall

sing, When the breez - es are... sway - ing and play - ing, But yet no ech - o bring.

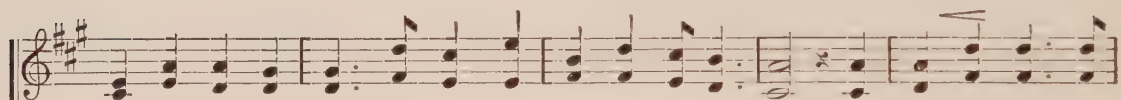
WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING.

Charles Blamphin.

Moderato.



1. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile,— I
2. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be -



hear thy gen - tle voice / a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile. The moon will be at
side the gen - tle flow - ing stream That both our hearts know well, Where wild flow'rs, in their



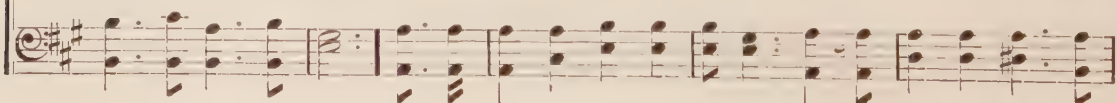
full, love, The stars will bright - ly gleam, Oh, come, my queen of night, love, And
beau - ty, Will scent the eve - ning breeze; Oh, haste, the stars are peep - ing, And the



CHORUS.



grace the beau - teous scene. }
moon be - hind the trees. } When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the



stille,— I hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile....

ROBIN ADAIR.

Scottish Melody.

Expression.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near. What was't I wish'd to see,
 2. What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; What made the ball so fine?
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair, But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wish'd to.. hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a
 Rob - in.. was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made.. my....
 Rob - in.. A - dair. Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in.... my....

heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all.. fled with thee, Rob - in.. A - dair.
 heart so sore? Oh, it.... was part - ing with Rob - in.. A - dair.
 heart shall dwell; Oh, I.... can ne'er for - get Rob - in.. A - dair.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Henry Carey.

Andante.

mf

1. Of all the
2. Of all the

girls.... that are so smart,... There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly; She is the
days.... that's in the week.... I dear - ly love but one day, And that's the

cresc.

dar - ling of my heart,... And she lives in our al - ley. There's ne'er a
day..... that comes be - twixt... The Sat - ur - day and Mon - day, For then I'm

p ritard.

la - dy in this land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the
drest all in my best To walk a - broad with Sal - ly; She is the

a tempo.

dar - ling of my heart,... And she lives down in..... our al - ley.

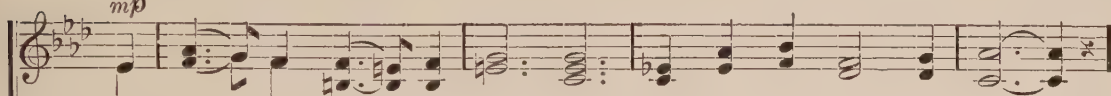
THINE EYES SO BLUE AND DREAMING.

Richard Field.

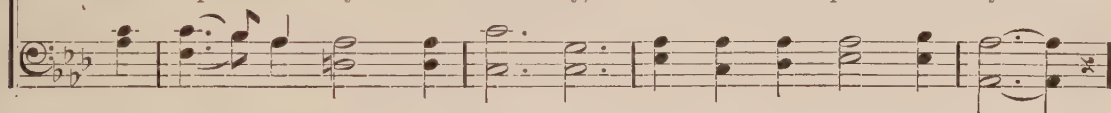
E. Lassen.

*Very slow, and with feeling.**mf*

1. With eyes so blue and dream - ing, Thou throw'st o'er me a spell;.....
 2. With hair so soft and gold - en, E'en like my dreams of old,.....
 3. With lips so like red ros - es Un - der a south - ern sky,.....

*mp*

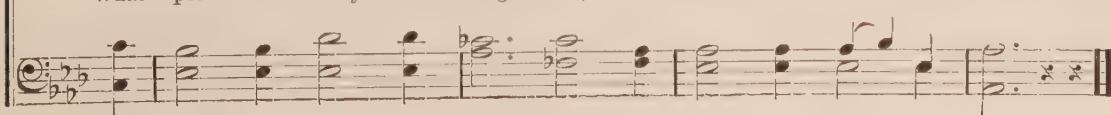
Such dreams and thoughts come to me, Which e'en I dare not tell.....
 Thou'rt wind - ing chains a - round me Which ne'er will loose their hold.....
 Made cap - tive by..... their beau - ty, Think'st thou I'd pass them by?.....

*animato.*

With eyes so blue and dream - ing, That haunt me ev - 'ry - where,.....
 With hair so soft and gold - en, Heart pure and all mine own,.....
 With lips so like red ros - es, My dar - ling, dost thou know.....

*rit.*

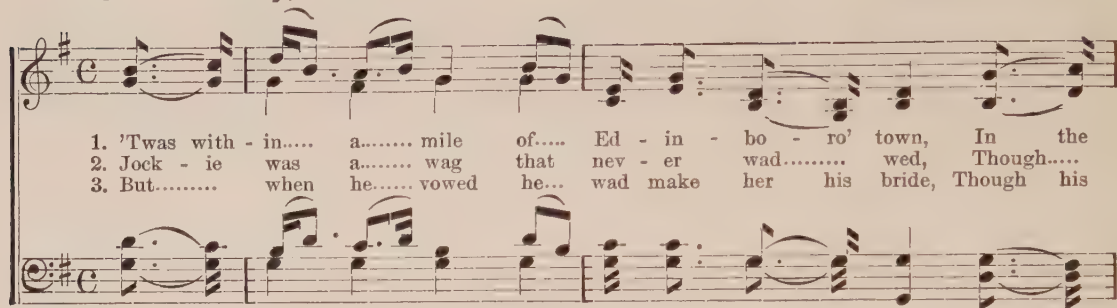
A fair blue sea.... of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care.
 Thou'lt ev - er hold... me cap - tive, Un - to the si - lent tomb.
 What poi - son they.. have brought me, How filled my heart with woe?



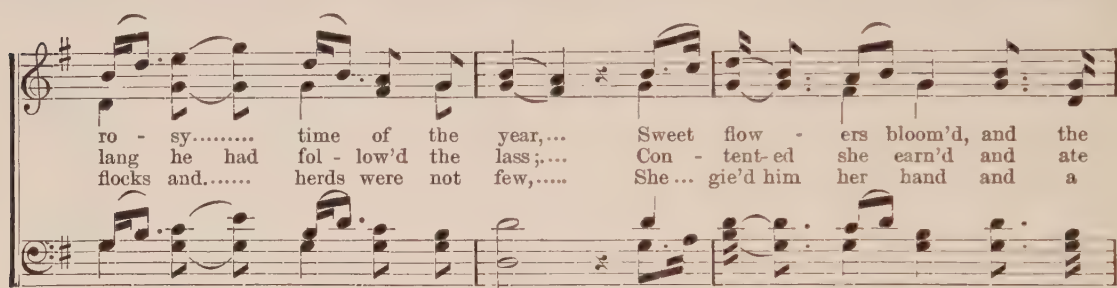
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.

Thomas D'Urfey, 1649.

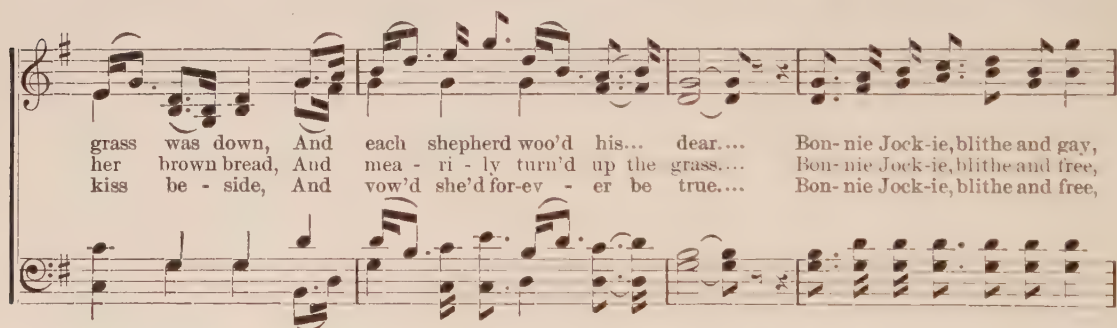
James Hook.



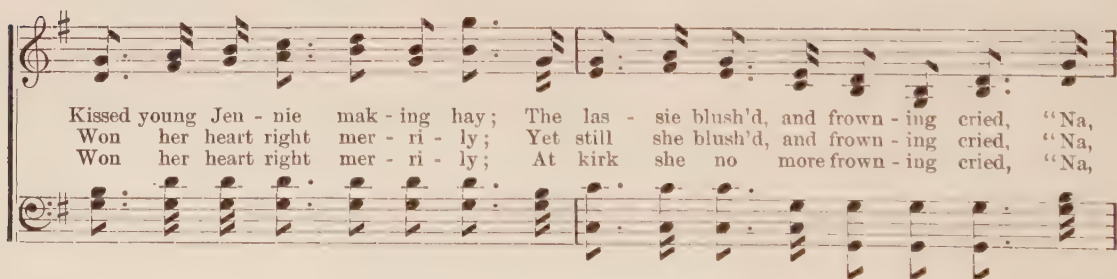
1. 'Twas with - in.... a..... mile of.... Ed - in - bo - ro' town, In the
 2. Jock - ie was a..... wag that nev - er wad..... wed, Though....
 3. But..... when he..... vowed he... wad make her his bride, Though his



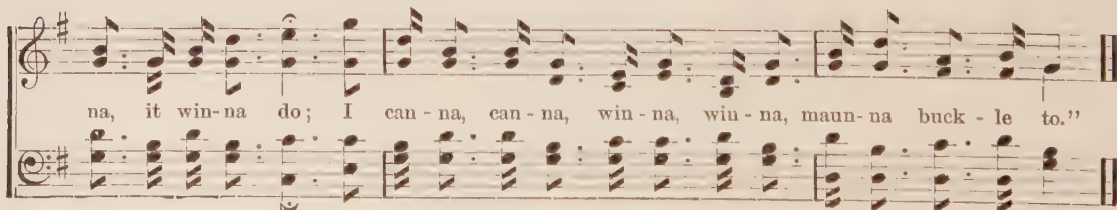
ro - sy..... time of the year,... Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the
 lang he had fol - low'd the lass;... Con - tent-ed she earn'd and ate
 flocks and..... herds were not few,.... She... gie'd him her hand and a



grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his... dear.... Bon - nie Jock-ie, blithe and gay,
 her brown bread, And mea - ri - ly turn'd up the grass.... Bon - nie Jock-ie, blithe and free,
 kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd for-ev - er be true.... Bon - nie Jock-ie, blithe and free,



Kissed young Jen - nie mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frown - ing cried, "Na,
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frown - ing cried, "Na,
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frown - ing cried, "Na,



na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, wiu-na, maun-na buck-le to."

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Words and music by R. B. Buckley.

Ben marcato.

1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis dear, To.... yon blue moun-tain free? Where the
 2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver,... And the birds they sing so sweet, I.....

blos-soms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a - long with me. It's ev - 'ry Sun-day morning,
 have a cab - in, Phyl - lis, And some-thing good to eat. Come, lis - ten to my sto - ry,

When I am by your side, We'll jump in to the wag-on And all take a ride.
 It will re-lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wag-on And off we will start.

Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, And we'll all take a ride.

SOME DAY.

Hugh Conway.

Milton Wellings.

p

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may meet, What
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you live; I

wel - come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or sweet; It may not be till years have
know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-give; But when we meet some day, some

p *rit.* *tempo.*

pass'd, Till eyes are dim and tress-es gray; The world is wide—but, love, at last,
day, Eyes clear - er grown the truth may see, And ev - 'ry cloud shall roll a - way

rit. *p* CHORUS.

Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,
That dark-ens, love, 'twixt you and me. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,

Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not when or how, On ly this, on - ly this,

SOME DAY.—Concluded.

ad lib. *rall.*
 this, that once you loved me; On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.
ad lib. *rall.*

WEARY.

Florence L. Carter.

Virginia Gabriel.

p Andante non troppo.
 1. Wea - ry of liv - ing, so wea - ry, Long - ing to lie down and die..
 2. Wea - ry so wea - ry of wait - ing, Wait - ing for sym - pa thy sweet,
 3. Tir - ed, so tir - ed of drift - ing A - down the dark stream of life..

cresc.
 To find for the sad heart and drear y, The end of the pil - grim - age nigh.
 For something to love, and to love me, And pleas - ures that are not so fleet.
 Tir - ed of breasting the bil - lows, The bil - lows of toil and of strife.

Wea - ry, so wea - ry of wish - ing, For a form that has gone from my sight,
 For a hand that be laid on my fore - head, A glimpse of the gold - en brown hair,
 Wish - ing and wait - ing so sad - ly,.. For love that was sweet - est and best,..

p
 For a voice that is hushed to me ev - er, For.. eyes that to me were so bright.
 For a step that to me was sweet mu - sic, And a brow that was noble and fair.
 Will - ing to die, oh! so glad ly, If.. that would bring qui - et and rest.

EVER OF THEE.

G. Linley.

Foley Hall.

Moderato.

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dream - ing, Thy gen - tle voice my
 2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wan - d'ring a - far my

spir - it can cheer; Thou art the star that, mild - ly beam - ing,
 soul joy'd to dwell; Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly,

Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear; Still in my heart thy
 All seemed to fade be - fore af - fec - tion's spell; Years have not chill'd the

form I cher - ish, Ev - 'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee. Ah!
 love I cher - ish, True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah!

nev - er till life and mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how
 nev - er till life and mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how

dear thou art to me: Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,

Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee, Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.

ad lib.

STRANGERS YET.

Claribel.

Andante moderato.
ad lib. *tempo primo.*

1. Stran-gers yet, af - ter years of life to - geth - er, Af - ter fair and storm - y weather,
2. Stran-gers yet, af - ter child - hood's win - ning ways, Af - ter care and blame and praise,
3. Stran-gers yet, will it ev - er - more be thus, Spir - its still im - per - vi - ous?

Af - ter trav - el in far lands, Af - ter touch of wed - ded hands, Why thus joined, why
Coun - sel ask'd and wis - dom given, Af - ter mu - tual prayers to heaven, Child and pa - rent
Shall we nev - er fair - ly stand Soul to soul, as hand to hand? Are the bounds e -

ev - er met? If they must be stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet?
scarce re - gret When they part, are stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet.
ter - nal set To re - tain us stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet?

MAID OF ATHENS.

Lord Byron.

H. R. Allen.

Andante con molto espressione.

mp

1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart!...
 2. By those tress-es, un-con-fined, Wooed by each E-ge-an wind,...
 3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone, Think of me, sweet, when a-lone,...

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!
 By those lids whose jet-ty fringe Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge,
 Though I fly to Is-tam-bol, Ath-ens holds my heart and soul.

piu lento.

mf *pp*

Hear my vow be-fore I go, Hear my vow be-fore I go. My
 By those wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be-fore I go.
 Can I cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no!

con tenerezza.

p

life,..... I love thee, My dear-est life, I love thee!
 Zo-e mou, sas a-gap-o! Zo-e mou, sas a-gap-o!

cres. *dim.* *pp*

1-2. Hear my vow be-fore I go, My life, I love..... but thee!
 3. Can I cease to love thee? no! Zo-e mou, sas a - - ga-po!

OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE.

L. F. Lewis

M. W. Balfe.

1. Oh, the land that we love is our own na-tive land, Spreading proudly from sea un-to sea;
 2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, my own na-tive land, Ev-'ry sword shall unsheath'd quickly be;

Her mountains so grand-ly like sen-ti-nels stand, E'er guarding the land of the free.
 And ev-er to guard thee we firm-ly will stand, U-nit-ed, de-ter-min'd, and free.

In her broad fer-tile val-leys her children may dwell, Un-mo-lest-ed by ty-rant's de-cree;
 In that mo-ment of dan-ger when free-dom shall call All the fet-ter-less sons of her pride,

CHORUS.

And the wrong'd of the earth shall our num-bers e'er swell, And find in our land lib-er-ty.
 With a cour-age un-daunt-ed what-e'er may be-fall, We'll con-quer or die by her side.

YOU AND I.

Claribel.

Moderato.

1. We ⁱsat by the riv - er, you and I, In the sweet summer time long a - go;.. So..
 2. 'Tis years since we part - ed, you and I, In that sweet summer time long a - go;.. And I

smoothly the wa - ter glid - ed by, Mak - ing mu - sic in its tran - quil.. flow; We
 smile as I pass the riv - er by, And I gaze in - to the shadow depths be - low; I

threw two.. leaf - lets, you and I, To the riv - er as it wander'd on, And..
 look on the grass and bend - ing reeds, And I list - en to the sooth - ing song, And I

one was.. rent and left to die, And the oth - er float - ed for - ward all a - lone; And
 en - vy the calm and hap - py life Of the riv - er as it sings and flows a - long; For

oh! we were sad - den'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's gold - en dream Might
 oh! how its song brings back to me The.. shade of our youth's gold - en dream In the

fade and our lives be sev - er'd soon, As the two leaves were parted on the stream,
days ere we part-ed, you and I, As the two leaves were parted on the stream.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

Samuel Lover.

Tenderly.

1. There was a place in child-hood that I re - mem - ber well, And there a voice of
2. When fai - ry tales were end - ed, "Good-night," she soft - ly said, And kissed and laid me
3. In sick - ness of my child - hood, the per - ils of my prime, The sor - rows of my

sweet - est tone, bright fai - ry tales did tell, And gen - tle words and fond em-brace were
down to sleep with - in my ti - ny bed, And ho - ly words she taught me there, me -
rip - er years, the cares of ev - 'ry time, When doubt or dan - ger weighed me down, then

giv'n with joy to me, When I was in that hap - py place, up - on my moth - er's
thinks I yet can see Her an - gel eyes, as close I knelt be - side my moth - er's
plead - ing all for me, It was a fer - vent pray'r to Heav'n that bent my moth - er's

knee, My moth - er dear! my moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er.
knee, Oh, moth - er dear! oh moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er.
knee, My moth - er dear! my moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er.

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

F. E. Weatherly.

J. L. Molloy.

1. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;
 2. Once as he watched his rose - love, Winds from the north did blow,
 3. Once more he sees... his rose - love, Still she is danc - ing gay,

She was a lit tle fai ry danc - er, Bright as... bright could be. She had a cas tle and
 Swept.. him out.. of the case - ment Down to a stream be - low. True to his lit - tle...
 He.... is worn and fad - ed, Loy - al... still for aye. Then came a band that..

gar - den, He but an old box dim; She was a dain - ty... rose - love,
 la - dy, Still he shouldered his gun; Soon, ah... soon came the dark - ness,
 swept them In - to a fur - nace wide, Part - ed in life, in... dy - ing

poco rall.

Far too grand for him. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
 Life and love un - done. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
 They are side by side. Ah! for the lit - tle tin sol - dier, Ah! for her cru - el -

he, Brave - ly shouldered his... mus - ket, Fain her love.. would be.
 he; Ne'er in the world a.... lov - er Half so true.. could be.
 ty! There lies her rose.. in... ash - es, There his loy - al lit - tle heart.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

"The Bohemian Girl."

Larghetto cantabile.

M. W. Balfe.

mf

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst de - spair Still pon - der o'er the past, On

thought and im - pulse while they flow, That can no com - - fort bring, that can, that
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beau - ti - ful..... to last, that were too

can no com - fort bring, To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau - ti - ful to last; To long de - part - ed years ex - tend, Its

pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can - call its
vis - ions with them flown; For mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its

own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

LULLABY FROM "ERMINIE."

C. Bellamy.

E. Jakobowski.

p *Moderato.*

1. Dear moth-er! in dreams I see her,... With lov'd face weet and calm, And
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb-ing... Her words were all of me... My

hear her voice with love re-joice When nest-ling on her arm; I think how she soft-ly
fu-ture years were all her fears, Lest an-guish I.. should see; My fa-ther, I hear him

press'd me, Of the tears in each glist-ning eye... As her watch she'd keep when she
weep-ing As, in sor-row stand-ing... by... Comes my moth-er's plaint in those

rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul-la-by,... Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
ac-cents faint Her ten-der-sweet lul-la-by,... Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

A little faster.

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye... Bye, bye, drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing, Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids

LULLABY FROM "ERMINIE."—Concluded.

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sleep, Bye, 'bye, .. watching till thou'rt waking; Darling, be thy slum-ber deep.

Solo, mf

Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing; Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye, ..

Or this Vocal accompaniment may be Sung with Solo, if preferred, as in the Stage representation of the Opera.

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

watch ing till thou'rt waking; Dar-ling, be thy slum - ber deep! Bye, bye, bye, bye. .

Vocal accompaniment.

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye...

TO THE EVENING STAR.

(O! DU MEIN HOLDER ABENDSTERN.)

Wagner.

p *ptu. p*

p *pp*

O thou sub - lime,..... sweet eve - - ning star,
 O! du mein hol - - der A - - bend - stern,
 Oh! tu bell' a - - stro incan - - ta - tor,

Joy - ful I greet..... thee from. a - far;
 wohl grüsst ich im - - mer dich..... so gern;
 che span - di pa - - ce al mon - - do in - ter,

p *pp*

With glow - ing heart, that ne'er..... dis - closed;
 vom Her - zen, das sie nie..... ver - rieth,
 a te ri - vol - ge il me - - sto cor

Greet her when she in thy light..... re - posed,
 grü - ße sie, wenn sie vor - bei..... dir zieht,
 d'a - mo - re l'ul - ti - mo gen - til pen - sier

When part ing from this vale,..... a vi - sion, she
 wenn sie ent - schwebt dem Thal..... der Er - den, ein
 co - lei fra po - co a te..... d'ac - can - to sen

p
 ris - es to..... an an - gel's mis - sion,
 sel' - ger En - gel dort..... zu wer - den,
 vo - le - rà..... qual' an - giol san - to

rit. *p* *rit. cresc.*
 when part - ing from this vale..... a vi - sion she ris - es
 wenn sie ent - schwebt dem Thal..... der Er - den, ein sel' - ger
 co - lei fra po - co a te..... d'ac - can - to sen vo - le -

>dim.
 to an..... an - gel's mis - sion.....
 En - gel..... dort..... zu wer - den.....
 rà qual'... an - giol san - to!

I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

From "The Bohemian Girl."

M. W. Balfe.

Moderato.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side;
 2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights up-on bend - ed knee,

And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride.
 And with vows no maid - en... heart could withstand, They pledg'd their faith to me;

I had rich - es too great to count; could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name;
 And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim,

But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you
 But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you

lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
 lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

LA DONNA È MOBILE.

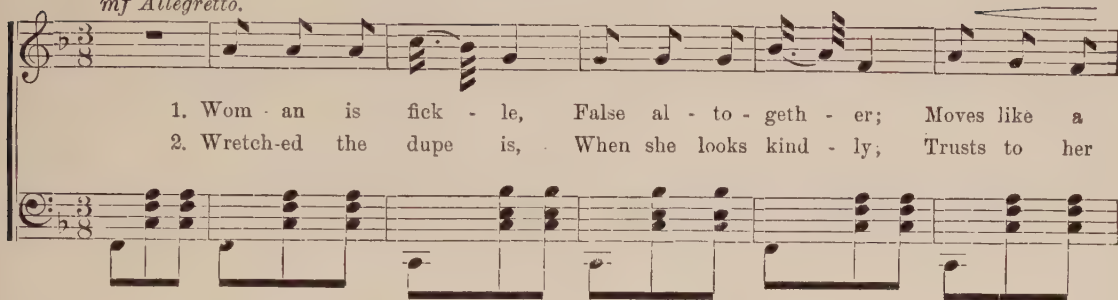
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(WOMAN IS FICKLE.)

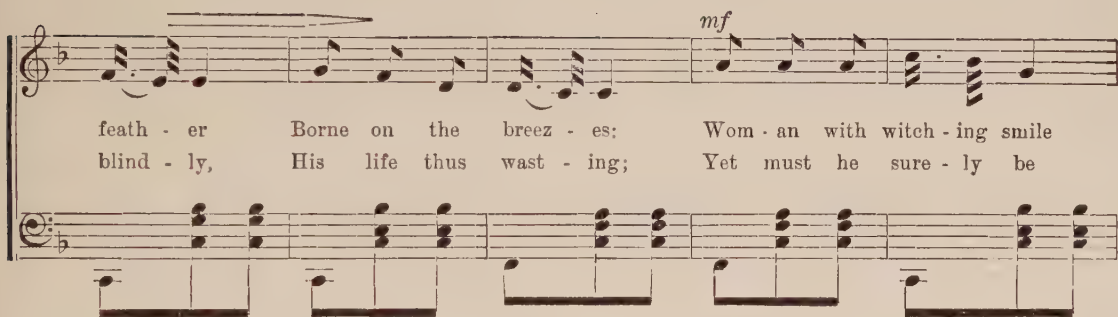
From "Il Trovatore."

Verdi.

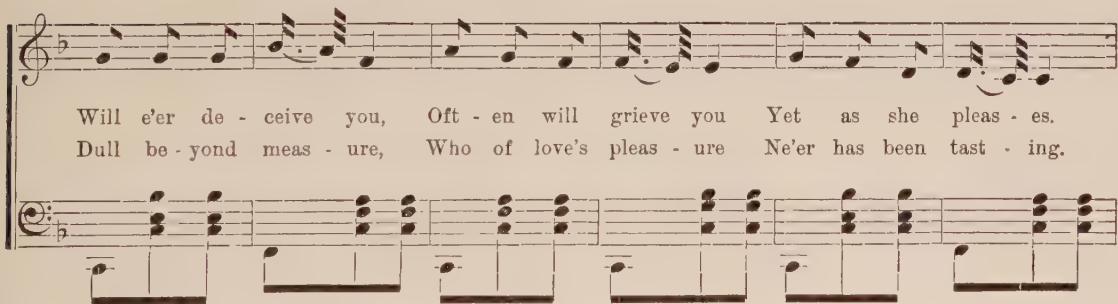
mf Allegretto.



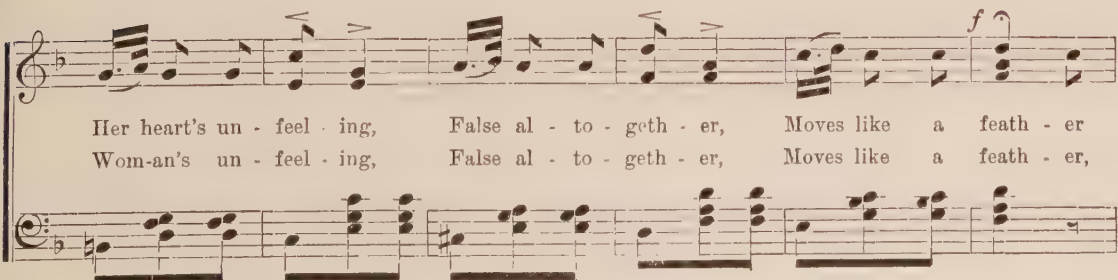
1. Wom - an is fick - le, False al - to - geth - er; Moves like a
2. Wretch-ed the dupe is, When she looks kind - ly, Trusts to her



feath - er Borne on the breez - es; Wom - an with witch - ing smile
blind - ly, His life thus wast - ing; Yet must he sure - ly be



Will e'er de - ceive you, Oft - en will grieve you Yet as she pleas - es.
Dull be - yond meas - ure, Who of love's pleas - ure Ne'er has been tast - ing.



Her heart's un - feel - ing, False al - to - geth - er, Moves like a feath - er
Wom-an's un - feel - ing, False al - to - geth - er, Moves like a feath - er,

LA DONNA È MOBILE.—Concluded.

Musical score for "LA DONNA È MOBILE.—Concluded." in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features triplet figures and dynamic markings: *dim.*, *cres.*, and *dim.*. The lyrics are "Borne on the breeze,". The second system continues the vocal line with a *f* (forte) dynamic and the lyrics "Borne, ... Yes, borne on.. the breeze." The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass.

SLEEP, GENTLE MOTHER.

From "Il Trovatore."

Verdi.

Musical score for "SLEEP, GENTLE MOTHER." in 3/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score is marked *Expression.* and consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass.

Expression.

1. Sleep, gen - tle moth - er! Rest from thy sor - row; Bright may the mor - row On thee a -
 2. Sleep, gen - tle moth - er! Hap - py thy dream - ing, Slum - ber's fair seem - ing Bless thee, sad -

wak - en! Naught here shall harm thee; Love, still un - shak - en, Braves ev - 'ry dan - ger For
 heart - ed: Soft now the breez - es Lull - ing to si - lence Ev - 'ry dread warn - ing For

thee, moth - er dear Oh, may thy spir - it en - joy its calm slum - bers, Sweet and un -

brok - en, Un - con - scious of fear, To wan - der once more O'er our loved na tive

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the melody. The lyrics are written below the staff.

moun - tains, To greet those com - pan - ions Our hearts pine to see. Oh, wel - come the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the staff.

mo - ment When home we're re - turn - ing, And hope smiles a - gain, Dear - est

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the staff.

moth - er, on thee, When hope, sweet hope, Smiles up - on thee, When hope, sweet

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the staff.

hope, Smiles up - on thee, When hope, sweet hope, Smiles up - on thee...

The fifth system concludes the piece. It includes a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the staff, ending with an ellipsis.

AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

From "Il Trovatore."

G. Verdi.

dolce. Andante Sostenuto.

1. Ah!..... I have sighed to rest..... me Deep.... in the qui - et
2. Out..... of the love I bear..... thee, Yield.... I my life for

grave,... sigh'd to rest me, But all in vain.. I crave, O
thee; Wilt thou not think,... Wilt thou not think.. of me?... O

1.
fare thee well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well!...
think of

Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I crave, O

fare thee well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well!

2. *a tempo.*

me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well! Out of the love I

bear.... thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of me, ah! think of

me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well! Tho' I no more be - hold thee,

Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,..

cres - - - cen do.

Cheer - ing my last lone hour, Le - o - no - ra, fare - well!.....

AH! SO PURE, AH! SO BRIGHT.

From "Martha."

Von Flotow.

Moderato. dolce ed espress.

Ah! so.. pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beau - ty on my sight; Oh! so

mild, so.. di - vine, She be - guiled this heart of mine:... 'Reft of

aim, Ere she came, Dark the fu - ture seemed to loom, Till her clear bril - liant

sphere, New with light, dis-pelled the gloom. Woe! she fled, Quick - ly sped All my

joy in fleet - ing gleams; As I wake, Hopes for - sake, Rob - bing me of

god - like dreams, of god - like dreams, Ah! so.. pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her

beau - ty on.. my sight; Oh! so.. mild, So.. di - vine,... She be -

ad lib. *piu anima.*
guiled this heart of mine. Mar - tha, Mar - tha! Thou hast ta - ken ev - 'ry

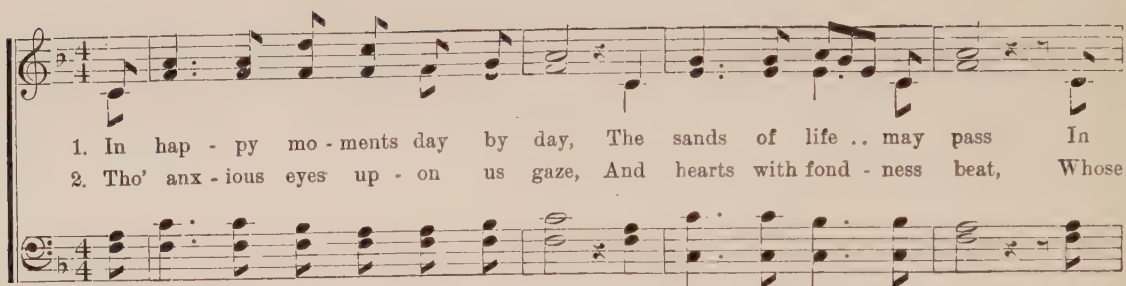
bliss a - way with thee! Canst thou leave me, Thus for - sa - ken! Come and

affret.
share thy boon with me, Come, share thy boon with me, Yea, with me.

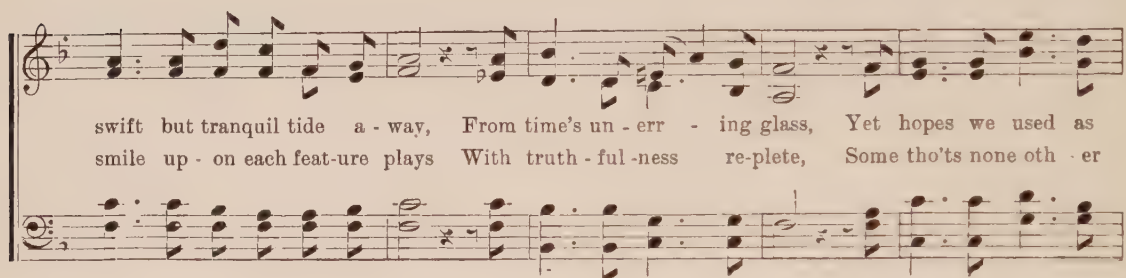
IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

From "Maritana."

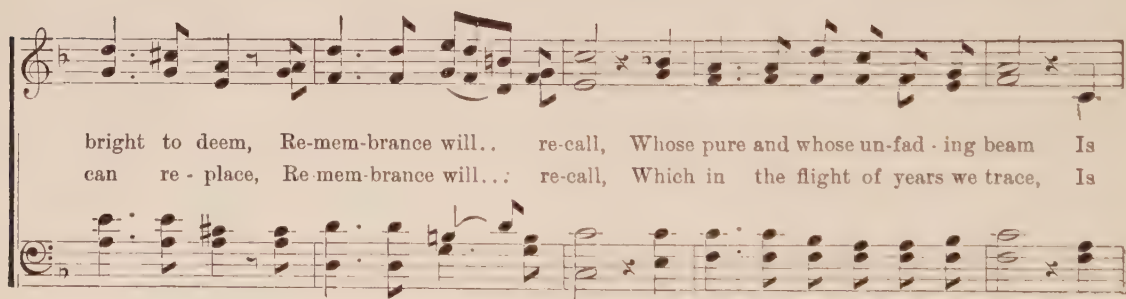
W. V. Wallace.



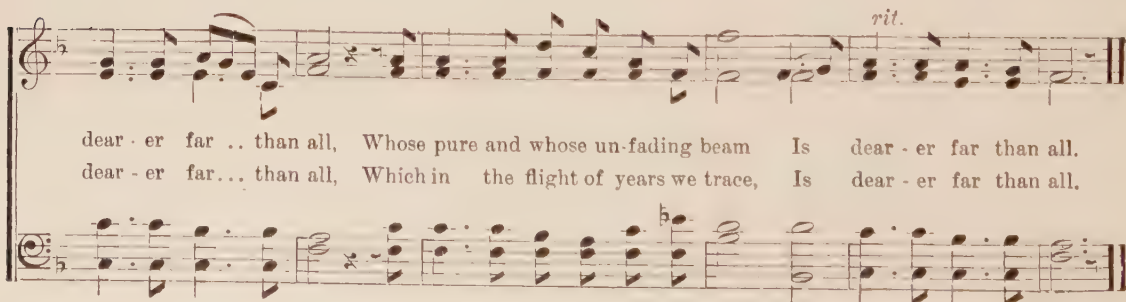
1. In hap - py mo - ments day by day, The sands of life .. may pass In
2. Tho' anx - ious eyes up - on us gaze, And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose



swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un - err - ing glass, Yet hopes we used as
smile up - on each feat-ure plays With truth - ful-ness re-plete, Some tho'ts none oth - er



bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will.. re-call, Whose pure and whose un-fad - ing beam Is
can re - place, Re-mem-brance will... re-call, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is



dear - er far .. than all, Whose pure and whose un-fading beam Is dear - er far than all.
dear - er far... than all, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er far than all.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by Michael W. Balfe.

Andante cantabile.

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And

lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may, per - haps, in
deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your eyes; When hol - low hearts shall

such a scene Some re - col - lec - tion be.... Of days that have as hap - py been, And
wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see:.... In such a mo - ment I but ask That

you'll re - mem - ber me, . . . And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
you'll re - mem - ber me, . . . That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. Baring-Gould.

A. S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

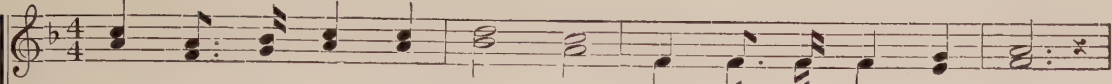
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Cho.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Cho.

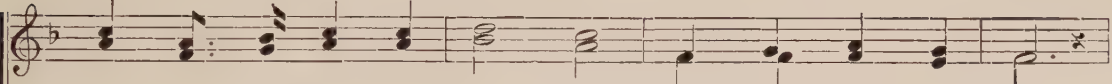
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Mrs. A. L. Coghill.


Lowell Mason.



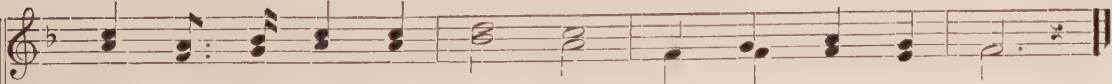
1 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
 4. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work while the fields are white;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:
 Work, for thy sands are run - ning, Work, while hopes are bright;



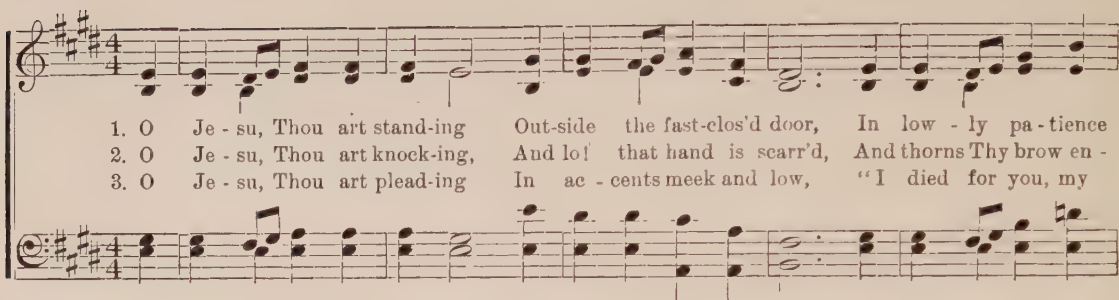
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store.
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more.
 Gath - er thy sheaves at morn - ing, Rest not thy hand at noon,



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done,
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more
 Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er,
 La - bor and strive till eve - ning, Rest when day - light's gone.

O JESU, THOU ART STANDING.

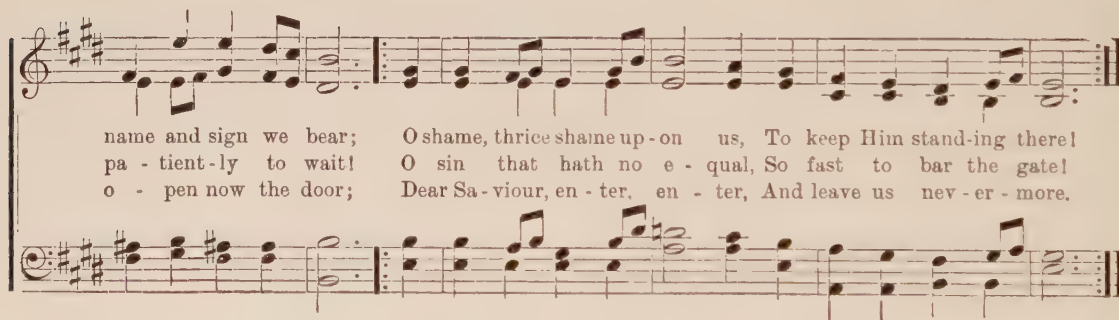
Rev. W. W. How.



1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - clos'd door, In low - ly pa - tience
 2. O Je - su, Thou art knock - ing, And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow en -
 3. O Je - su, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my



wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er; We bear the name of Chris - tians, His
 cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So
 chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row, We



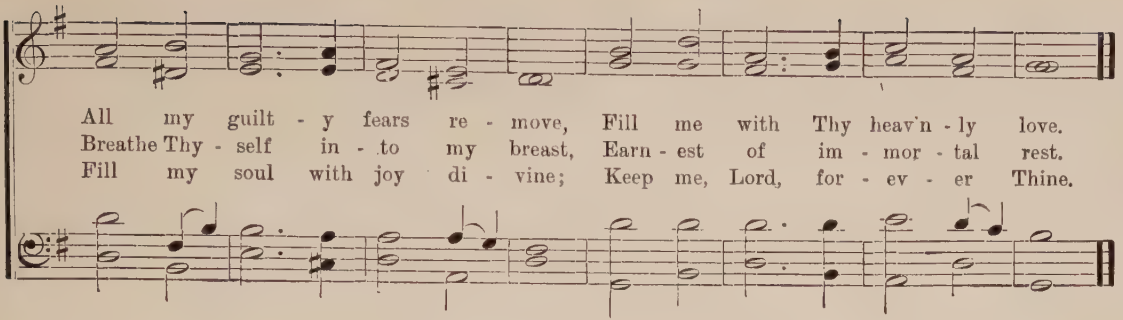
name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!
 pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 o - pen now the door; Dear Sa - viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

gnaz Pleyel.



1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love 'di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
 2. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart.
 3. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

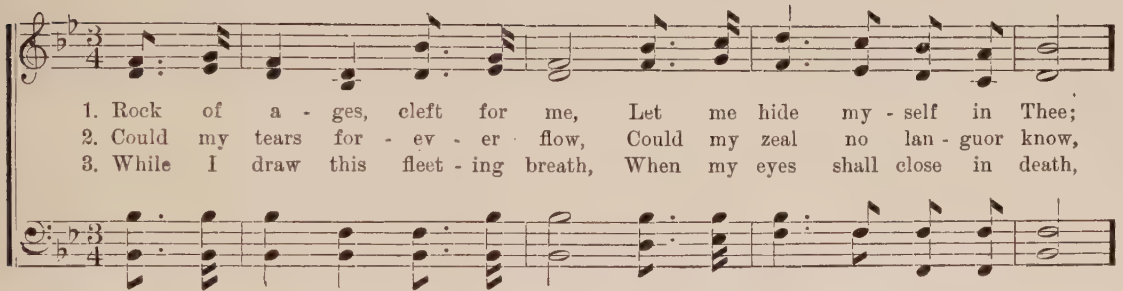


All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heav'n - ly love,
 Breathe Thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.
 Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

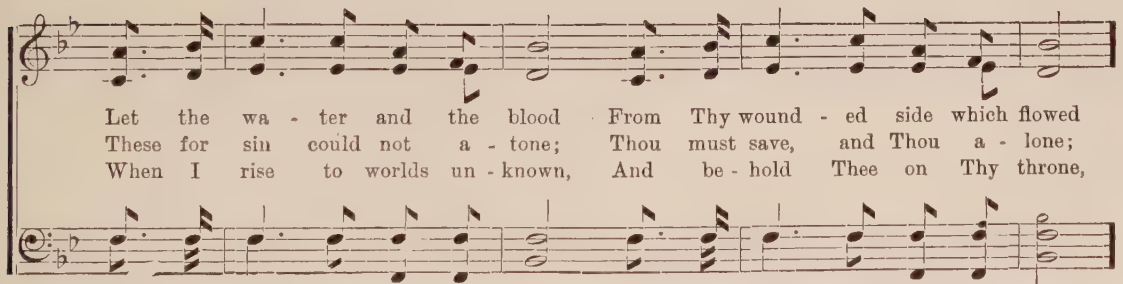
ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. Toplady.

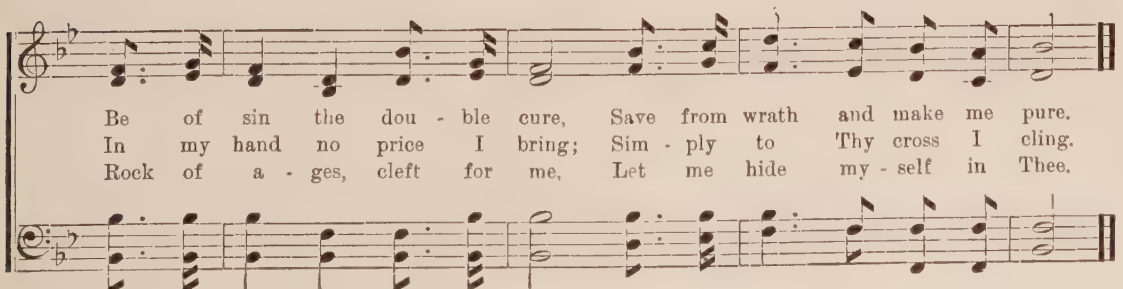
Thomas Hastings.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



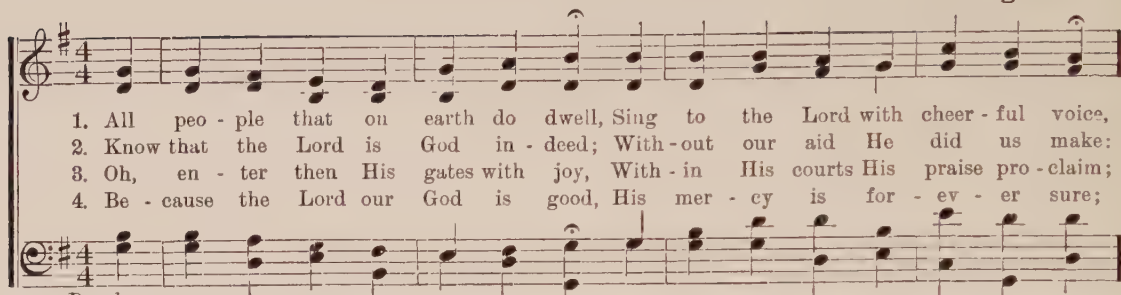
Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound - ed side which flowed
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

OLD HUNDRED.

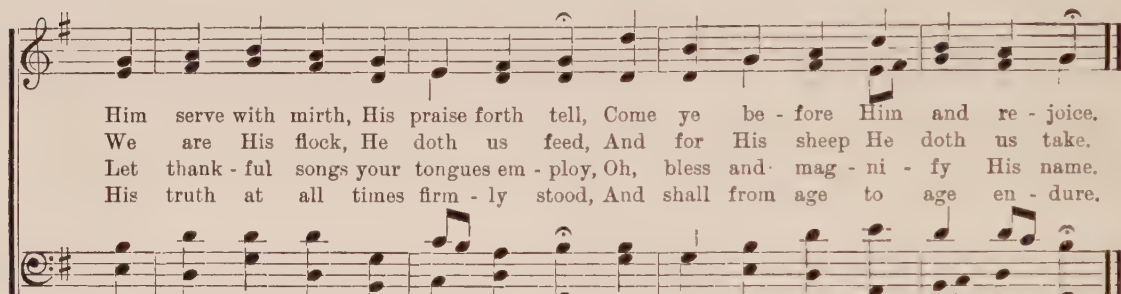
L. Bourgeois.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
 3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with joy, With - in His courts His praise pro - claim;
 4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;

Doxology:

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;



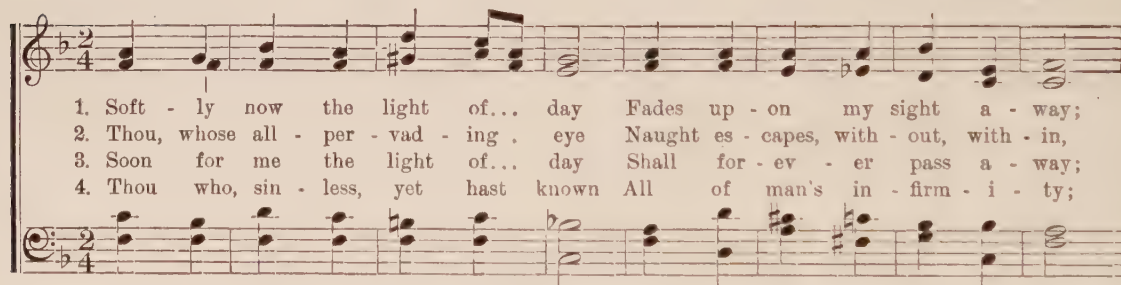
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Let thank - ful songs your tongues em - ploy, Oh, bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

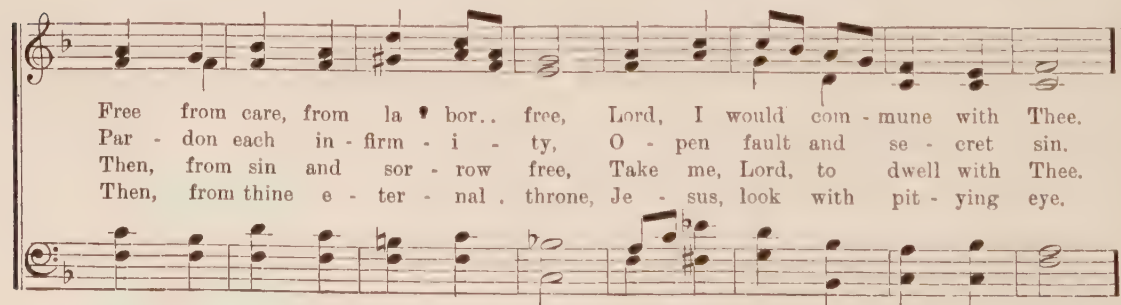
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Geo. W. Doane.

C. M. Von Weber.



1. Soft - ly now the light of... day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for me the light of... day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
 4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

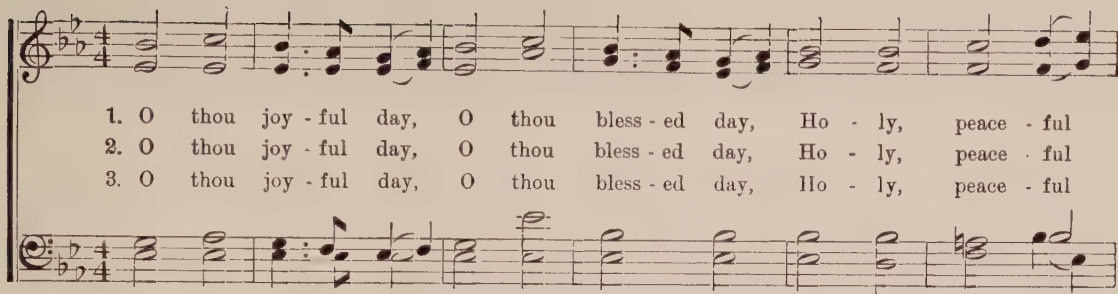


Free from care, from la - bor.. free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

O THOU JOYFUL DAY.

(O DU FRÖHLICHE.)

B. M. Smucker.



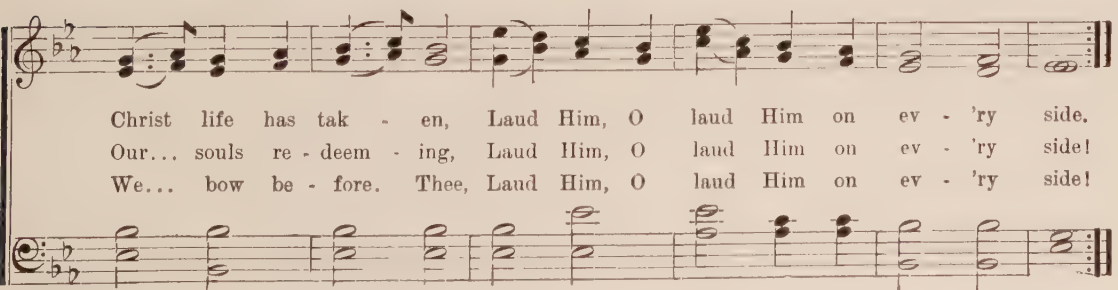
1. O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless - ed day, Ho - ly, peace - ful
 2. O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless - ed day, Ho - ly, peace - ful
 3. O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless - ed day, Ho - ly, peace - ful



Christ - mas - tide! O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless - ed day,
 Christ - mas - tide! O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless - ed day,
 Christ - mas - tide! O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless - ed day,



Ho - ly, peace - ful.. Christ - mas - tide! Earth's hopes a - wak - en,
 Ho - ly, peace - ful.. Christ - mas - tide! Christ's light is beam - ing
 Ho - ly, peace - ful.. Christ - mas - tide! King.. of all glo - ry,



Christ life has tak - en, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side,
 Our... souls re - deem - ing, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!
 We... bow be - fore. Thee, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!

O PARADISE.

J. Barnby.

mf Moderato.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no
 3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy

rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are
 more, I want to be as pure on earth As on that spot - less
 love, And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a -

mf
 blest, Where loy - al hearts and true..... Stand ev - er in the
 shore, Where loy - al hearts and true..... Stand ev - er in the
 bove, Where loy - al hearts and true..... Stand ev - er in the

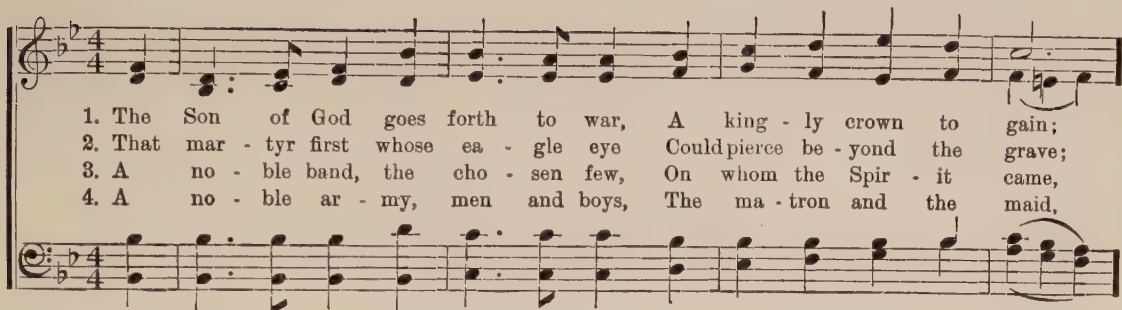
f
 light, All rap - ture through and through, In God's most no - ly sight.

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

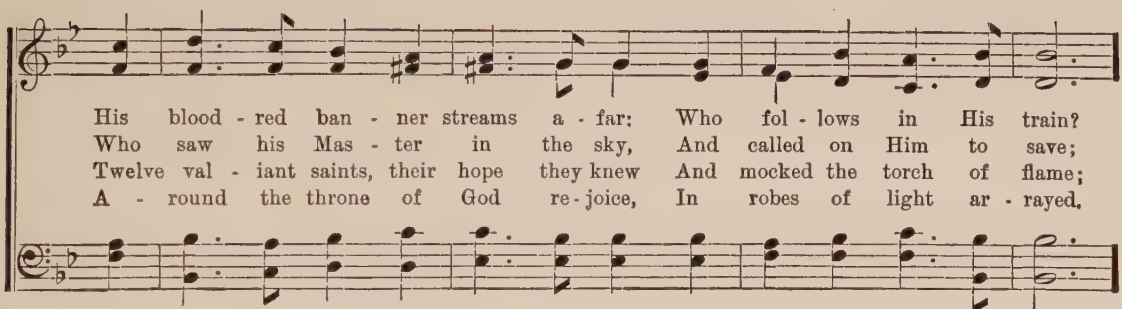
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R. Heber.

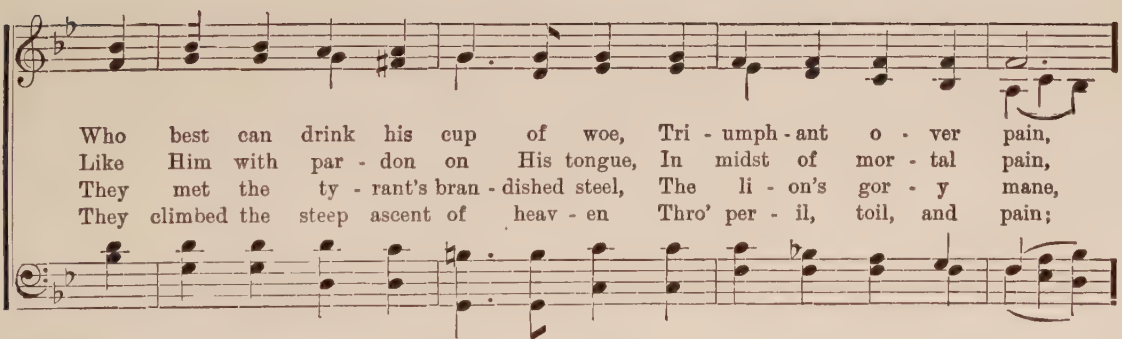
Henry S. Cutler.



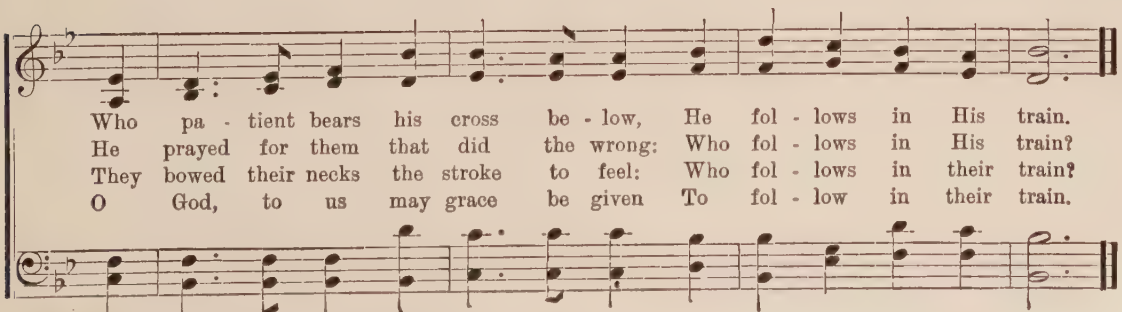
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. That mar - tyr first whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
 3. A no - ble band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came,
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame;
 A - round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed,



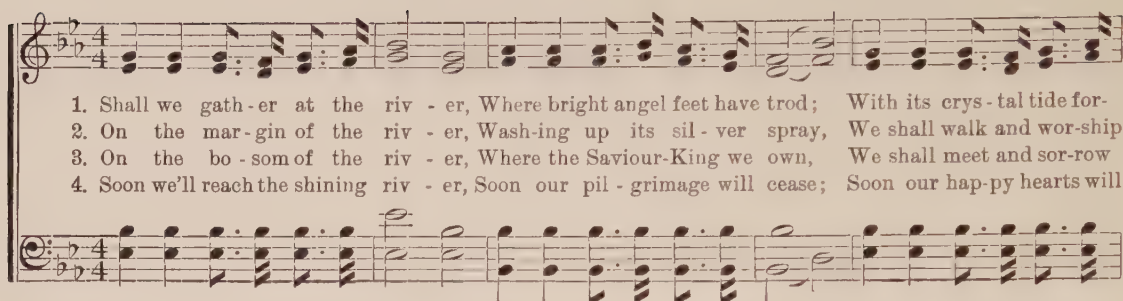
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
 Like Him with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane,
 They climbed the steep ascent of heav - en Thro' per - il, toil, and pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train.

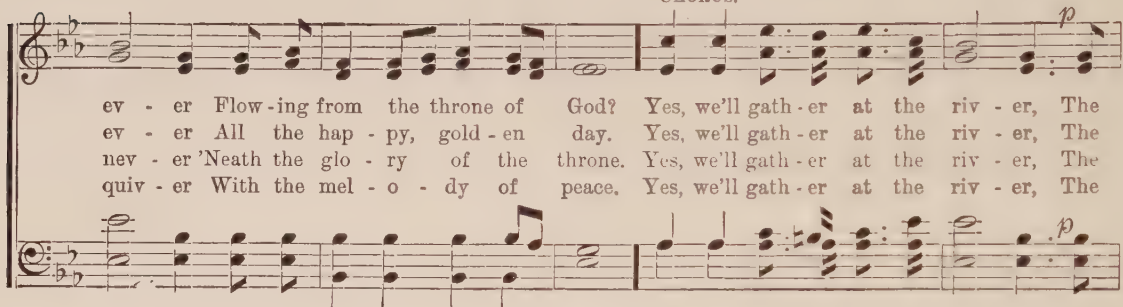
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

Rev. Robert Lowry.

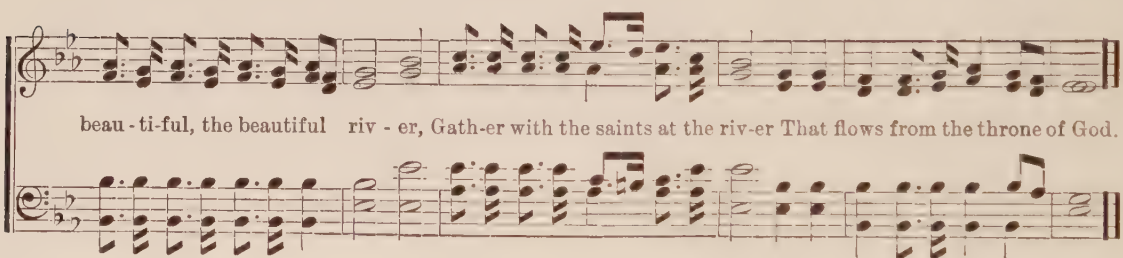


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crys - tal tide for-
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray, We shall walk and wor-ship
 3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour-King we own, We shall meet and sor-row
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil - grimage will cease; Soon our hap-py hearts will

CHORUS.



ev - er Flow-ing from the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The
 ev - er All the hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The
 nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne. Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The
 quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace. Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The



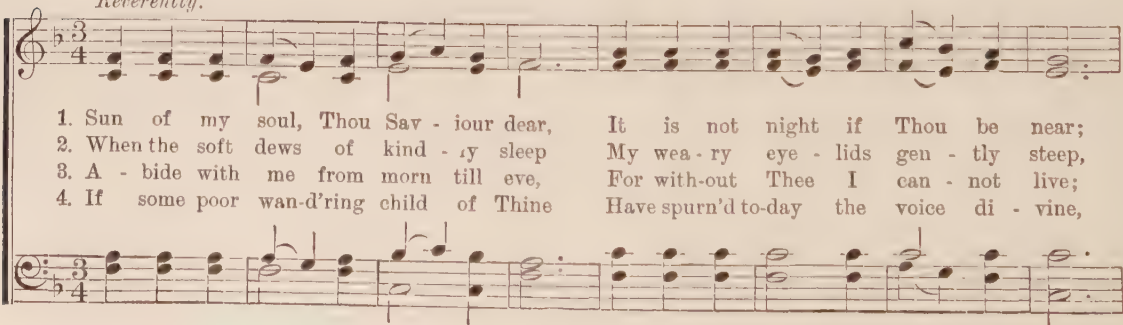
beau-ti-ful, the beautiful riv - er, Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows from the throne of God.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

W. H. Monk.

Rev. J. Keble, 1827.

Reverently.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wan-d'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice di - vine,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 A-bide with me when night is nigh,
 Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be-gin;

To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.
 For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in
 2. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a
 3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will ye

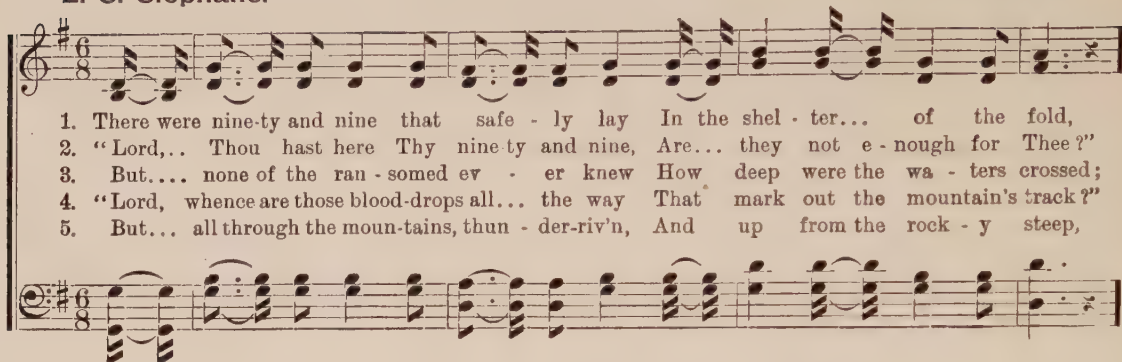
glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing,
 Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die. Oh, then, to glo-ry run;
 doubt-ing stand, Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be,

Wor-thy is our Sav-iour King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Be a crown and king-dom won, And bright a-bove the sun We'll reign for aye!
 When from sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

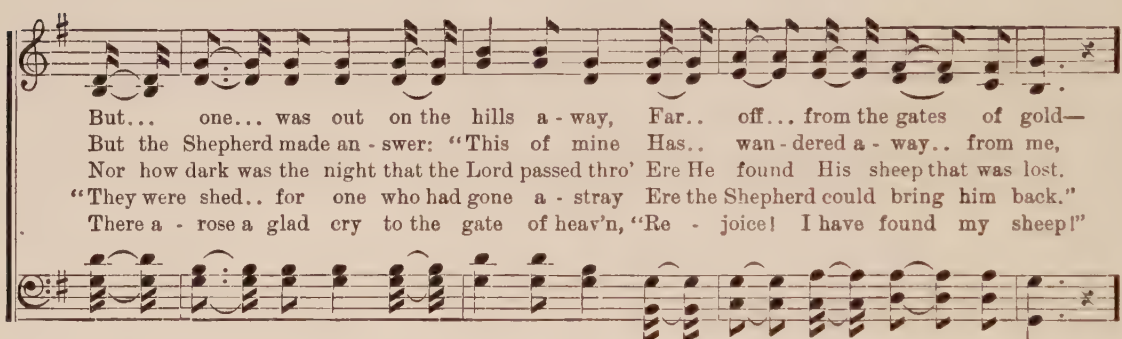
THE NINETY AND NINE.

E. C. Clephane.

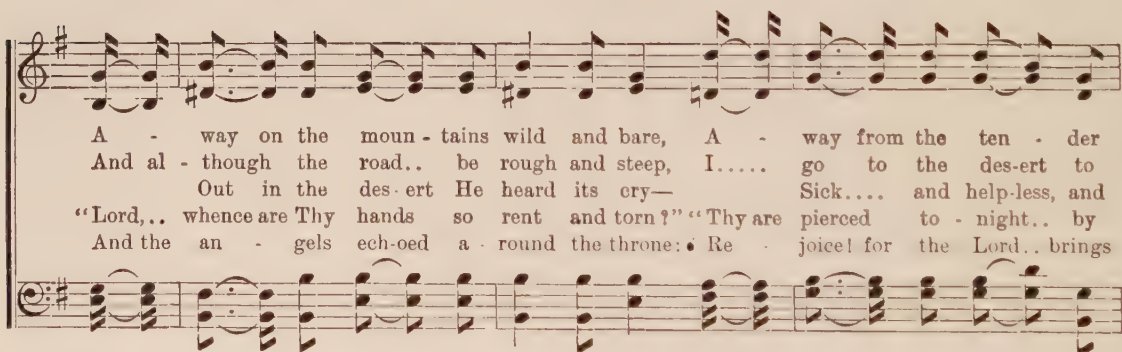
Ira D. Sankey.



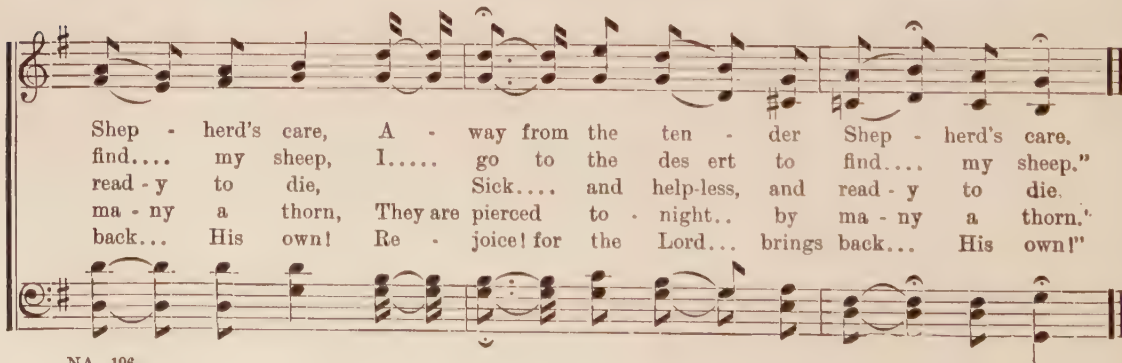
1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter... of the fold,
 2. "Lord,.. Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are... they not e - nough for Thee?"
 3. But... none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters crossed;
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all... the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
 5. But... all through the moun-tains, thun - der-riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep,



But... one... was out on the hills a - way, Far.. off... from the gates of gold—
 But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine Has.. wan - dered a - way.. from me,
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 "They were shed.. for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!"



A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
 And al - though the road.. be rough and steep, I.... go to the des-ert to
 Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick.... and help-less, and
 "Lord,.. whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "Thy are pierced to - night.. by
 And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne: Re - joice! for the Lord.. brings



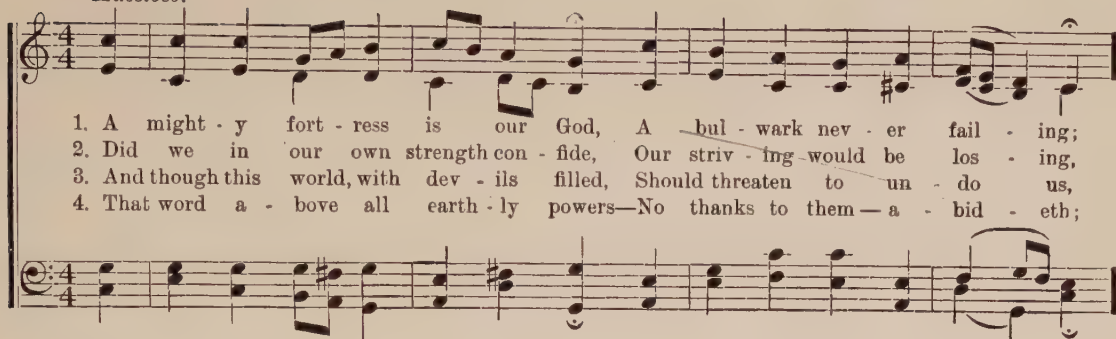
Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care,
 find.... my sheep, I.... go to the des ert to find.... my sheep."
 read - y to die, Sick.... and help-less, and read - y to die,
 ma - ny a thorn, They are pierced to - night.. by ma - ny a thorn.
 back... His own! Re - joice! for the Lord... brings back... His own!"

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

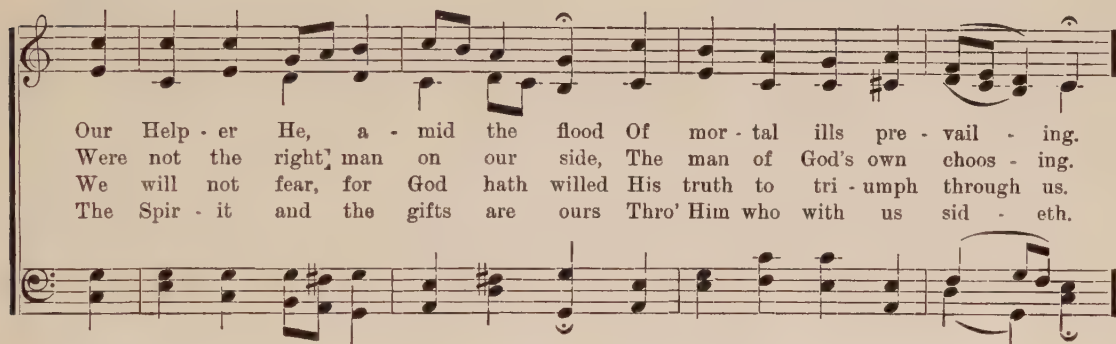
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Maestoso.

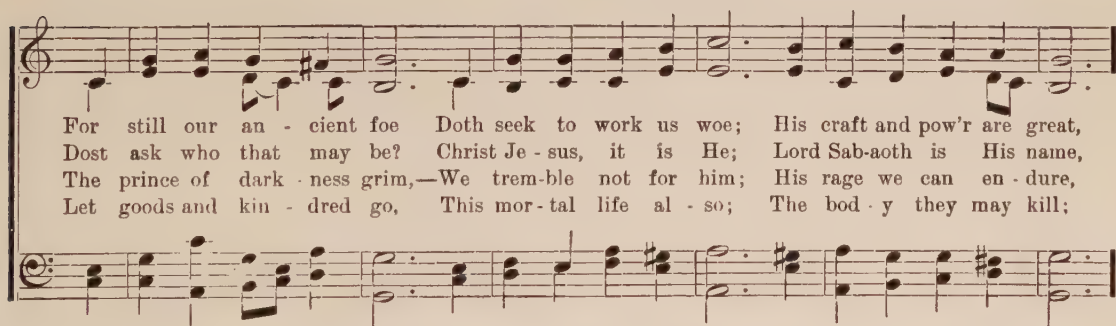
Martin Luther.



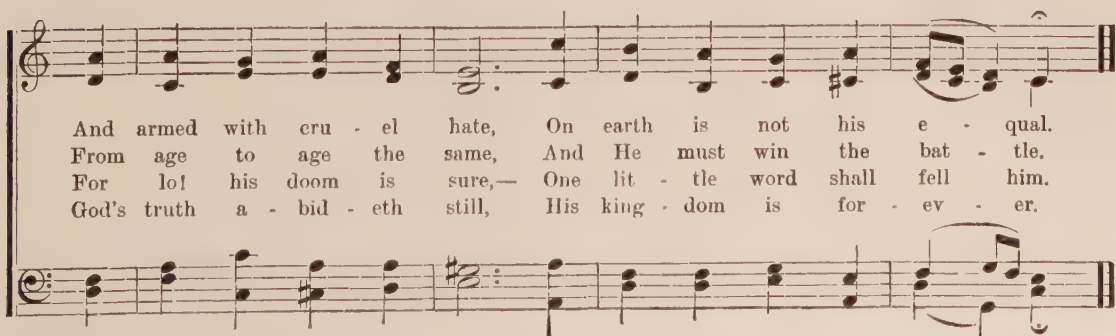
1. A might - y fort - ress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing - would be los - ing,
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers—No thanks to them— a - bid - eth;



Our Help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - val - ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab-aoth is His name,
 The prince of dark - ness grim,—We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill;



And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 For lo! his doom is sure,—One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

J. Reading.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
 2. Sing al-le-lu-ia, All ye choirs of an-gels; O sing, all ye blissful ones of
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing; Je-sus, to Thee be the

A-des-te, fi-de-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te in

Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Mon-arch of An-gels! O come, let us a-
 heav'n a-bove, Glo-ry to God In the high-est, glo-ry! O come, let us a-
 glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing, O come, let us a-

Beth-le-hem, Na-tum vi-de-te, Re-gem an-ge-lo-rum, Ve-ni-te, a-do-

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus Do-mi-num.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!... E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,... Dark - ness be
 3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise... Out of my
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,... Sun, moon, and

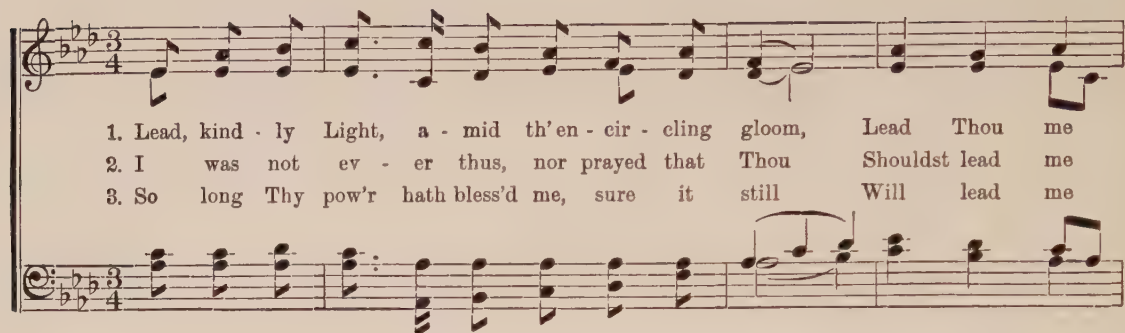
be a cross That rais - eth me,... Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My.. rest a stone... Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise,... So by my woes to be,
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,... Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

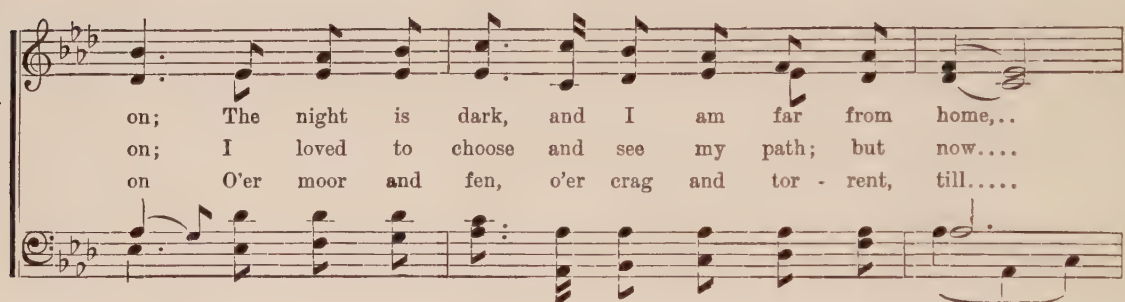
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

John Henry Newman.

J. B. Dykes



1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me



on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,..
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now....
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till....



Lead Thou me on.... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 Lead Thou me on.... I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
 The night is gone,.. And with the morn those an - gel - fac - es



see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me....
 fears..... Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not... past years..
 smile,.... Which I have loved long since, and lost... a - while...

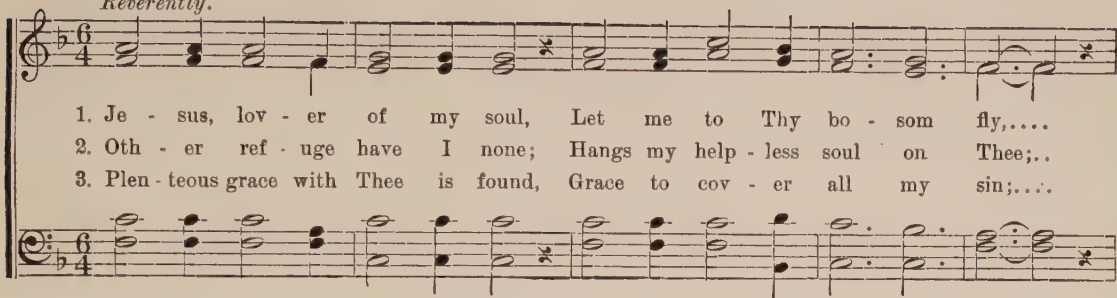
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

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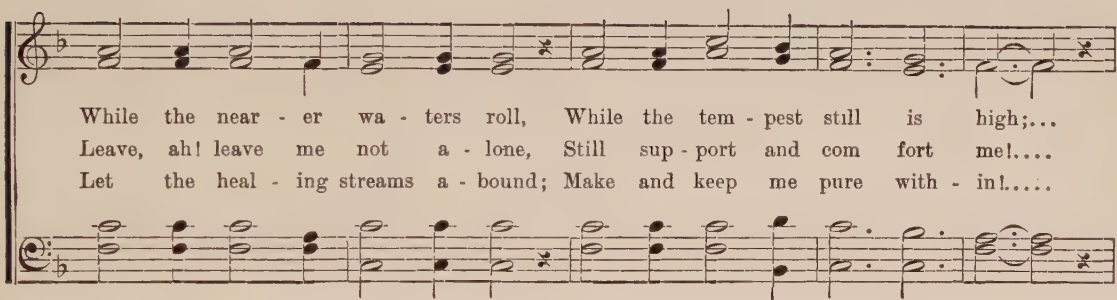
Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

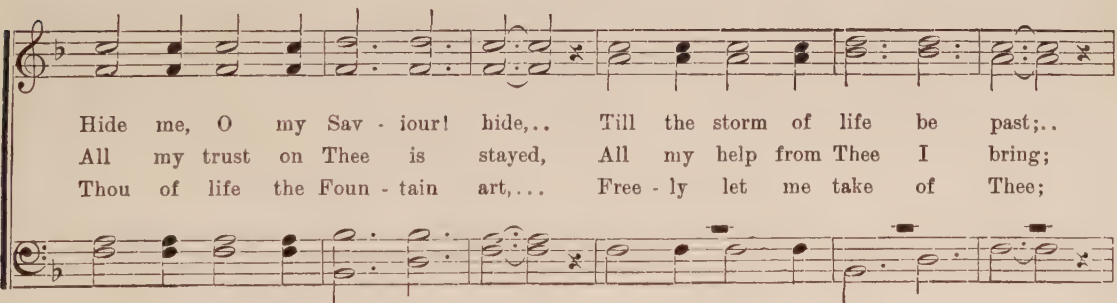
Reverently.



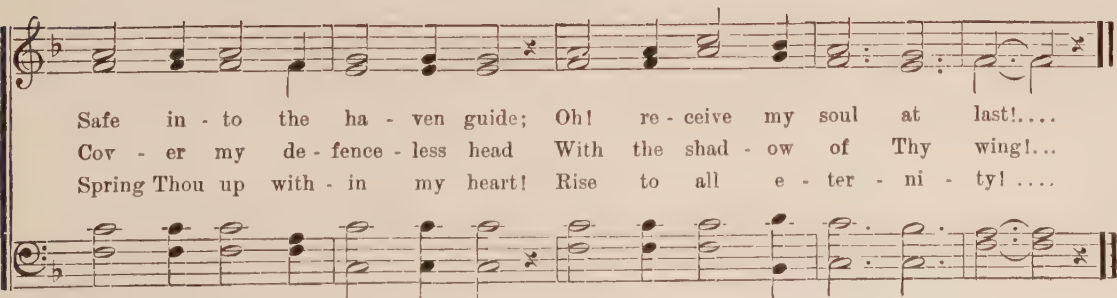
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,....
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;..
 3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;....



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;..
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com fort me!....
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!....



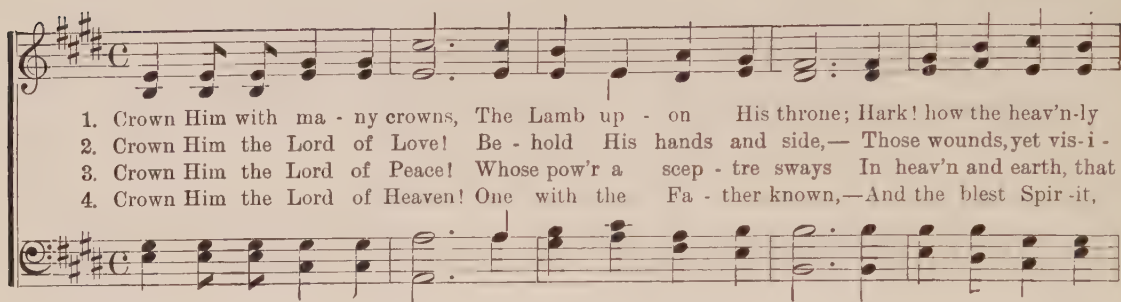
Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide,.. Till the storm of life be past;..
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art,.. Free - ly let me take of Thee;



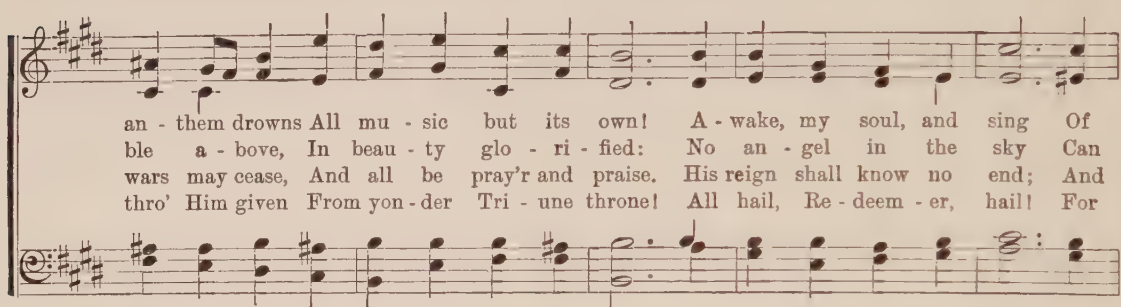
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!....
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!..
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!....

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

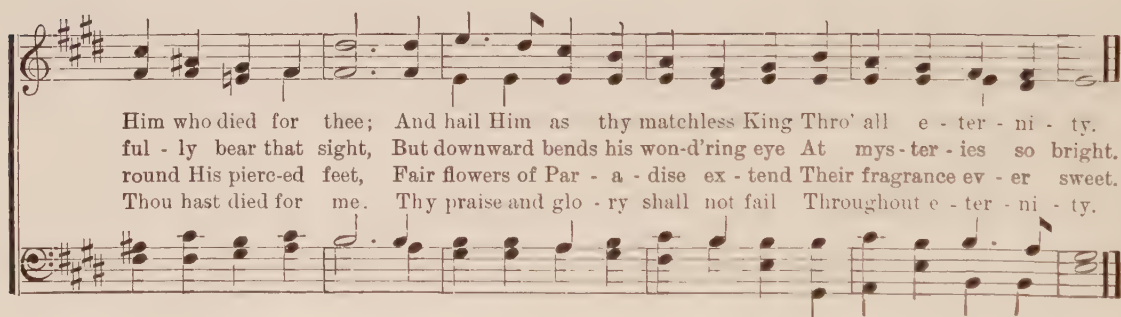
M. Bridges.



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heav'n-ly
 2. Crown Him the Lord of Love! Be - hold His hands and side,— Those wounds, yet vis-i -
 3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace! Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways In heav'n and earth, that
 4. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven! One with the Fa - ther known,—And the blest Spir - it,



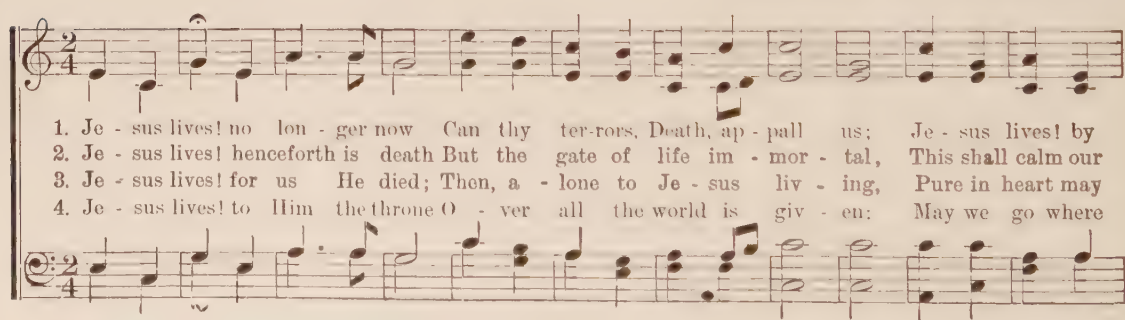
an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of
 ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can
 wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise. His reign shall know no end; And
 thro' Him given From yon - der Tri - une throne! All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For



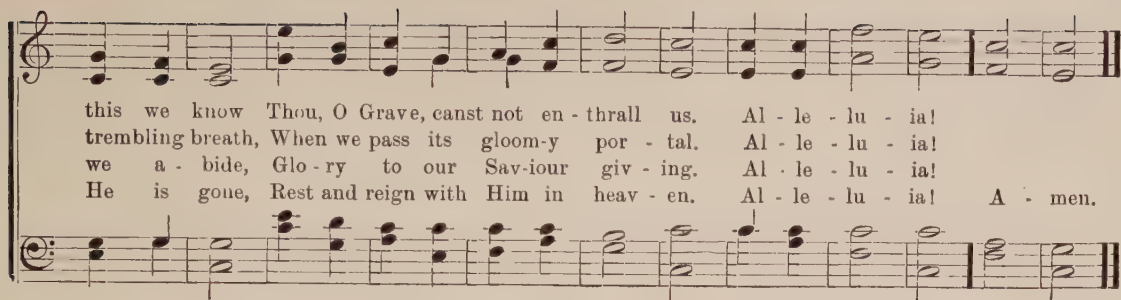
Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 round His pierc-ed feet, Fair flowers of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
 Thou hast died for me. Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

JESUS LIVES.

Gauntlet. "St. Albinus."



1. Je - sus lives! no lon - ger now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by
 2. Je - sus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life im - mor - tal, This shall calm our
 3. Je - sus lives! for us He died; Then, a - lone to Je - sus liv - ing, Pure in heart may
 4. Je - sus lives! to Him the throne O - ver all the world is giv - en: May we go where



this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!
 trembling breath, When we pass its gloom-y por - tal. Al - le - lu - ia!
 we a - bide, Glo - ry to our Sav-iour giv - ing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 He is gone, Rest and reign with Him in heav - en. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Thomas Moore, 1824.


Samuel Webbe.

Expression.



mf

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy - seat
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope, when all oth - ers die,
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see.. wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God,



p *mf*

fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your
 fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer - cy
 pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love, come ev - er



p

an - guish: Earth hath no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.
 say - ing, Earth hath no sor - row that Heav'n can - not cure.
 know - ing Earth hath no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Bernard of Cluny.

Alex. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

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Edwin H. Sears.

R. S. Willis.



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,..
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
 3. And ye be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low,..
 4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on By proph - et bards fore - told,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King,"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hover - ing wing,
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing!
 Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
 And all the world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing!



HOLY NIGHT.

Michael Haydn.

p *pp* *mf* *p*

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright.
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light

poco cres.

Round yon vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from Heav - en a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia,
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

pp *p*

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

Philip Doddridge.

H. G. Nägeli.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Con - e,
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell! That
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day: I'll

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care,
hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard His chil - dren well,
to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Chas. Wesley, 1793.

Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eous-ness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled." Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise,
hold Him come, Off - spring of the fa - vored One. Veil'd in flesh, the God-head see;
all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in
Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty: Pleased, as man, with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im -
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

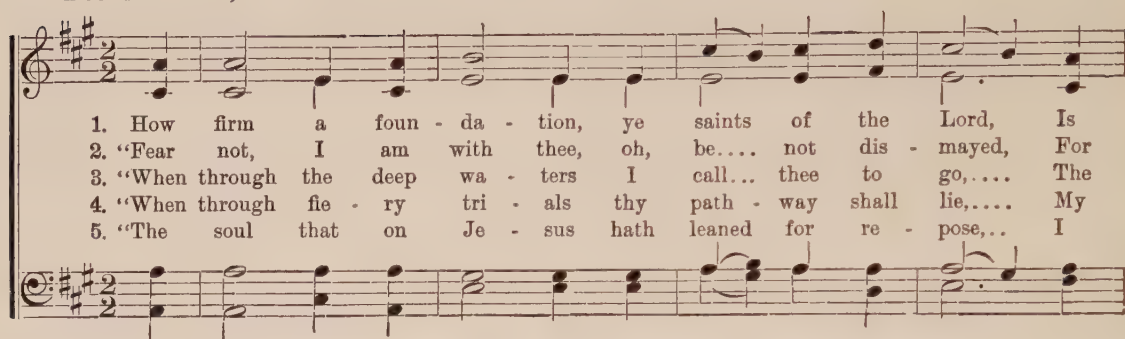
Beth - le - hem." } Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!"
man - u - ell!
sec - ond birth.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

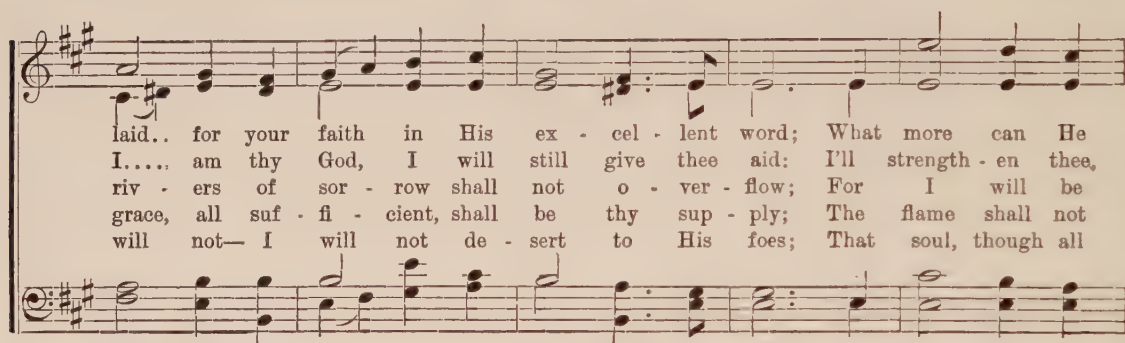
(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

Dr. Kirkham, 1767.

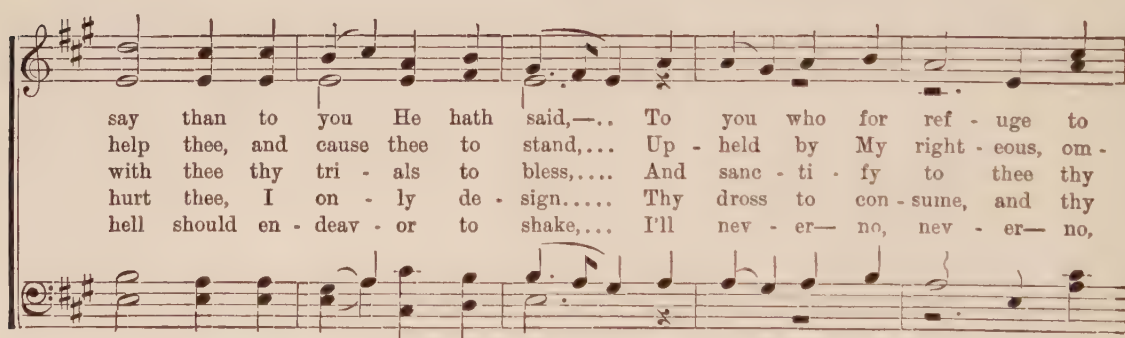
J. Reading.



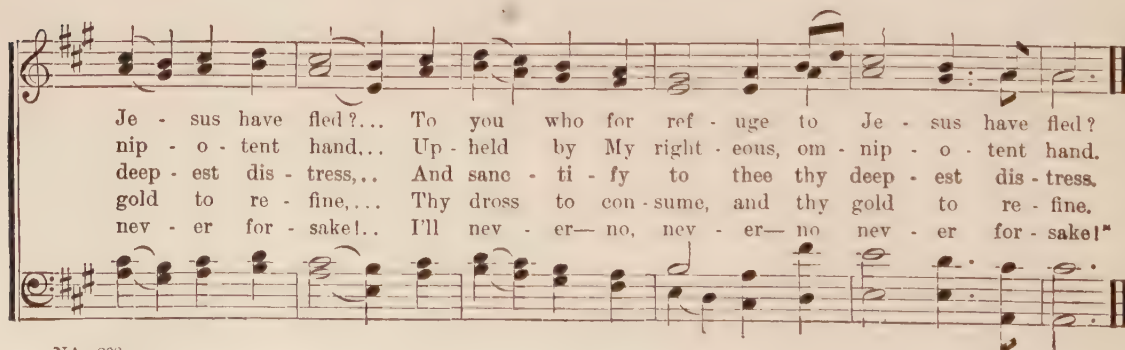
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be... not dis - mayed, For
 3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call... thee to go,... The
 4. "When through fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie,... My
 5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,.. I



laid.. for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He
 I.... am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee,
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
 grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not
 will not— I will not de - sert to His foes; That soul, though all



say than to you He hath said,—.. To you who for ref - uge to
 help thee, and cause thee to stand,... Up - held by My right - eous, om -
 with thee thy tri - als to bless,... And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
 hurt thee, I on - ly de - sign.... Thy dross to con - sume, and thy
 hell should en - deav - or to shake,... I'll nev - er— no, nev - er— no,




Je - sus have fled?... To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 nip - o - tent hand... Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 deep - est dis - tress,.. And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress,
 gold to re - fine,... Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine,
 nev - er for - sakel.. I'll nev - er— no, nev - er— no nev - er for - sakel!"

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Reginald Heber.

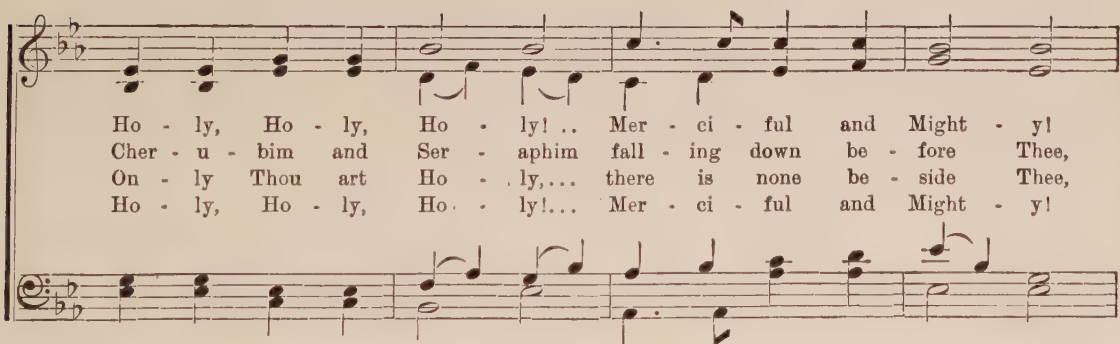
John B. Dykes.



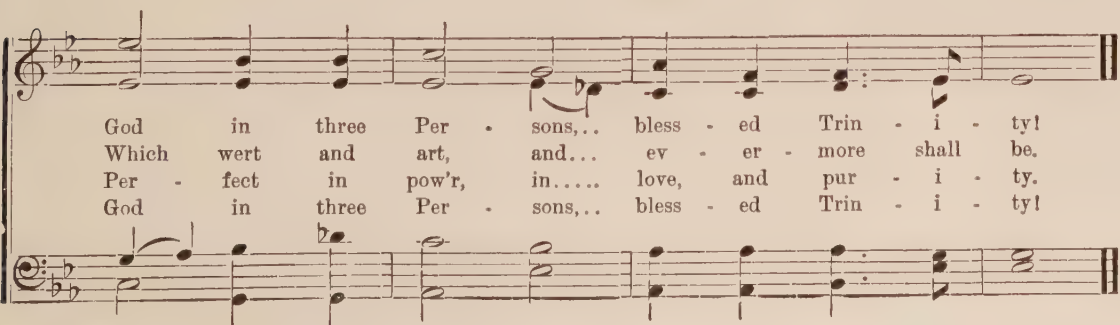
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!... Lord... God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!... all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!... tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!... Lord... God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!... Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,... there is none be - side Thee,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!... Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!

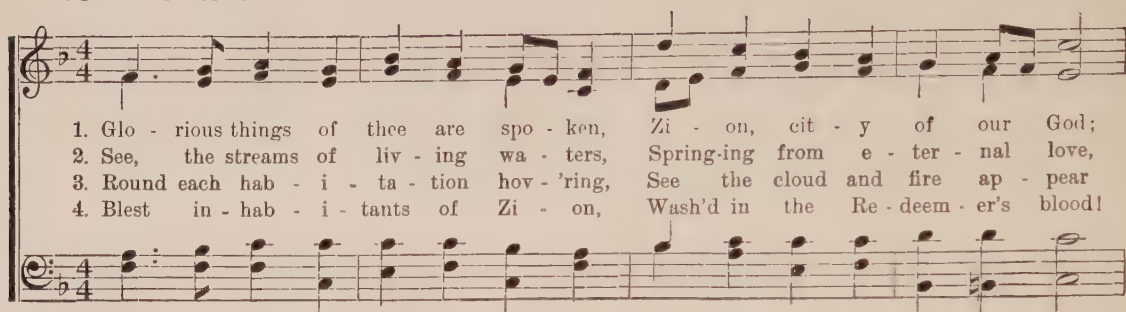


God in three Per - sons... bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art, and... ev - er - more shall be,
 Per - feet in pow'r, in... love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in three Per - sons... bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

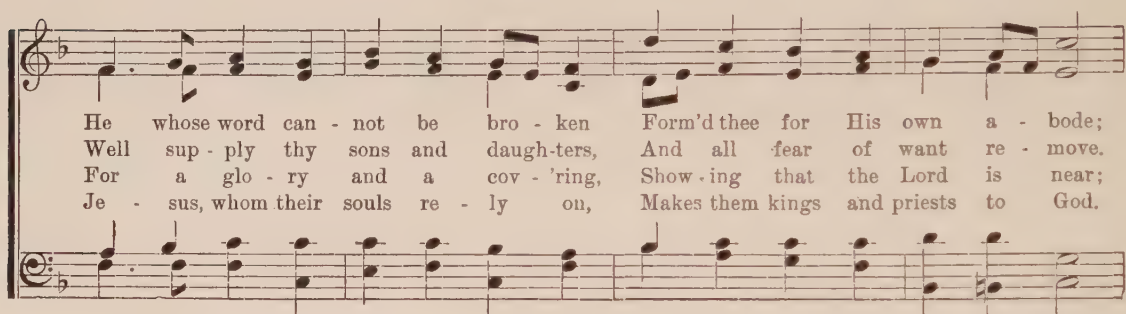
GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

John Newton.

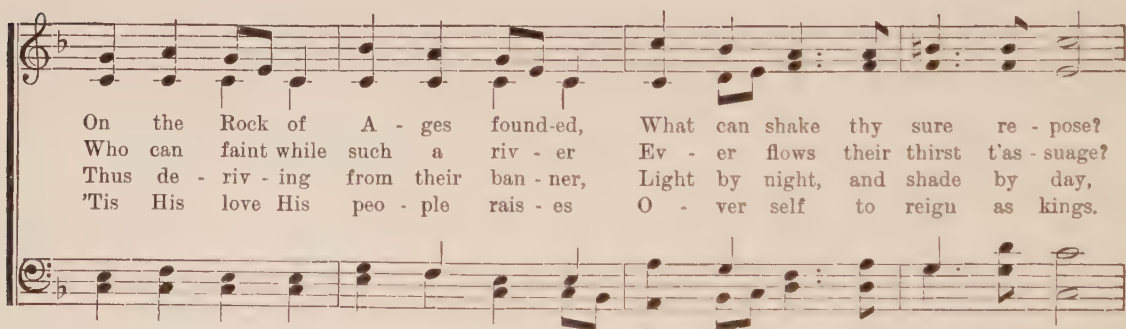
Joseph Haydn.



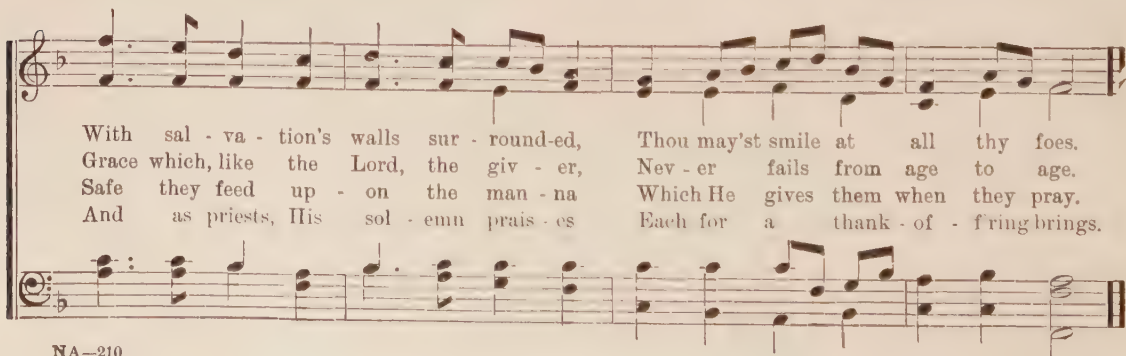
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood!



He whose word can - not be bro - ken Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near;
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day,
 'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings.



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.
 And as priests, His sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring brings.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

J. B. Dykes.

Andante.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning powers;
 2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise:
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise, Fa - ther! all -
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour. Thou who al -
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days,
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

AVE MARIA.

Bach-Gounod.

Moderato.

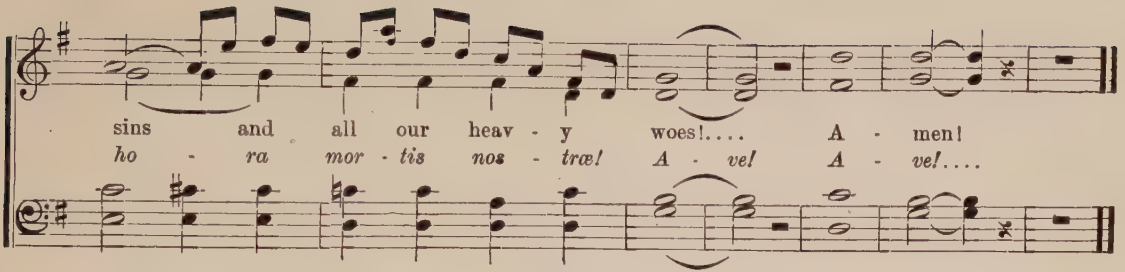
A - ve, Ma - ri - a, ... Thou.. hap - py moth - er, God is...
 A - ve, Ma ri - a, ... gra - ti - a ple - na, Do - mi - nus

with thee, Bless - ed, bless - ed art thou a - bove..... all moth - ers,
 te - cum! Be - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus!

Since..... in Beth - le - hem came to thee..... the an - gel of the Lord.
 et be ne - dic - tus fruc - tus ven - - tris tu - i, Je - sus....

Hon - ored and bless - ed, hon - ored and bless - ed Ma - ri - a, moth - er of
 Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Ma - ri - a, O - ra pro

Je - sus, In - fant.. Re deem - er, Born..... to save us from our
 no - bis, no - bis pec ca - to - ri bus, nunc et in ho - ra, in

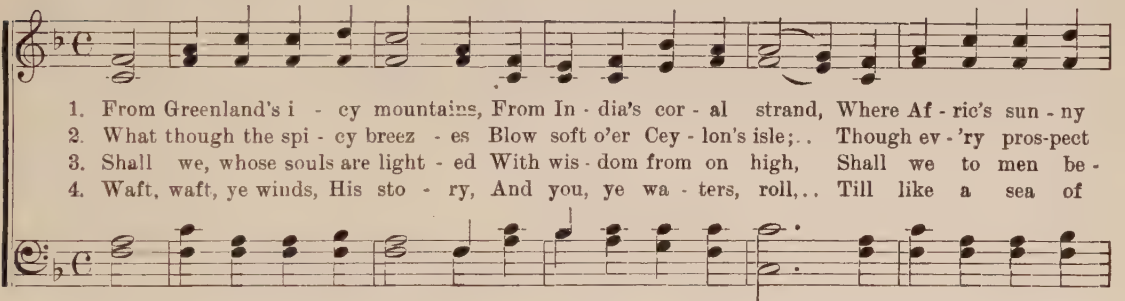


sins and all our heav - y woes!... A - men!
ho - ra mor - tis nos - træ! A - ve! A - ve!...

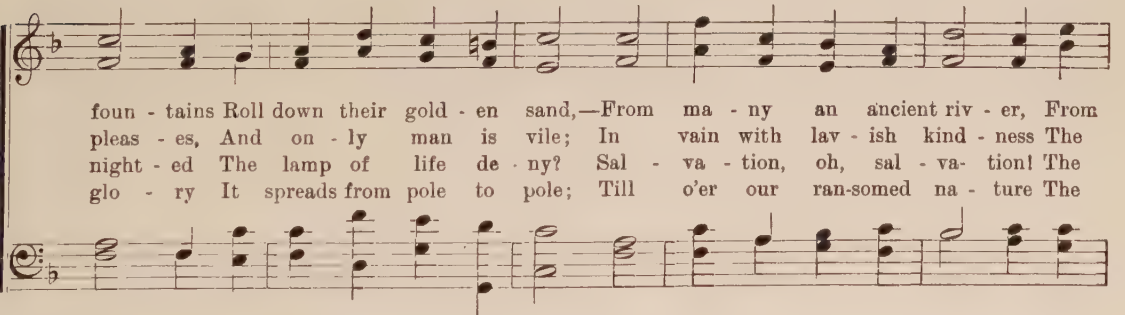
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Reginald Heber, 1823.

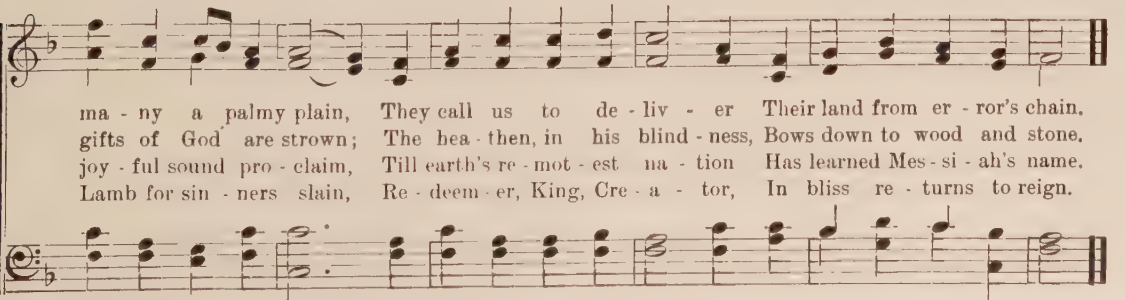
Lowell Mason.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;.. Though ev - 'ry pros - pect
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to men be -
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,.. Till like a sea of



foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,—From ma - ny an ancient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, oh, sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The



ma - ny a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain,
gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone,
joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name,
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

Charles Gounod.

p

There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

The first system of the musical score for 'There is a green hill far away.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,'.

cresc. *dim.*

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all;

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are: 'Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all;'. There are fermatas over the final notes of the melody.

cresc.

We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The dynamic is *cresc.* (crescendo). The lyrics are: 'We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,'.

cresc. *p*

But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there. He

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: 'But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there. He'.

cresc. *dim.*

died that we might be for - giv'n! He died to make us good!

The fifth and final system of the musical score. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are: 'died that we might be for - giv'n! He died to make us good!'.

cresc. *dim.*

That we might go at last to Heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.

f

There was none oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin; He

cresc.

on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in! Oh,

molto espressivo.

dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too! And

p *cresc.* *molto.*

trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.—Concluded.

try His works to do, And try His works to do. We must love Him too, We must love Him too, And try His works to do....

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Phœbe Cary.

Weber.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er
 2. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down, Near - er to
 3. Fa - ther, per - fect my trust; Strengthen the hand of faith To feel Thee,

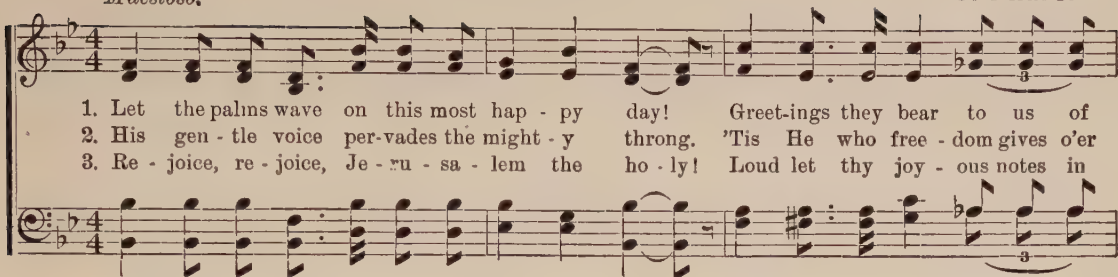
home to - day Than I have been be - fore; Near - er my Fa - ther's house,
 leave the cross, And near - er to the crown. But there lies dark be - tween
 when I stand Up - on the shore of death. Be near me when my feet

Where ma - ny man-sions be, Near - er the great white throne, Nearer the crys - tal sea.
 And wind - ing through the night The deep and un-known stream That leads at last to light.
 Are wait - ing on the brink! I may be near - er home, Nearer than now I think!

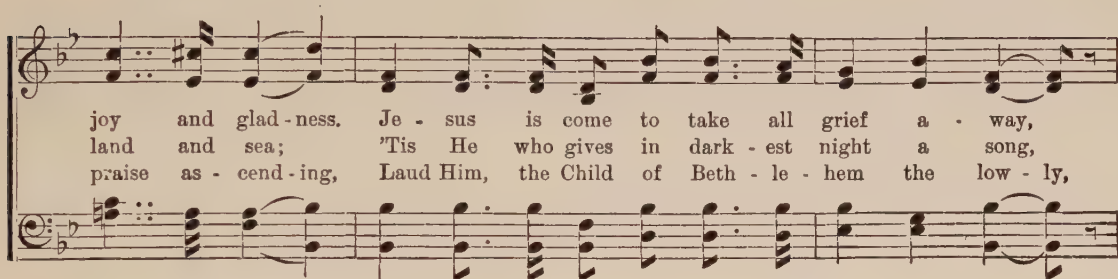
PALM BRANCHES.

(LES RAMEAUX.)

J. Faure.

Maestoso.


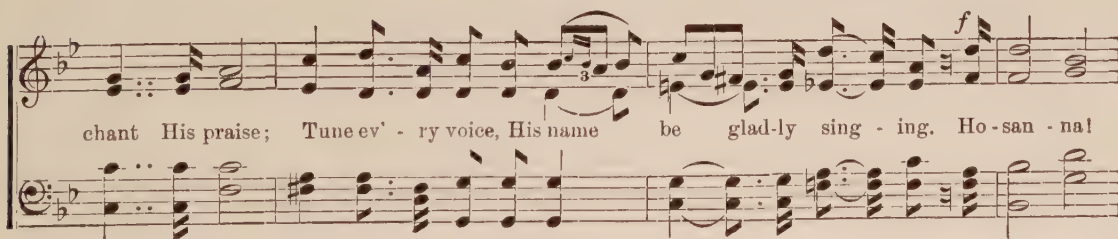
1. Let the palms wave on this most hap - py day! Greet-ings they bear to us of
2. His gen - tle voice per-vades the might - y throng. 'Tis He who free - dom gives o'er
3. Re - joice, re - joice, Je - ru - sa - lem the ho - ly! Loud let thy joy - ous notes in



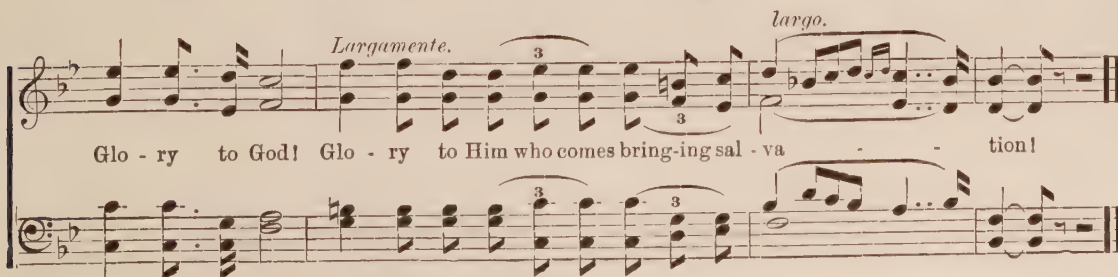
joy and glad-ness. Je - sus is come to take all grief a - way,
land and sea; 'Tis He who gives in dark - est night a song,
praise as - cend - ing, Laud Him, the Child of Beth - le - hem the low - ly,



rall. *a tempo.*
He comes to ban - ish gloom and sad - ness Peo - ple and tongues shall
Gives light, O Lord, that we may come to Thee. Peo - ple and tongues shall
All hearts a - flame, in song all voic - es blending! Peo - ple and tongues shall



chant His praise; Tune ev' - ry voice, His name be glad-ly sing - ing. Ho-san - na!



Largamente. *largo.*
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to Him who comes bring-ing sal - va - tion!

THE LOST CHORD.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Arthur Sullivan.

Andante moderato.

p

1. Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at
 2. flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an an - gel's

ease, And my fin - gers wan - dered i - dly O - ver the nois - y
 psalm, And it lay on my fe - vered spir - it, With a touch of in - fin - ite

cres.

keys; I know not what I was play - ing, Or what I was dream - ing
 calm It qui - et - ed pain and sor - row Like love o'er - com - ing

cres.

then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic Like the sound of a great A -
 strife; It seemed the har - mo - nious ech - o From our dis - cord - ant

1st ending. f *poco rall. dim.* *p* *2d. end.*

men, Like the sound of a great A - men.... It life; It

THE LOST CHORD.—Continued.

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Tranquilly. p

linked all per - plex - ed mean - ings, In - to one per - fect peace, And

More animated. cres.

trem - bled a - way in - to si - lence As if it were loth to cease,

agitato.

I have sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine,

Which came from the soul of the or - gan, And en - tered in - to mine;

grandioso. ff

It may be that death's bright an - gel, Will speak in that chord a -

THE LOST CHORD.—Concluded.

ff

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -

men; It may be that Death's bright an - gel, Will speak in that chord a - gain,

ff ritard.

It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall hear that grand A - men.....

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

John Fawcett.

(Dennis.)

H. G. Nageli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

1 A charge to keep I have;
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Henry Francis Lyte.

William Henry Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

Edward Perronet.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall! Bring
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball; Now
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall, Go,

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of... all; Bring
 hail the Strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of... all; Now
 Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of... all; Hail
 spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of... all; Go,

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 hail the Strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 spread your ro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

Isaac Watts.

William Croft.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....
 2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,.....
 3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,.....
 4. Thro' the long night - watch - es May Thine an - gels spread,.....

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.

eve - ning steal a - cross the sky.

HARK, HARK, MY SOUL.

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J. B. Dykes.

f *Maestoso.*

1. Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for

o - cean's wave beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet ly ring - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no.... more. An - gels of Je - sus,
 The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us.... home. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night;

Sing ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

G. F. Handel.

Allegro maestoso.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord

God Om-nip - o - tent reign - eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

For the Lord God Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! The king - dom of this world is be - come the

king - dom of our Lord, and of His Christ, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for - ev - er and

and Lord of
ev - er, King of kings..... Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
for - ev - er and ev - er,

lords.....
for - ev - er and ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! King of kings, and Lord of

lords! and He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er, and he shall reign for -
and he shall

ev - er and ev - er, King of kings..... and Lord of
reign for - ev - er and ev - er, kings, for - ev - er and ev - er,

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.—Concluded.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and He shall reign for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - lords!.....

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

and

er, King of kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords! and He shall

He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er, King of kings, and Lord of

reign for - ev - er and ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and

lords!

Adagio, ff

ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Fred. E. Weatherly.

Stephen Adams.

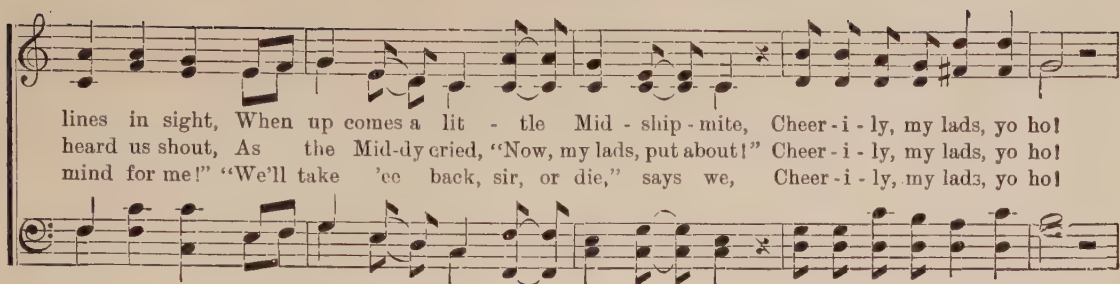
Con spirito.

p

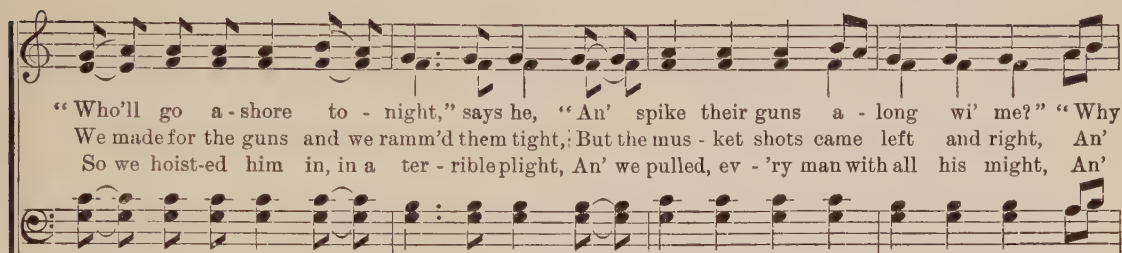
1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo-shan

2. We launch'd the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'

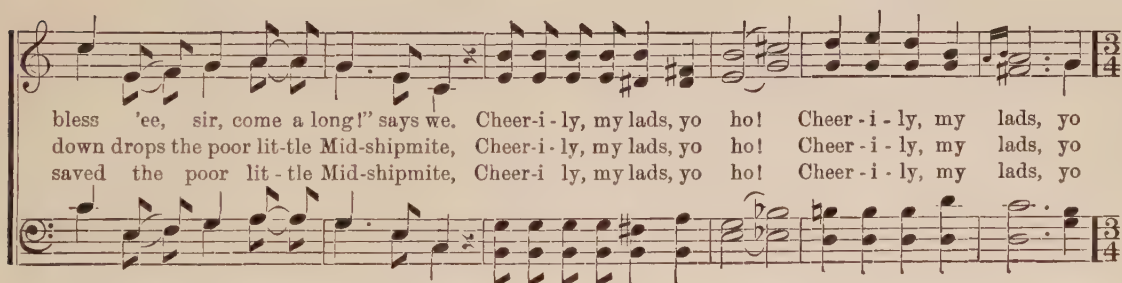
3. "I'm done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never



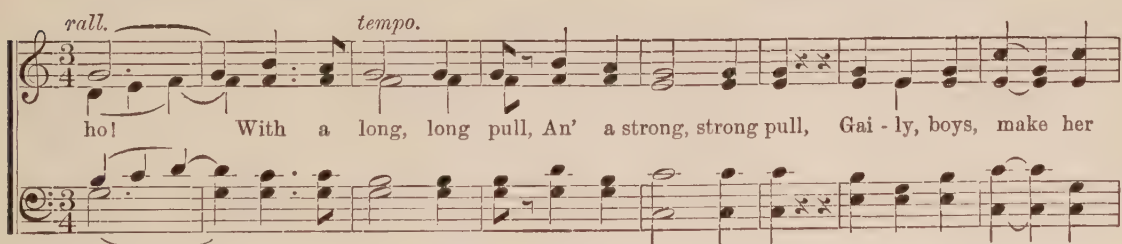
lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho!
 heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put about!" Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho!
 mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho!



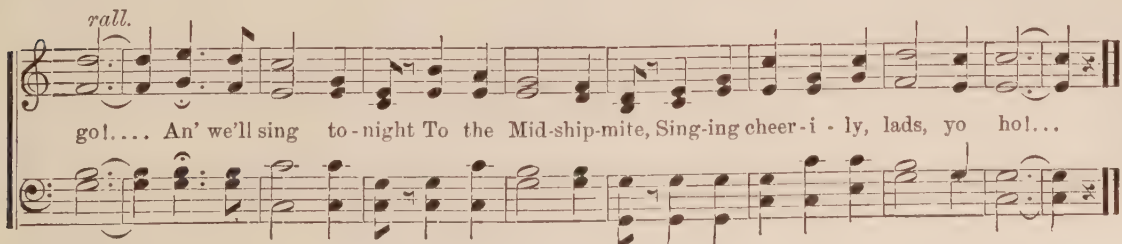
"Who'll go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why
 We made for the guns and we ramm'd them tight,; But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An'
 So we hoist - ed him in, in a ter - rible plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'



bless 'ee, sir, come a long!" says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
 down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - shipmite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
 saved the poor lit - tle Mid - shipmite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo



rall. *tempo.*
 ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her




rall.
 go!... An' we'll sing to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!...


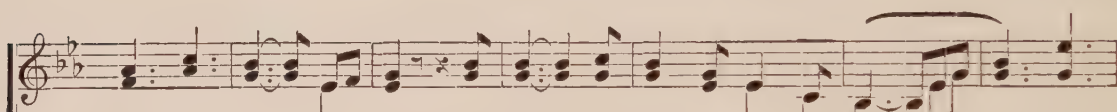
NANCY LEE.

Fred. E. Weatherly.



Stephen Adam.

Spirited.



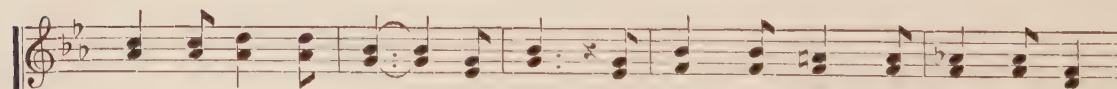
1. Of all... the wives as e'er you know, Yeo - ho!.. lads,
 2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, Yeo - ho!.. lads,
 3. The boa's - 'n pipes the watch be - low, Yeo - ho!.. lads,


ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow, Yeo -
 ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know, Yeo -
 ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! Then here's a health be - fore we go, Yeo -

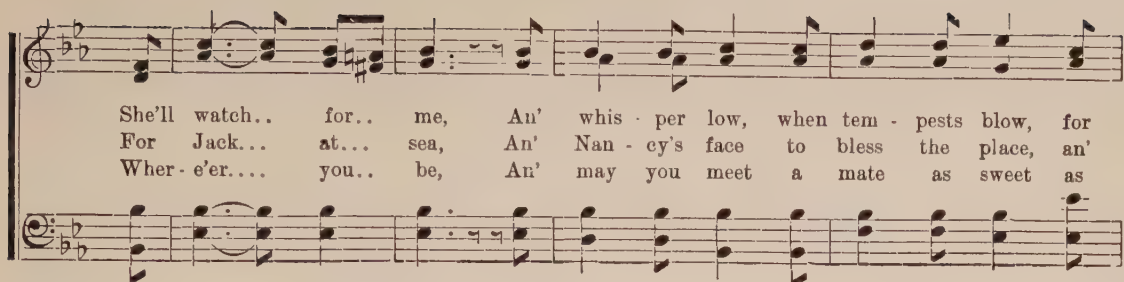



ho!... lads, ho!... yeo - ho! See there she stands and
 ho!... lads, ho!... yeo - ho! But true and bright, from
 ho!... lads, ho!... yeo - ho! A long, long life to

waves her hands, up - on... the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a way,
 morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet,
 my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones



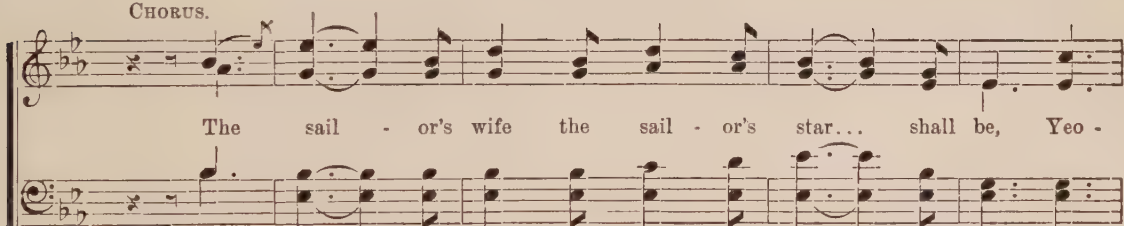


She'll watch.. for.. me, An' whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for
 For Jack... at... sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an'
 Wher - e'er... you.. be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as



Jack... at sea, Yeo - ho!... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!
 wel - come me, Yeo - ho!... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!
 Nan - cy Lee, Yeo - ho!... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!

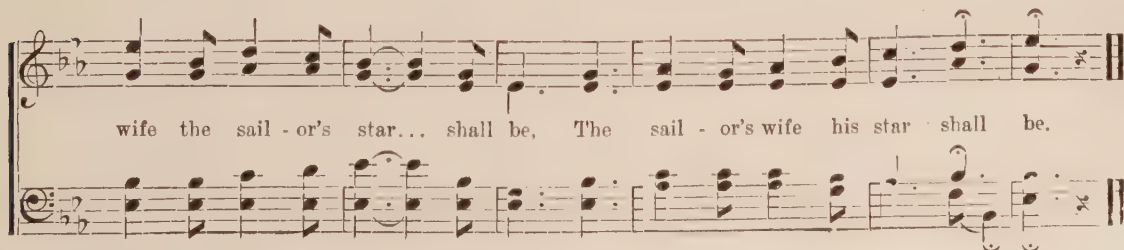
CHORUS.



The sail - or's wife the sail - or's star... shall be, Yeo -



ho!... we.. go a - cross... the sea,... The sail - or's



wife the sail - or's star... shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be.

THREE FISHERS.

Charles Kingsley.

John Hullah.

Andantino.

1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out....
 2. Three wives.... sat up in the light - - house tow'r, And they
 3. Three corp - ses lay out on the shin - - - ing sands, In the

in - to the west as the sun went down; Each tho't on the wom - an who
 trimmed the lamps as the sun went down; They looked at the squall and they
 morn - ing gleam, as the tide went down; And the wom - en are weep - ing and

un poco rall. 8:

loved him the best, And the chil - dren stood watch - ing them out of the town; For
 looked at the show'r, And the night - rack came roll - ing up, rag - ged and brown; But
 wring - ing their hands, For... those who will nev - er come back to the town; For

a tempo.

men must work, and wom - en must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, and
 men must work, and wom - en must weep, Tho'... storms be sud - den and
 men must work, and wom - en must weep, And the soon - er it's o - ver, the

cres. *f* *dim. D.S. to last verse.*

ma - ny to keep, Tho' the har - - bor bar.... be moan - - ing.
 wa - - ters deep, And the har - - bor bar.... be moan - - ing.
 soon - er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and its moan - - ing.

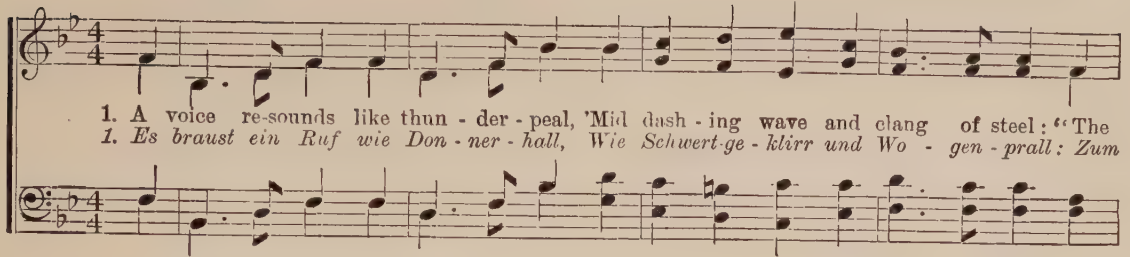
cres.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.


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Words by Max Schneckenburger.

Music by Carl Wilhelm.



1. A voice re-sounds like thun - der - peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel: "The
1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert - ge - klirr und Wo - gen - prall: Zum



Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! Who guards to - day my stream di - vine?"
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutsch-en Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein?

CHORUS.



Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und



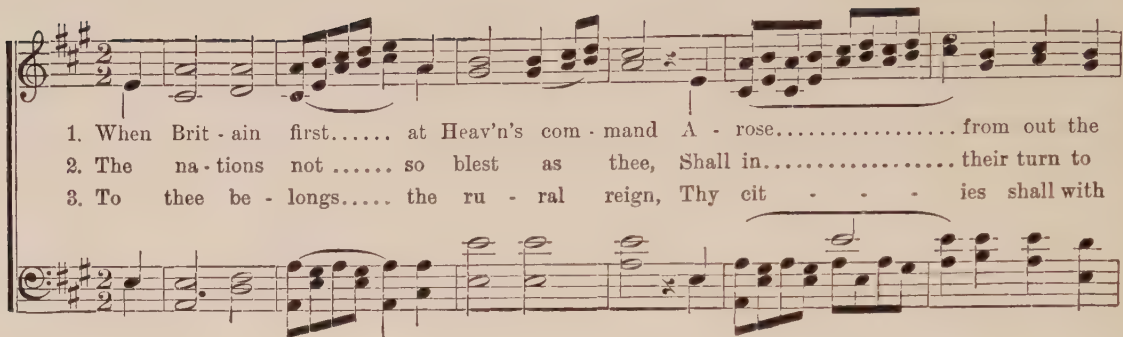
sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

- 2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.
- 3 To heav'n his eager glances fly,
Whence heroes gaze approvingly,
And swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine
Shall German be while life is mine!
- 4 While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!
- 5 Our oath resounds, the river flows,
A golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

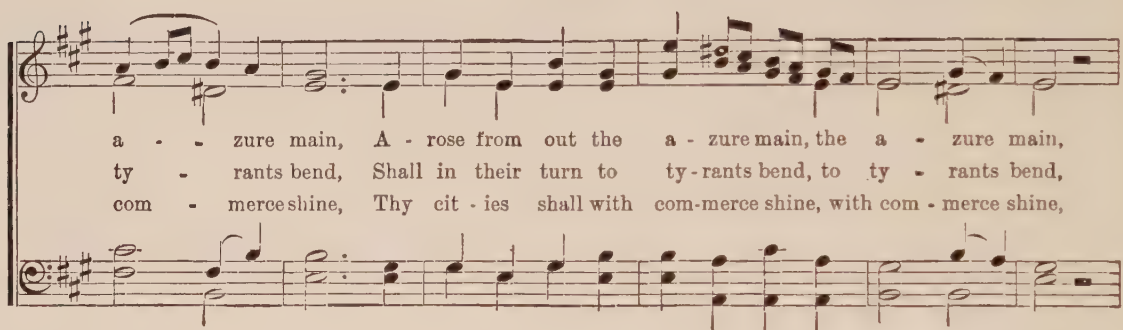
- 2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.
- 3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!
- 4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betrübt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.
- 5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

RULE, BRITANNIA.

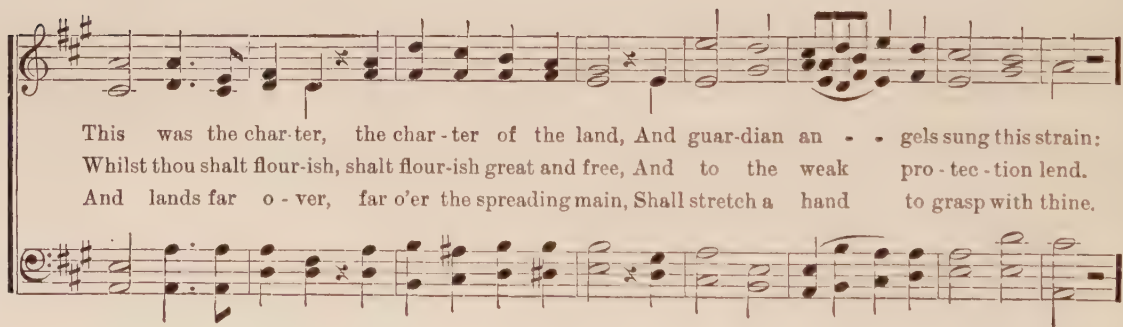
Thomas Arne.



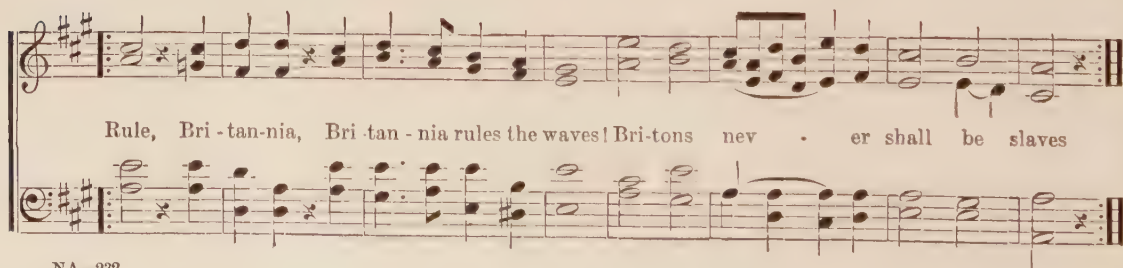
1. When Brit - ain first..... at Heav'n's com - mand A - rose..... from out the
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Shall in..... their turn to
 3. To thee be - longs..... the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - - - ies shall with



a - - zure main, A - rose from out the a - zure main, the a - zure main,
 ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn to ty - rants bend, to ty - rants bend,
 com - merceshine, Thy cit - ies shall with com - merce shine, with com - merce shine,



This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And guar - dian an - - gels sung this strain:
 Whilst thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.
 And lands far o - ver, far o'er the spreading main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine,



Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri - tan - nia rules the waves! Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

233

Words by Fielding.

Leveridge.

Allegro.

ff

1. When might-y Roast Beef was the Eng-lish-man's food, It en-
2. But since we have learn'd from ef-feu-i-nate France To...
3. Our fa-thers of old were ro-bust, stout, and strong, And

f

no-bled our hearts and en-rich-ed our blood; Our sol-diers were brave, and our cour-tiers were good.
eat their ra-gouts as well as to dance, We're fed up with noth-ing but vain com-plai-sance.
kept o-pen house with good cheer all day long, Which made their plump tenants re-joice in this song.

Oh! the Roast Beef of old Eng-land, And oh! for old Eng-land's Roast Beef!.....

sf

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

(NATIONAL SONG OF CANADA.)

Words and music by Alexander Muir.

mf Moderato spiritoso.

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless he-ro, came, And planted firm Bri -
2. At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers, side by side, For free dom, homes, and

tan-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair do-main! Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And
lov'd ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd, We

join'd in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine
swear to yield them nev-er! Our watch-word ev-er-more shall be

f CHORUS.

The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for -
The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for -

ff ev-er! *poco rit.* God save our Queen, and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Michael W. Balfe

Lively.

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
brav - 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slav - 'ry."

KILLARNEY.

Michael W. Balfe.

Con moto.

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em-'rald isles and...wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and
 2. In-nis-fal-len's... ru-in'd shrine May sug-gest a.... pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
 3. No place else can...charm the eye With such bright and... va-ried tints; Ev-'ry rock that
 4. Mu-sic there for... Ech-o dwells, Makes each sound a.... har-mo-ny; Ma-ny-voiced the



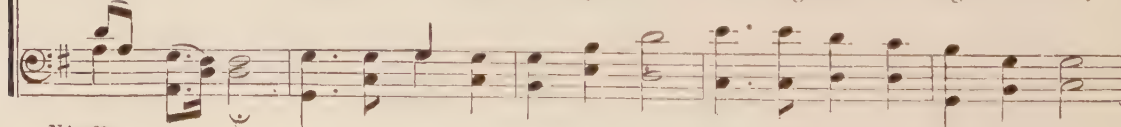
wood-land dells, Mem-'ry ev-er fond-ly strays; Boun-teous na-ture loves all lands;
 ne'er de cline Such God's won-der's float-ing by; Cas-tle Lough and Gle-na bay,
 you pass by, Ver-dure broi-ders or be-springs; Vir-gin there the green grass grows,
 cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-cy; With the charm-ful tints be-low,



Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Footprints leaves on ma-ny strands, But her home is.....
 Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gles Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray,.. Though the monks are....
 Ev-'ry morn springs na-tal day; Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Smil-ing win-ter's...
 Seems the heav'n a-bove to vie; All rich col-ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths



sure-ly...there! An-gels fold their wings and rest In that E-den of.. the west,
 now at...rest. An-gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,
 frown a-way. An-gels oft-en paus-ing there, Doubt if E-den were more fair,
 in.. that sky. Wings of an-gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di-vine,



Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

The musical score for 'Killarney' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure. The lyrics are: 'Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.'

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Thomas Moore.

Molly Astore.

With feeling. *mf*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a - lone that

The musical score for 'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls' is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked 'With feeling.' and 'mf'. The lyrics are: '1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a - lone that'

Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The

The musical score for 'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls' is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The'

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

The musical score for 'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls' is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked 'p'. The lyrics are: 'glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.'

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Written by M. J. Barry.

With spirit and feeling.

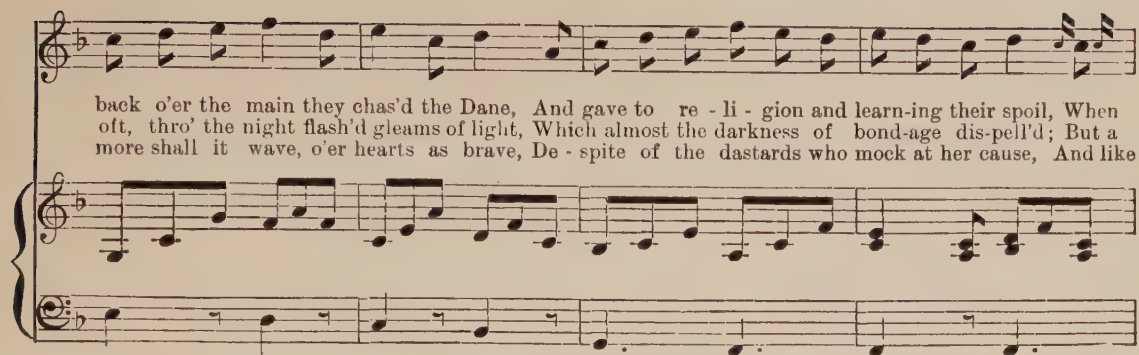
With spirit and feeling.

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note rhythm and a melodic line that moves in a generally ascending fashion.

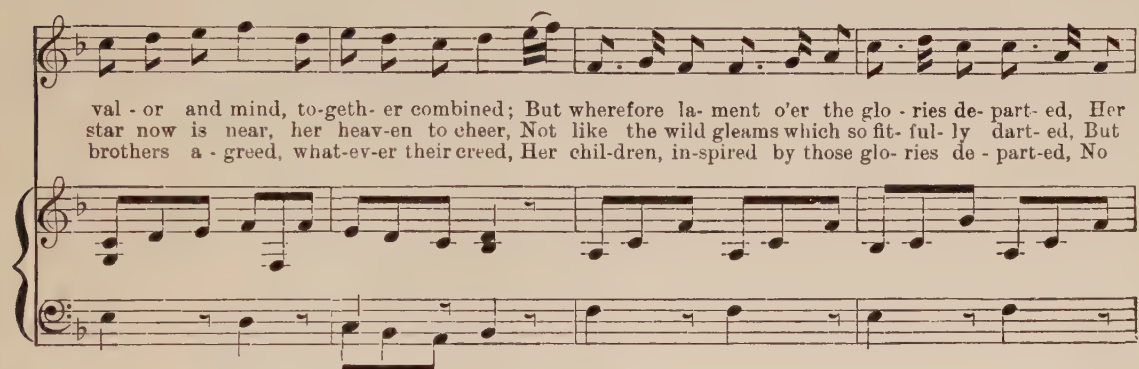
1. Oh, blest be the days when the
 2. Her sceptre, alas! pass'd a -
 3. Oh, blest be the hour, when be -

Green Ban-ner float-ed Sub-lime o'er the moun-tains of free In-nis-fall. When her way to the stran-ger, And trea-son sur-ren-dered what val-or had held; But true girl by her can-non, And hailed as it rose by a Na-tion's ap-plause, That flag

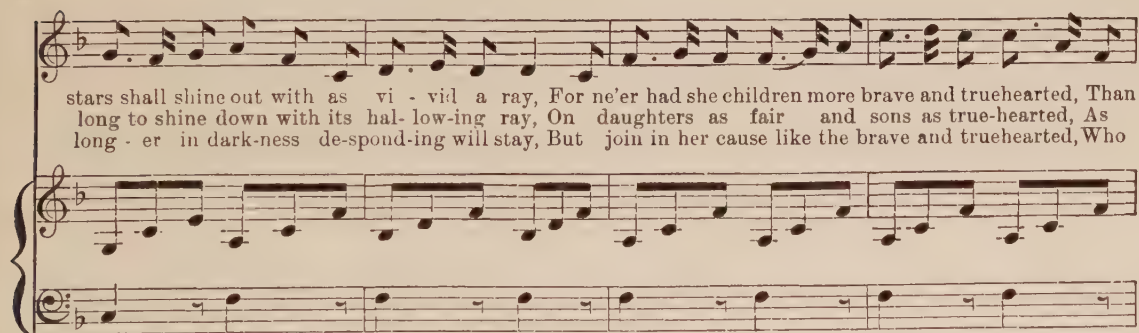
sons, to her glo - ry and free-dom de - vo - ted, De - fied the in - va - der To tread her soil. When
hearts re-main'd a - mid dark-ness and dan-ger, Which, spite of her ty-rants, would not be quell'd. Oft,
waved a - loft o'er the spire of Dun-gan-non, As - sert - ing for I - rish-men, *I - rish Laws*. Once



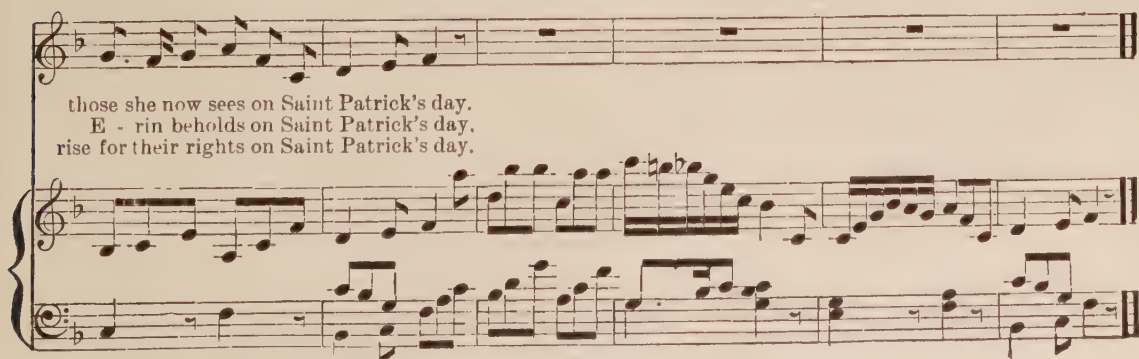
back o'er the main they chas'd the Dane, And gave to re - li - gion and learn-ing their spoil, When
oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light, Which almost the darkness of bond-age dis-pell'd; But a
more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave, De - spite of the dastards who mock at her cause, And like



val - or and mind, to-geth-er combined; But wherefore la - ment o'er the glo - ries de - part - ed, Her
star now is near, her heav-en to cheer, Not like the wild gleams which so fit - ful - ly dart - ed, But
brothers a - greed, what-ev-er their creed, Her chil-dren, in-spired by those glo - ries de - part-ed, No



stars shall shine out with as vi - vid a ray, For ne'er had she children more brave and truehearted, Than
long to shine down with its hal - low-ing ray, On daughters as fair and sons as true-hearted, As
long - er in dark-ness de-spond-ing will stay, But join in her cause like the brave and truehearted, Who

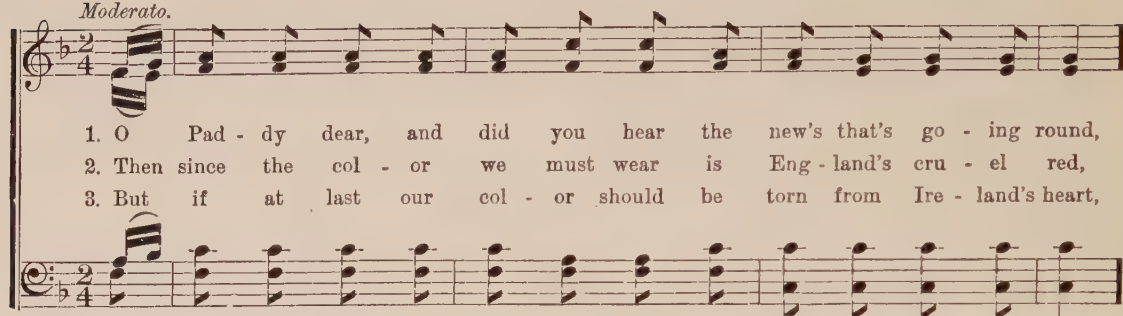


those she now sees on Saint Patrick's day.
E - rin beholds on Saint Patrick's day,
rise for their rights on Saint Patrick's day.

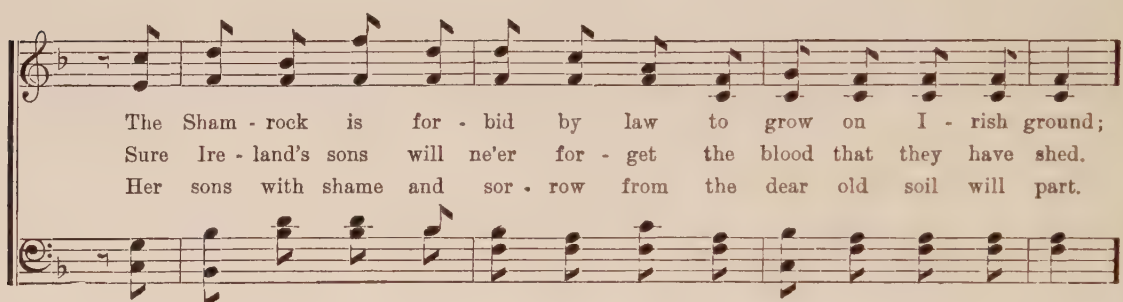
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Words by Dion Boucicault.

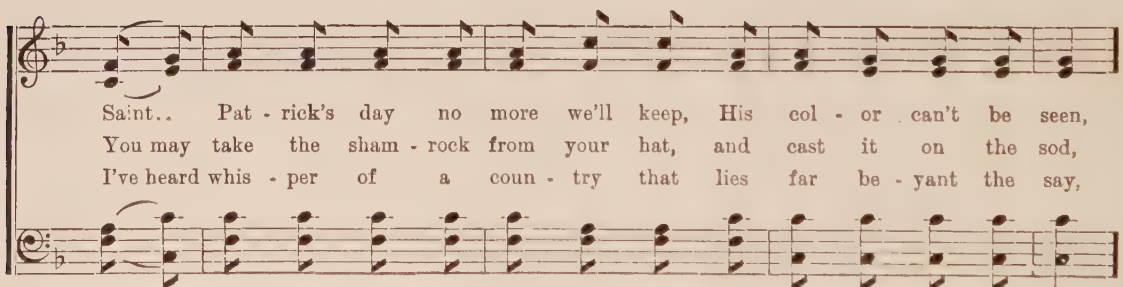
Moderato.



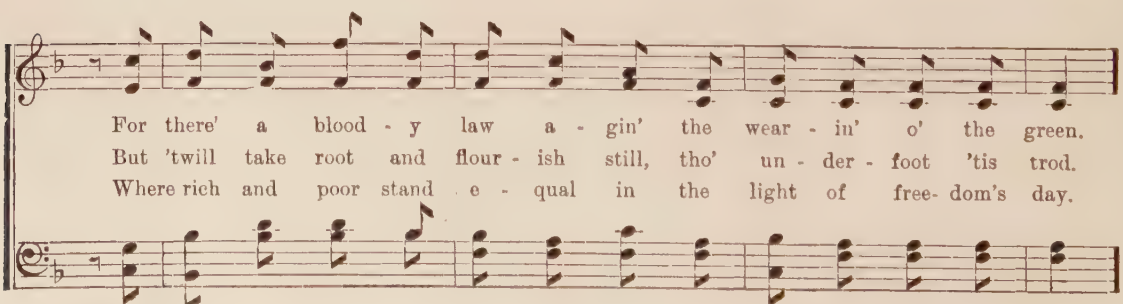
1. O Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the new's that's go - ing round,
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red,
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,



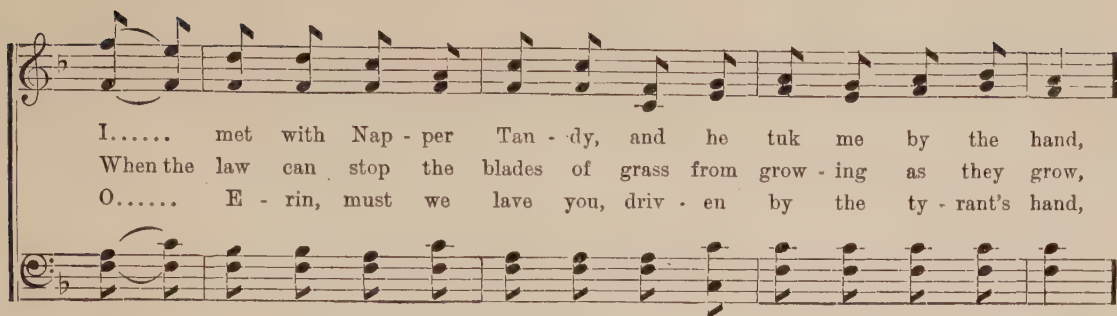
The Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground;
 Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
 Her sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part.



Saint.. Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen,
 You may take the sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
 I've heard whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say,



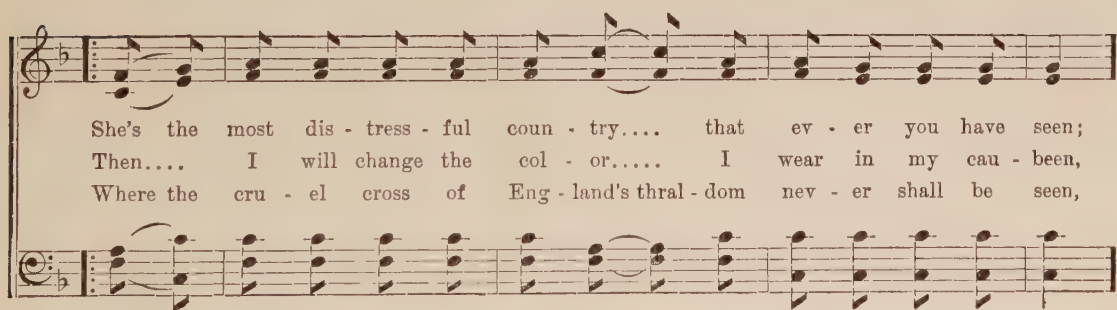
For there' a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
 But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod.
 Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day.



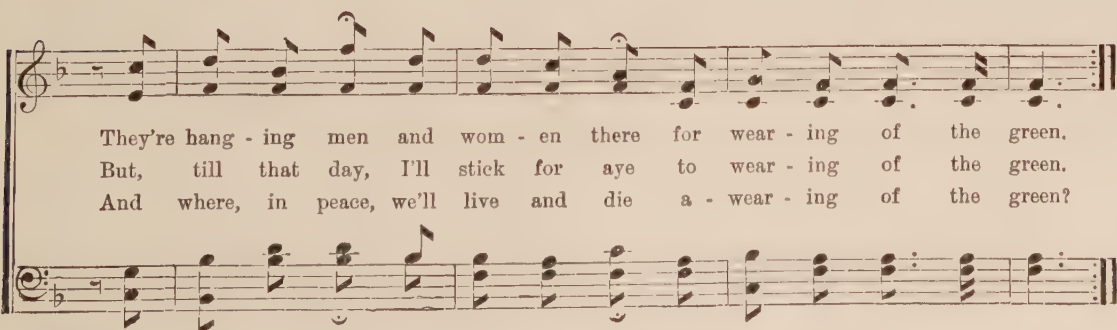
I..... met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the hand,
 When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
 O..... E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,



And he said, 'How's poor ould Ire - - land, and how.... does she stand?"
 And.... when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
 Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - py land;

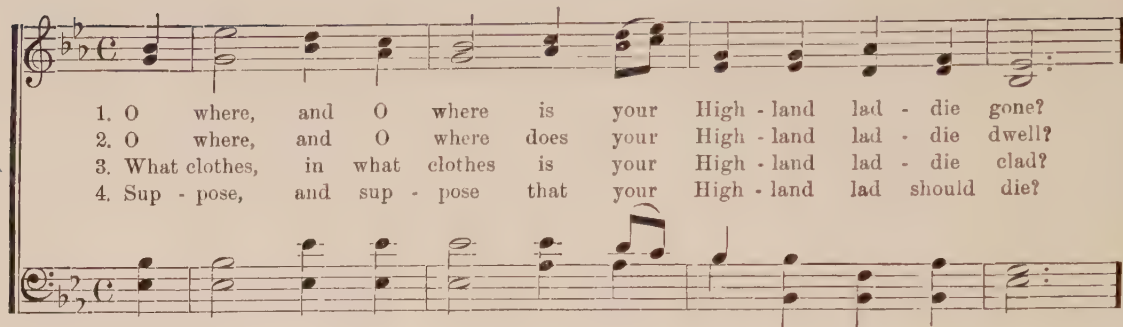


She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try.... that ev - er you have seen;
 Then.... I will change the col - or.... I wear in my cau - been,
 Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen,

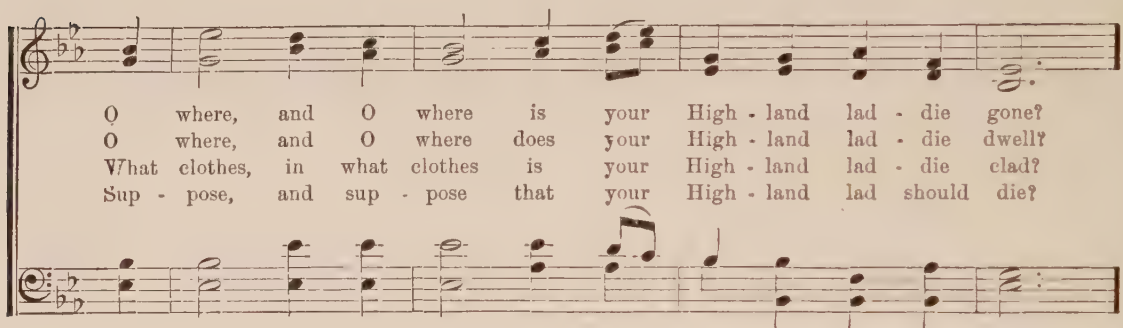


They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
 But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.
 And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green?

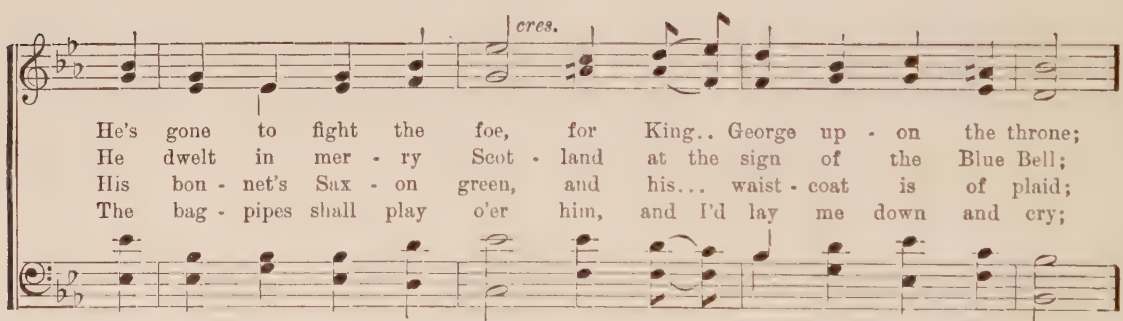
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.



1. O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
 2. O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?



O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
 O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
 What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
 Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?



cres.
 He's gone to fight the foe, for King.. George up - on the throne;
 He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
 His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his... waist - coat is of plaid;
 The bag - pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;



And it's oh! in my heart, how I... wish him safe at home!
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I... love my lad - die well.
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I... love my High - land lad.
 But it's oh! in my heart, that I... wish he may not die.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

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Scotch Air.

Allegro. 3:

The Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The Campbells are com - in', O -

ho, O - ho! The Campbells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The

Camp - bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! **FINE.**

1. Up - on the Lo-monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle he
3. The Camp - bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I look - ed down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum - pet,
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin'

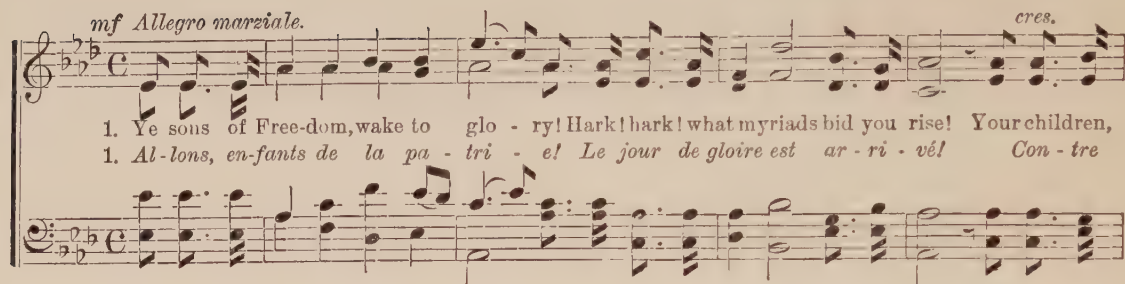
bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
pipe,.. and drum, The Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
in..... the wind, The Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

D.S.

THE MARSEILLAISE.


Music by Rouget de Lisle.

mf Allegro marziale. *cres.*



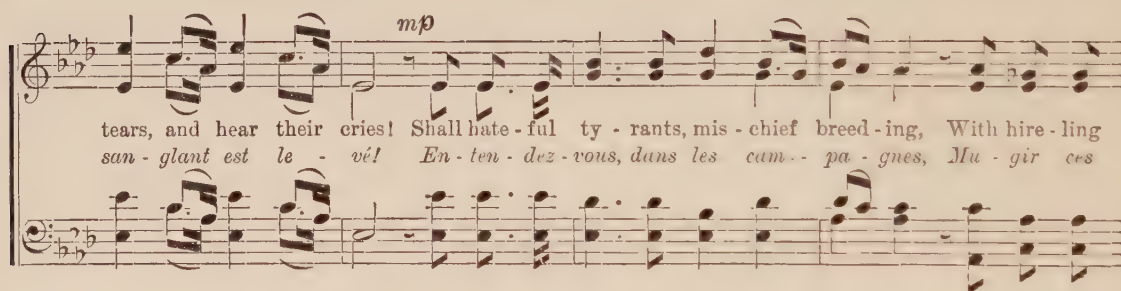
1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
1. Al-lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé! Con - tre

f



wives, and grand-sires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their
nous de la ty-ran-ni-e L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le - vé! L'é-ten-dard

mp



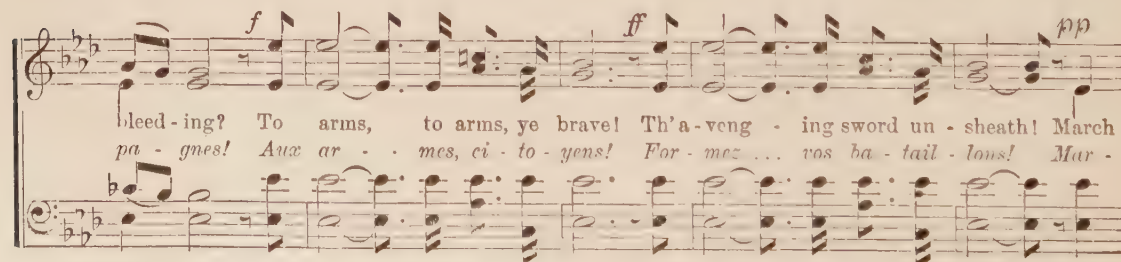
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis-chief breed-ing, With hire-ling
san-glant est le - vé! En-ten-dez-vous, dans les cam-pa-gnes, Mu-gir ces

cres. *p*



hosts a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the land, When peace and lib-er-ty lie
fé-ro-ces sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras É-gor-ger nos fils, nos cam-

f *ff* *pp*



bleed-ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng-ing sword un-sheath! March
pa-gnes! Aux ar-mes, ci-to-yens! For-mez vos ba-tail-lons! Mar-

THE MARSEILLAISE.—Concluded.

cres. poco a poco.

on, march on, All hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death!
 chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang im - pur... A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

on, march on, all hearts
 chons, mar-chons! Qu'un sang

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air!
 To mete and vend the light and air!
 Like beasts of burden would they load us.
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th'avenging sword unsheath!
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death!

8 O Liberty! can man resign thee?
 Once having felt thy generous flame,
 Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 The blood-stained sword our conquerors wield;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing!
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th'avenging sword unsheath!
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death!

2 Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les partis,
 Tremblez! vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
 S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
 La France en produit de nouveaux,
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!
 Aux armes, citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!

3 Nous entrerons dans la carrière
 Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
 Nous y trouverons leur poussière
 Et la trace de leurs vertus,
 Et la trace de leurs vertus,
 Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
 Que de partager leur cercueil,
 Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
 De les venger ou de les suivre!
 Aux armes, citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!

RUSSIAN HYMN.

God save the noble Czar, long may he live in power, In hap-pi-ness, in peace to reign.
 Bo - she zar ia chra-ni, Ssill nyi der-shâw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wui, na Sla wu nam.

Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de-fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.
 Zarst wui na stach ura-gam Zar pra-wa sstaw nui, Bo - - she zar ia chra - ni.

THE SCARLET SARAFAN.

(DER ROTHE SARAFAN.)

Warlamoff.
Russian Folksong.*Moderato.*

“Why, my moth - er, wilt thou sew the scar - let sa - ra - fan? Use - less must thine
Nä - he, Mut - ter, nā - he nicht den ro - then Sa - ra - fan, Dei - ne Mū - he

ef - fort be, and all thy la - bor vain.” { “Daugh - ter, cease thy fol - ly, and
ist ver - lo - ren, quälst dich nur da - ran, { Though thou art so mer - ry and
Töch - ter - lein, dein Köpf - chen ist
Springst du auch so lu - stig, und

do not talk so gay, Know that life's bright morn - ing will not al - ways stay }
seem - est thus at ease, Song will cease to cheer thee, and the dance to please. }
noch nicht ganz ge - scheid, Wis - se nur, nicht e - wig währt die Ju - gend - zeit. }
singst im grü - nen Wald, Tanz - lust, ach, ver - ge - het, und Ge - sang ver - hallt. }

When at length the ro - ses from thy cheeks do flee, Thou wilt feel its pleas ures
Blei - chen erst die Wan - gen dir in ern - ster Zeit, Fühlst du, dass die Ju - gend

are but van - i - ty, Thou wilt feel its pleas - ures are but van - i - ty”
nichts als Ei - tel - keit, Fühlst du, dass die Ju - gend nichts als Ei - tel - keit.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Music by Joseph Haydn.

Maestoso.

1. God pre - serve our Franz, the Kai - ser! Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz!
 1. Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!

Peace and pi - ty un - as - sum - ing, Near his throne, with love pre - side.
 Lan - ge le - be Franz der Kai - ser In des Glü - ckes hell - stem Glanz!

On his shield are bright - ly beam - ing, Right and jus - tice, side by side.
 Ihm er - blü - hen Lor - beer - rei - ser, Wo Er geht, zum Eh - ren - kranz!

God pre - serve to us the Kai - ser, Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz!
 Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!

2 He with virtues thus adorned,
 Hath an eye for human care;
 Never o'er a people scorned
 Swingeth he the sword in air;
 By their blessings won and warned,
 All for them he'll do and dare.
 ||: God preserve to us the Kaiser,
 Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz! :||

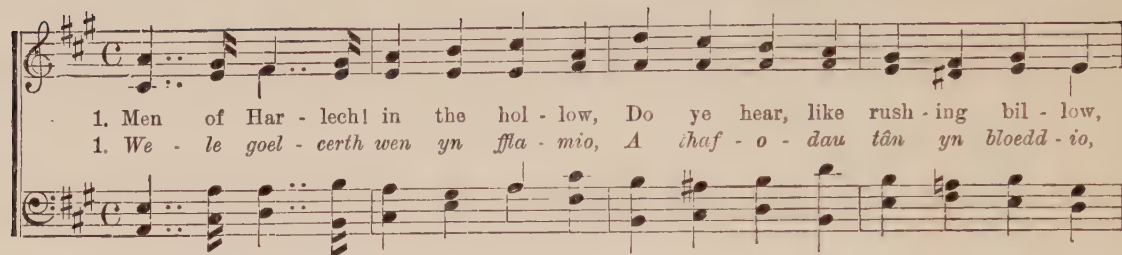
3 Chains of slavery he breaketh,
 Upward raiseth freedom high!
 Now the German land he maketh
 Soon the highest, far or nigh!
 And at last the chorus waketh
 Him to immortality.
 ||: God preserve to us the Kaiser,
 Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz! :||

2 Lass von Seiner Fahnen Spitzen
 Strahlen Sieg und Fruchtbarkeit!
 Lass in Seinem Rathe sitzen
 Weisheit, Klugheit, Redlichkeit;
 Und mit Seiner Hoheit Blüten
 Schallen nur Gerechtigkeit!
 ||: Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
 Unsern guten Kaiser Franz! :||

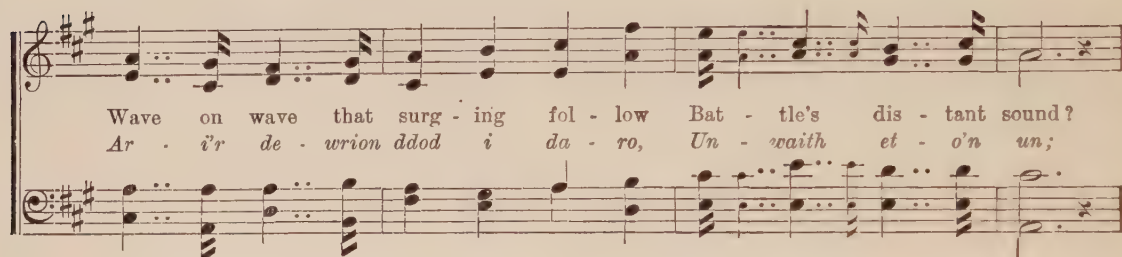
3 Ströme deiner Gaben Fülle
 Über Ihn, Sein Haus und Reich!
 Brich der Bosheit Macht, enthülle
 Jeden Schelm und Buben-Streich!
 Dein Gesetz sey stetz Sein Wille,
 Dieser uns Gesetzen gleich.
 ||: Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
 Unsern guten Kaiser Franz! :||

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

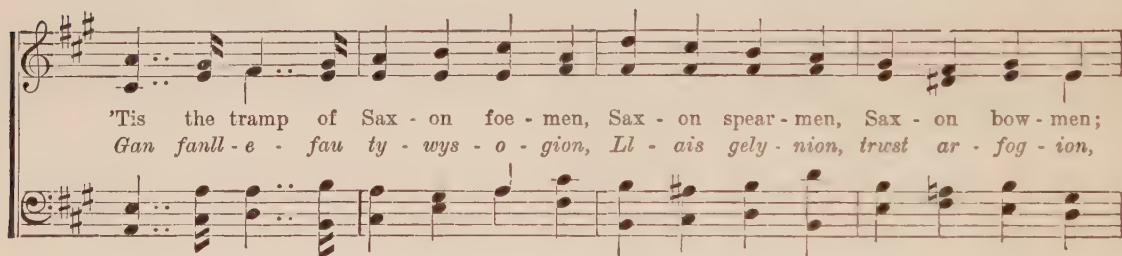
Harmonized by Joseph Barnby.



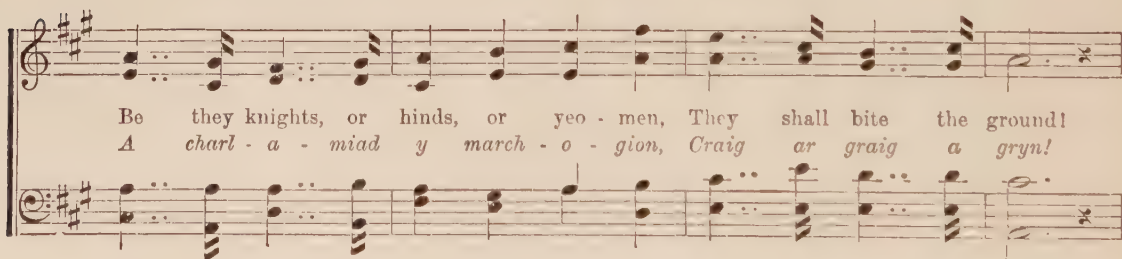
1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
1. We - le goel - certh wen yn ffla - mio, A iha - o - dau tân yn bloedd - io,



Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound?
Ar - i'r de - wrion ddod i da - ro, Un - waith et - o'n un;



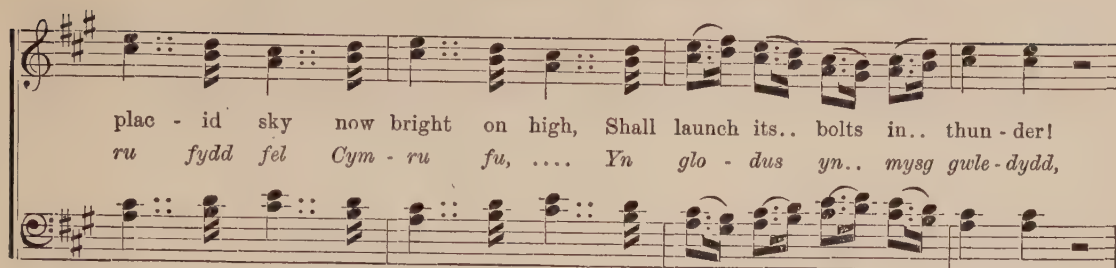
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow - men;
Gan fanll - e - fau ty - wys - o - gion, Ll - ais gely - nion, trust ar - fog - ion,



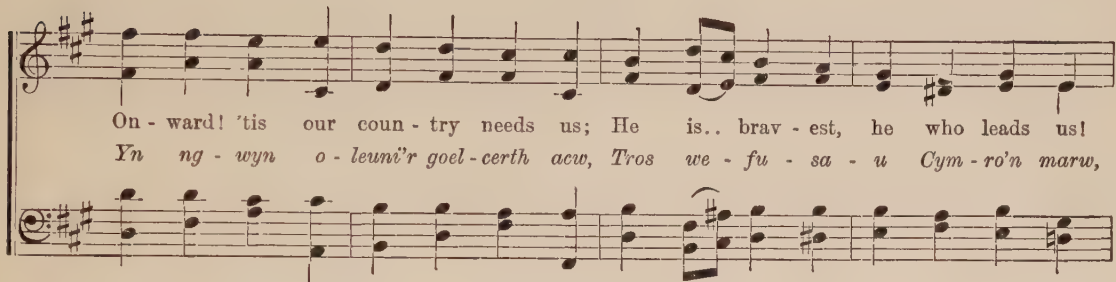
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
A charl - a - miad y march - o - gion, Craig ar graig a gryn!



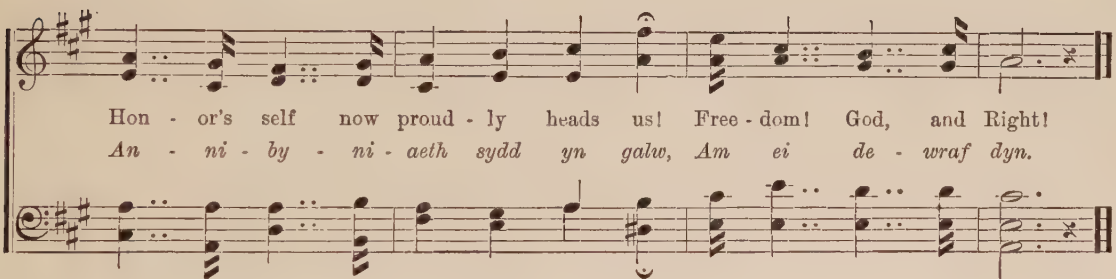
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Ce - nir yn drag - y - wydd; Cym -



plac - id sky now bright on high, Shall launch its.. bolts in.. thun - der!
 ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, Yn glo - dus yn.. mysgr gwle-dydd,



On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is.. brav - est, he who leads us!
 Yn ng - wyn o - leuni'r goel-certh acw, Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym-ro'n marw,



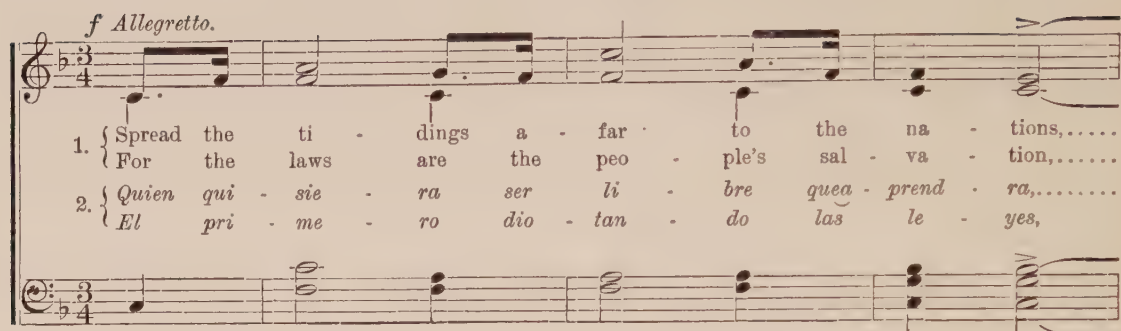
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
 An - ni - by - ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de - wraf dyn.

2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
 Who would think of death or sorrow?
 Death is glory now!
 Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
 Let the earth dead foemen cover!
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
 Trembles on a blow!
 Strands of life are riven,
 Blow for blow is given,
 In deadly lock, or battle shock,
 And mercy shrieks to heaven!
 Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
 Would you win a name in story?
 Strike for home, for life, for glory!
 Freedom! God, and Right!

2 Ni chaff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,
 Harlech! Harlech! cwyd iw herlid;
 Y mae Rhodder mawr ein Rhyddid,
 Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
 Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
 Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!
 Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd
 Llamant fel y lli!
 Llwyddiant i'n llyddon!
 Rwystro bwr yr estron!
 Cwybod yn ei galon gaff,
 Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
 Y clëdd yn erbyn clëdd a chwery,
 Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
 Wele fâner Gwallia'i fyny
 Rhyddid aiff a hi?

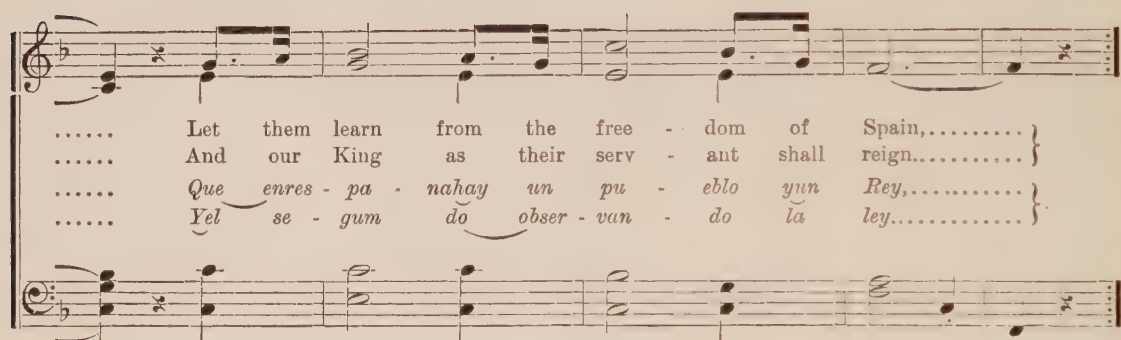
SPANISH NATIONAL HYMN.

f Allegretto.



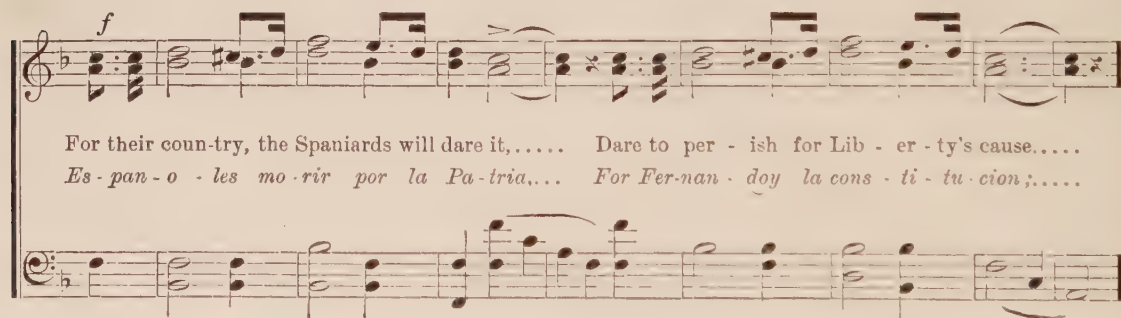
1. { Spread the ti - dings a - far - to the na - tions,....
 For the laws are the peo - ple's sal - va - tion,....

2. { *Quien* qui - sie - ra ser li - bre *quea* - prend - ra,.....
El pri - me - ro *dio* - tan - do las le - yes,




..... Let them learn from the free - dom of Spain,..... }
 And our King as their serv - ant shall reign,..... }
 *Que* enres - pa - nahay un pu - eblo *yun* Rey,..... }
 *Yel* se - gum do obser - van - do la ley,..... }

f



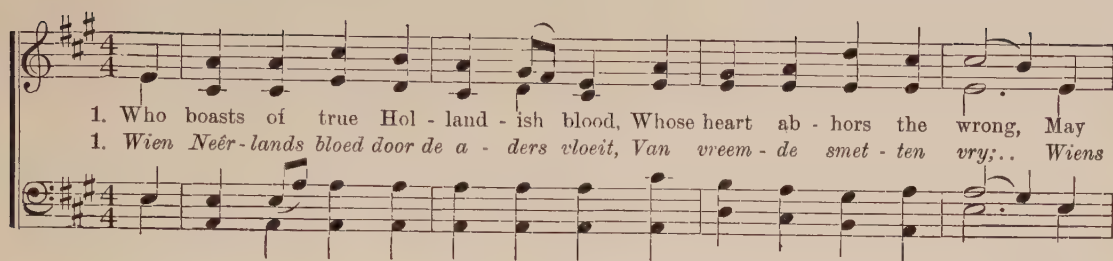
For their coun-try, the Spaniards will dare it,.... Dare to per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause,....
Es - pan - o - les mo - rir por la Pa - tria,.... For *Fer - nan - doy* la cons - ti - tu - cion,....



To the tor - ies de - struc - tion, we swear it!... Live for - ev - er the King and the Laws.
Los - ser vi - les ju - rar des - tru - ir - los,.... Vi - va. vi - va la cons - ti - tu - cion.

HOLLAND'S NATIONAL HYMN.

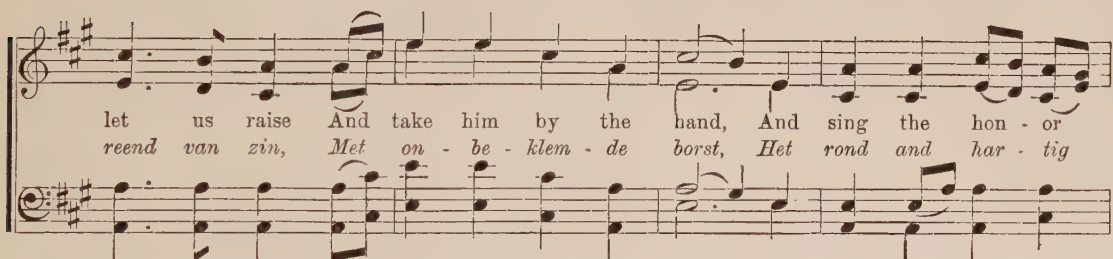
251



1. Who boasts of true Hol - land - ish blood, Whose heart ab - hors the wrong, May
1. Wien Neêr - lands bloed door de a - ders vloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten vry;.. Wiens



join our good - ly broth - er - hood, May join our fes - tive song. Our man - ly voi - ces
heart voor Land and Kon - ing gloeit, Ver - heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve



let us raise And take him by the hand, And sing the hon - or
reend van zin, Met on - be - klem - de borst, Het rond and har - tig



and the praise Of our dear Fa - ther - land, Of our dear Fa - ther - land.
fest - lied in Voor Va - der - land and Vorst, Voor Va - der - land and Vorst.

2 And God upon His heavenly throne,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Will listen to our heartfelt tune
Now and for evermore.
Next, after the celestial choir,
A kindly ear He'll lend,
Accept and grant our ardent prayer
||: For the dear Fatherland! :||

3 O God, protect our brotherhood!
The land, so fair and free,
Where once our little cradle stood,
And where our grave shall be!
O God, from whom all mercies flow,
We pray, Thy loving hand
A thousand blessings will bestow
||: Upon our Fatherland. :||

2 De Godheid op haar hemel troon,
Bezongen en vereerd,
Houdt gunstig rok naar onzen toon
Het heilig oor gekeerd.
Zy geeft het eerst, na't zalig koor,
That hooger znaren spant,
Het rond en hartig hed gehoor
||: Voor Vorst and Vaderland! :||

3 Bescherm, O God, bewaak de grond
Waarop onz' adem gaat!
De plek waar onze wieg op stond,
Waar eens ons graf opstaat!
Wy smeeken, van uw Vaderhand,
Met diepgeroerde borst,
Behoud voor't lieve Vaderland
||: For Vaderland and Vorsi. :||

DANISH NATIONAL HYMN.

Translated by Longfellow.

Johannes Ewald.

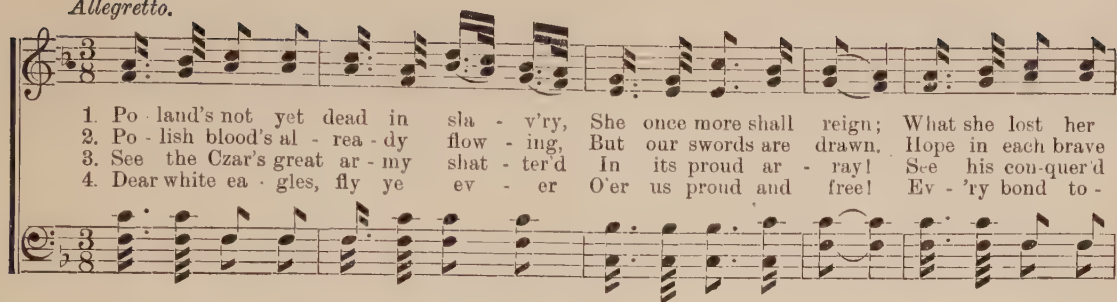
1. King Christian stood by loft - y mast, In mist and smoke. His sword was ham - mer -
 2. Nils Juel gave heed to th' tem-pest's roar, Now is the hour! He hoisted his blood - red
 3. North Sea! a glimpse of Wes - sel rent Thy murk - y sky! Then cham-pions to... thine
 4. Path of the Dane to fame and might! Dark roll - ing wave! Re - ceive thy friend, who,

ing so fast, Thro' Goth - ic helm and brain it pass'd, Then sank each hos-tile hulk... and mast, In
 flag once more, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shouted loud thro' the temp - est's roar, "Now
 arms were sent; Ter-ror and Death glared where he went; From the waves was heard a wail that rent Thy
 scorn-ing flight, Goes to meet dan-ger with de-spite, Proud-ly... as thou the temp - est's might, Dark

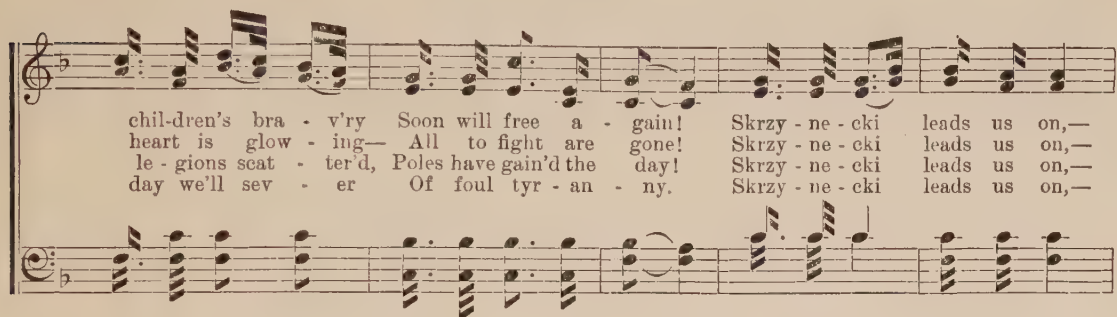
mist and smoke, "Fly," shout-ed they; "fly he who can! Who braves of Den - mark's
 is the hour." "Fly!" shout-ed they, "for shel - ter fly! Of Den - mark's Juel who
 murk - y sky! From Den-mark thun-ders Tor - den-skiø! Let each to Heav'n com-
 roll - ing wave! Mid min-gled pleas-ures and a-larms, And war and vic - t'ry,

Chris - tian, Who braves of Den - mark's Chris - tian the stroke?"
 can de - fy, Of Den - mark's Juel who can de - fy the pow'r?"
 mend his soul, Let each to Heav'n com-mend his soul and fly.
 be thine arms, Mid war and vic - t'ry, be thine arms my grave.

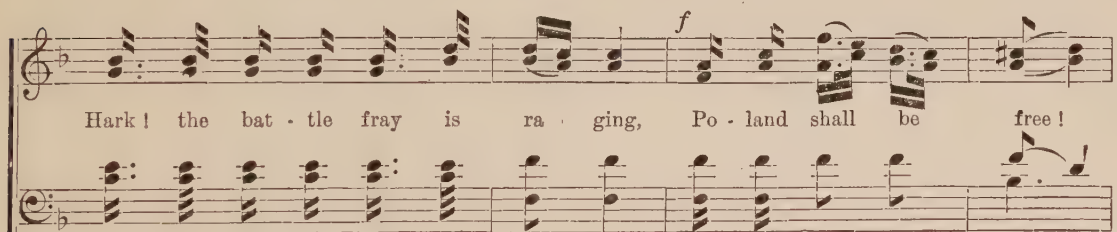
POLISH NATIONAL SONG.

Allegretto.


1. Po - land's not yet dead in sla - v'ry, She once more shall reign; What she lost her
 2. Po - lish blood's al - rea - dy flow - ing, But our swords are drawn, Hope in each brave
 3. See the Czar's great ar - my shat - ter'd In its proud ar - ray! See his con - quer'd
 4. Dear white ea - gles, fly ye ev - er O'er us proud and free! Ev - 'ry bond to -



chil-dren's bra - v'ry Soon will free a - gain! Skrzy - ne - cki leads us on,—
 heart is glow - ing— All to fight are gone! Skrzy - ne - cki leads us on,—
 le - gions scat - ter'd, Poles have gain'd the day! Skrzy - ne - cki leads us on,—
 day we'll sev - er Of foul tyr - an - ny. Skrzy - ne - cki leads us on,—



Hark! the bat - tle fray is ra - ging, Po - land shall be free!



ff CHORUS.
 Crush all tyr - an - ny! Skrzy - ne - cki leads us on, Hark! the bat - tle fray is



ra - ging, Po - land shall be free! Crush all tyr - an - ny!

NATIONAL HYMN OF ITALY.

Maestoso.

1. All for - ward! All for - ward! All
 2. All for - ward! All for - ward! All
 3. All for - ward! All for - ward! All

for - ward to bat - tle! the trum - pets are cry - ing, All for - ward! All forward! our old flag is
 for - ward for Free - dom! In ter - ri - ble splen - dor She comes to the loy - al who die to de -
 for - ward to con - quer! Where free hearts are beating, Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re -

fly - ing, When Lib - er - ty calls us we lin - ger no lon - ger; Reb - els, come on! tho' a
 fend her; Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heav - ens to
 treat - ing! Lib - er - ty calls us from mountain and val - ley; Wav - ing her ban - ner she

thou-sand to one!
wel - come us on.
leads to the fight.

Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! deathless and glo - ri - ous, Un - der thy
All for - ward! to glo - ry, tho' life-blood is pour-ing, Where bright swords are
Forward! all for - ward! the trum-pets are cry - ing; The drum beats to

tr.

ban - ner thy sons are vic - to - rious,
flashing, and can - nons are roar - ing,
arms, our old flag is fly - ing;

Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are
Wel - come to death in the bul - let's quick
Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall

strong - er, God shall go with us, and bat - tle be won. Hur - rah for the
rat - tle, Fight-ing or fall - ing shall free - dom be won. Hur - rah for the
ral - ly, For - ward to bat - tle, for God and the Right. Hur - rah for the

ff con rabbia.

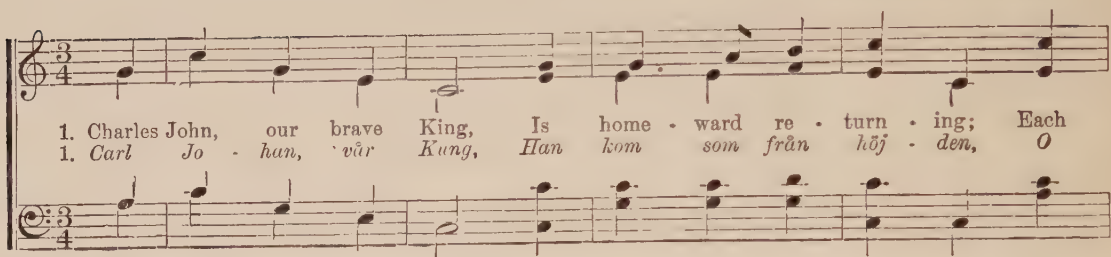
ban - ner! Hur-rah for the ban - ner! Hur-rah for our ban-ner, the flag of the free.

pp *cres.* *ff*

CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

(SWEDISH NATIONAL HYMN.)

Music by Du Puy.



1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home - ward re - turn - ing; Each
1. Carl Jo - han, vår Kung, Han kom som från höj - den, O



heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
sjun - gom i fröj - den Båd gam - mal och ung! Han tryg - ga - de



tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
Thro - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gör de vår Kung!

2. Ha! when our brave King
In battle is leading,
To fame we are speeding!
His praises we'll sing.
||: In peace he is glorious,
In war he's victorious,
Charles John, our brave King! :||

3. All hail, O dear King!
Thou raisest thy nation
From all tribulation,
And plenty dost bring.
||: Our cares thou dost lighten,
Our homes thou dost brighten,
All hail, O dear King! :||

4. Long live our brave King!
That, free from oppression,
In freedom's possession,
To him we may sing.
||: 'Mongst kings thou art peerless,
Of heroes most fearless,
Long live our brave King! :||

2. O följom vår Kung,
I krigiska tider,
Till modiga strider,
Båd gammal och ung!
||: Han vet föra svärdet
Men känner dock värdet
Af friden, vår Kung. :||

3. Välsignom vår Kung!
Han ryckt oss ur nöden,
Till sällare öden
Båd gammal och ung.
||: Han bär för vår smärta
Elt faderligt hjerta,
Välsignom vår Kung. :||

4. O lefve vår Kung,
Till frihetens hägnad,
Till innerlig fägnad
För gammal och ung!
||: Bland Kungar den Försä,
Bland Hjeltar den Störste,
O lefve vår Kung! :||

